INDIAN AND WHITE IN THE NORTHWEST

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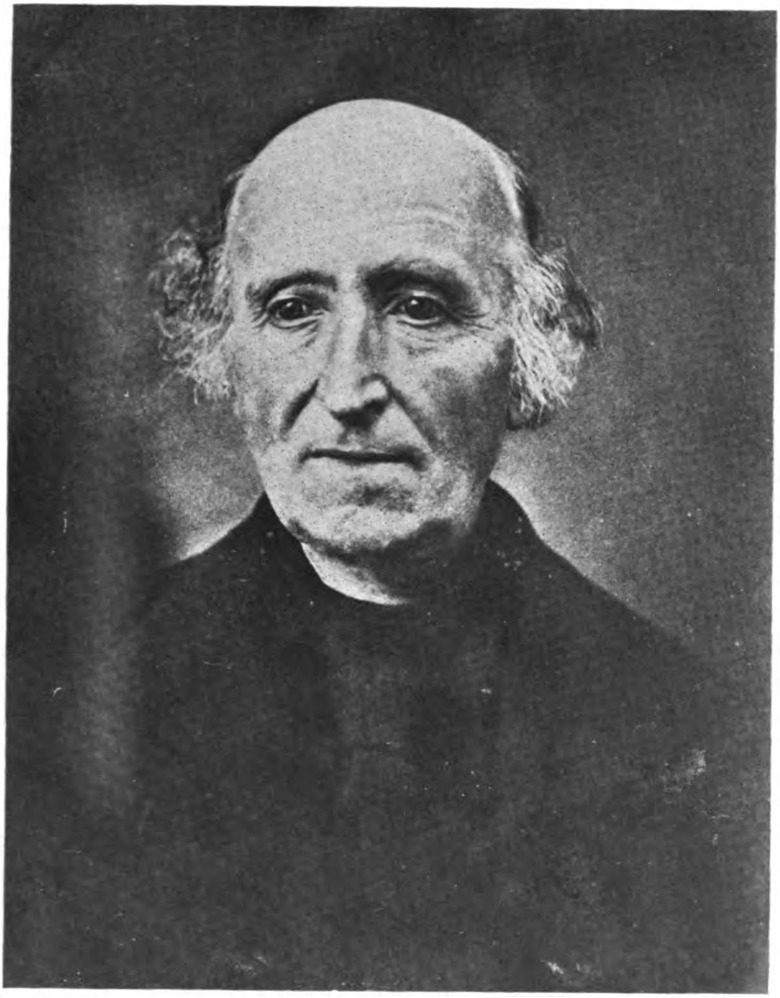

THE REV. ANTHONY RAVALLI, S.J.
PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S MISSION, FIRST CHURCH IN MONTANA

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INDIAN AND WHITE IN THE NORTHWEST

A HISTORY OF CATHOLICITY IN MONTANA

1831 to 1891

By

L. B. PALLADINO, S. J.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

RIGHT REVEREND JOHN B. BRONDEL, D.D.

FIRST BISHOP OF HELENA

WITH PORTRAITS & OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

WICKERSHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

LANCASTER, PA.

1922

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Imprimi Potest

F. C. DILLON, S. J.
Provincialis, Prov. Calif.
San Jose, Calif., 1 Nov. 1922

Nihil Obstat

J. M. CORRIGAN
Censor Librorum

Imprimatur

D. CARDINAL DOUGHERTY
Archbishop of Philadephia

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LANCASTER, PA.

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IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF THE RIGHT REVEREND

JOHN B. BRONDEL, D.D.

FIRST BISHOP OF HELENA, MONTANA

THIS HISTORY OF HIS FOLD
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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INTRODUCTION

IT DOES not usually happen that a historian can relate the primitive times of a barbarous country, not less than its complete transformation by the hand and magic touch of progress, and be likewise a personal witness of both its civilization and barbarism. Such, however, is the case with the writer of the first History of Catholicity in Montana.

An old-timer among the old-timers, the Reverend author speaks whereof he knows. He has lived among the natives; has conversed with the first priests who, preceding the gold-seeker by twenty-two years, shared with the red man his dried buffalo meat, his wild roots and berries; and where he saw the nomad's wigwam stand, he saw alike the palatial mansion rise. The howling wilderness has blossomed under his eyes.

It has been with him a labor of love, for over two years, each day deep into the night, to collect the authentic documents, compare and study statements made, so far as to be accurate in relating events and stating dates, which make a history reliable. And as a book which holds the dead letter becomes almost living by the pictures of those it describes, the author has doubled the value of his work by many photogravures which adorn its pages.

Whilst a welcome and valuable addition to the history of the country, the new book will be a surprise to many who still consider Montana as belonging to the "Wild West." May its pages prove once more that Christianity and civilization go hand in hand and produce the happiest results.

The reading of this volume will give reliable information concerning the growth of our State from an American desert into a flourishing commonwealth, and will show at the same time what a factor Catholicity was in the building up of Montana, admitted to-day to be the richest gold and silver producer in the country, and to contain the biggest mining camp in the world.

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I hope the volume may be perused with great profit by all who love material progress and spiritual growth. It will be interesting especially to those who study the nature of man, whether in his barbarous or civilized condition.

JOHN B. BRONDEL,
Bishop of Helena.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, HELENA, MONTANA
November 18, 1922.

REV. L. B. PALLADINO, S.J.,
Missoula, Montana.

Dear Father Palladino:

It gives me great pleasure to learn that the long-expected second edition of *Indian and White in the Northwest* is at last about to appear. I congratulate you on preserving for future generations invaluable historical information on the origin and progress of Christianity and civilization in Montana. The people of our State will, I am sure, show their appreciation of your untiring efforts by securing for your book a place on the shelves of every family, school and public library.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN P. CARROLL,
Bishop of Helena.

GREAT FALLS, Montana, October 9, 1922.

DEAR FATHER PALLADINO:

I am pleased to learn that you are publishing a second edition of *Indian and White in the Northwest.*

Since it was the illustrious Father P. J. De Smet, S.J., who was the first missionary to bring the consoling doctrines of our holy religion to the aborigines of the Rocky Mountains; and since it was the valiant and learned sons of St. Ignatius, assisted by the equally valiant and pious Sisters of Charity of Providence and Ursuline Nuns, who opened the pioneer missions both for the Indians and whites in Montana, it is only becoming that you, one of the oldest missionaries in Montana, and a member of the Jesuit Order, should publish a reliable history of the early missions and parishes, and the marvelous growth of Catholicity in our Treasure State.

Your great work on these most interesting events will be con-

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sidered authentic church history and will be a valuable acquisition to any library.

I hereby subscribe for fifty copies of your new volume, *Indian and White in the Northwest,* and wish you every blessing.

Faithfully yours,

MATHIAS C. LENIHAN,
Bishop of Great Falls.

MONTANA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

HELENA, Montana, October 17, 1922.

REV. L. B. PALLADINO, S.J.,
Missoula, Montana.

Dear Friend,

I am very glad to learn that a revised edition of your *Indian and White in the Northwest,* or a History of Catholicity in Montana, on which you have been engaged for some years is soon to appear and I bespeak for it a warm and appreciative reception, to which it is entitled by the public of Montana and in fact the reading public of all the Western States.

The original edition, published nearly thirty years ago and now out of print, was a valuable contribution of a pioneer and of a scholar in telling the story of the spreading of the word of God among the aboriginal and white inhabitants of this Empire State of the West, of which the writer could truly say, "all of which I saw and much of which I was." And the story of the labors of the Society of Jesus and of the Catholic Church in that vineyard is one which will always be read with absorbing interest.

The persistent desire of the Selish or Flat Head Indians for the white man's Bible during the decade of the '30's, and its gratification by Father De Smet and his missionary labors in 1840 and with the establishment of St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley the next year and its subsequent history, and the history of the Church for more than fifty years so graphically portrayed, entitle it to renewed interest which I am sure it will receive.

Please record the State Historical Society and myself personally among the subscribers of your forthcoming volume.

With assurances of renewed friendship, I am,

Very sincerely,

J. U. SANDERS, *Secretary.*

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

Rosary Sunday, October 4, 1891, marked the Golden Jubilee or the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first Catholic Mission in Montana. By pastoral letters to the clergy, the religious communities, and laity of the diocese, the Right Rev. John B. Brondel, Bishop of Helena, called the attention of all the members of his fold to the happy event, and pursuant to his Lordship's directions it was fittingly observed throughout the whole of Montana, state and diocese being coextensive.

A record of Catholicity in Montana during the half century just closed, apart from its timeliness, seemed to be called forth, even demanded, by the occasion, and we were requested to assume the task.

The establishment and progress of Catholicity in the Northwest will ever be reckoned among the remarkable events of the century, while the circumstances leading to the fact, or attendant upon it, spiced with adventure and haloed with a tinge of romance, have enhanced by additional interest the more than local importance of the subject.

A brief historical sketch, a mere outline of the Church in our midst, is all that was contemplated at first. On second thought, however, it seemed that nothing else than an extended and particularized narrative would meet the wish of the Catholic community and satisfy the reading public. Accordingly we were directed to enter more fully into the subject, and prepare a complete history of Catholicity in Montana, from its beginning to the close of 1891.

This was a greater task than we felt able to accomplish, and to do it justice, besides, would require more time and leisure for research and collection of materials than our missionary duties left at our disposal. Notwithstanding these serious objections on our part, we could not but defer to persons whose wish

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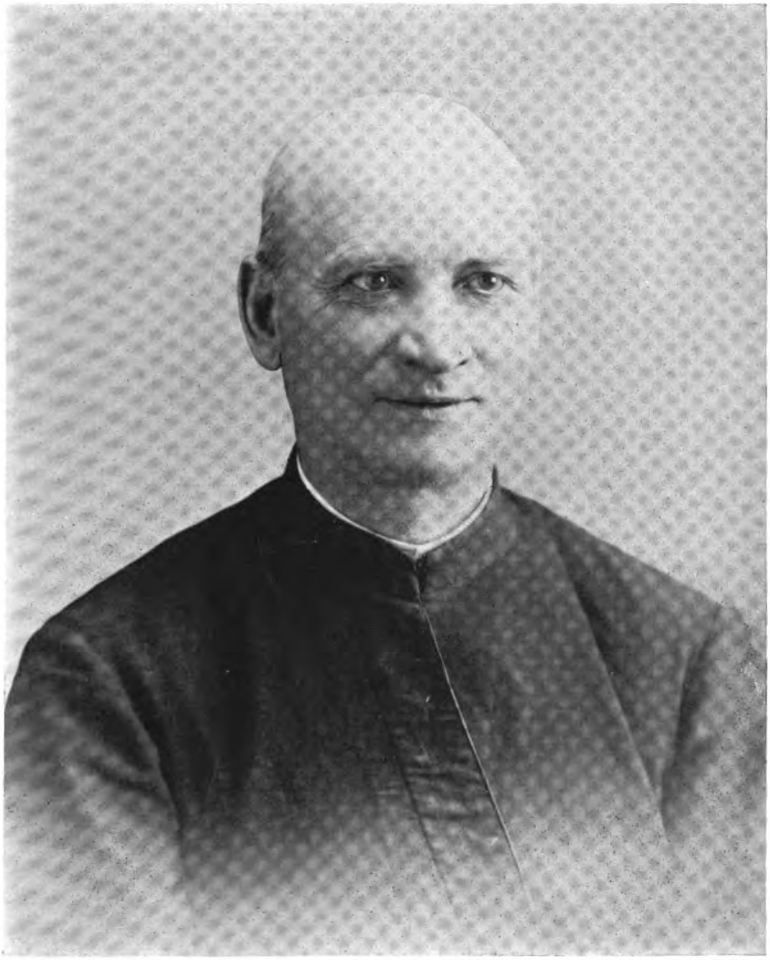

THE REV. LAWRENCE B. PALLADINO, S.J.
MISSIONARY — PASTOR — HISTORIAN

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we regarded as a command. Hence our venture into the field of history, and this volume now, at last, presented to the public.

Following the natural order and division of our theme, the work is divided into two parts; the First Part being devoted to the Church among the natives or Indians; while the Second Part treats of its labors among the whites. The nature of the subject has likewise suggested the title of the book.

It was not possible to relate what Religion has done to lift the Indian from barbarism in Montana, without entering at the same time, and at some length, into a matter intimately connected with, and of vital interest to the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of the red man—we mean his education, and the methods best suited to encompass it. The question has occupied public attention of late more than usual, while recent events have also greatly accentuated its importance. We express our views on the subject with all candor and frankness, and would fain believe that years of personal observation and experience entitle us somewhat to the privilege.

We take this occasion to express our gratitude to several friends who have either encouraged or assisted us in the compilation of this volume. We tender particularly our thanks to Colonel W. M. F. Wheeler, Librarian of the Historical Society of Montana, for valuable information and historical documents kindly placed at our disposal; also to the Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J., of St. Mary's College, Montreal; the Rev. A. Hoecken, S.J., of St. Gall, Milwaukee; the Rev. F. X. Kuppens, S.J.; the Rev. Thomas Sherman, S.J., of St. Louis University. Likewise to Mother Xavier Ross, and others for similar favors.

Lastly, whatever is written in this book is meant to be in entire conformity and submission to ecclesiastical authority. Facts, therefore, that may appear to present any mark of being supernatural, are hereby declared to be entitled to no more faith than is due to mere historical evidence; and such terms as may seem to imply sanctity, martyrdom and the like, are used by us merely for convenience sake, and without in the least attaching to them any meaning that the official acts of the Church alone can authorize.

L. B. PALLADINO, S.J.

Helena, Montana, Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, 1893.

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

Indian and White in the Northwest having been out of print for nearly two decades, the author received directions to prepare a new edition. He has done so, and after devoting some four years to the task, the work, revised and enlarged, is now presented to the public.

Owing to considerable new matter which, for one reason or another, did not appear in the first issue, the work has been recast and almost entirely rewritten. But the plan originally adopted has not been departed from. Except in some few cases indicated below, no departure has been made from the time limit of the narrative, which runs as before from 1831 to 1891, just sixty years. Therefore, the more recent portion of the history of Catholicity in Montana is not recounted in these pages. It is touched upon here and there, but only incidentally, and no more than seemed required for a proper rounding out of the original work.

The reader's attention is called in a special manner to the third chapter of Part One, entitled "A Correction." It is made necessary by an error into which the writer was misled in the first edition. It will be seen, however, that the error has proved a gain. For it has brought about a clearer vindication of the Flat Head claim to the first expedition sent to Saint Louis after Black Robes, in 1831. And that one fact is the most important event in the history of Catholicity in Montana and the whole Northwest.

Chapter twenty-sixth, also Part One, explains itself, as a new and interesting addition to the local chronicle of Saint Peter's Mission.

It seemed befitting that this new edition should contain a last and due reference to the pioneers who made the history which is here narrated, and have passed away since this chronicle was first published. The writer does this in the last chapter of the Second Part, which thus brings up to date at least a small portion of his subject; and this, as is obvious, not inconsistently with the time limit of the narrative.

It is not ancient history that the author has gathered in these

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pages. He writes of things, times, events, in the midst of most of which it fell to his lot to live and move. And since historical truth is never established better than by the testimony of eye-witnesses, nothing could be more unhistorical than for a chronicler to suppress either himself or the fact of his having been an ocular witness of what he narrates. For it is manifest that by so doing he would detract much from the evidence of his narrative; and whilst plain, simple truth is the very soul of history, just think of an historian lessening the credibility of what he writes by suppressing what would best evince the truthfulness of his story.

This second edition is hardly such as can be called complete. It is certainly defective in that it does not take in, with the rest, also the more recent part of the history of Catholicity in Montana. The blame, however, can hardly be placed at the writer's door; his predicament in this regard having been pretty much like that of the Jews of old, who, while required to furnish their task of bricks, were not supplied with the straw needed for the work.

Lastly, to avoid misapprehensions, seeming anachronisms and the like, the reader is requested to bear well in mind that dates not specified by year have reference to and are to be reckoned, not from the time of this new edition, but from that of the first.

Because of the World War and other difficulties, the publication of the work had to be postponed until the present.

It will be remarked that the number of cuts in this edition has been considerably reduced. This was done (1) to save expense; (2) we could not obtain original photographs in many cases; (3) the local history of Montana is much better known than it was twenty-eight years ago and there is proportionately less need of corroborating our narrative with illustrations.

We must add to the list of those who have been a help to us the following: Mr. John D. Ryan, of New York, through whose splendid generosity, serious financial obstacles were overcome; the Honorable Joseph M. Dixon, Governor of Montana; Mr. A. B. Hammond, of San Francisco; Mrs. Ellen Carter, of Washington, D. C.; the Rev. William Hughes, Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau; Mr. J. T. Ryman, of Missoula, Mont.; many of the newspapers of the State and the Catholic press throughout the country.

THE AUTHOR.

Missoula, Mont., October 15, 1922.

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PASTORAL LETTER

OF THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN B. BRONDEL, BISHOP OF HELENA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FIRST CATHOLIC MISSION IN MONTANA

John Baptist Brondel, by the Grace of God and Favor of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Helena, to the Clergy, both Secular and Regular, the Religious Communities and the Faithful of our Diocese, Greeting in the Lord.

On the first Sunday of October, the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, we will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first Catholic Mission in Montana. It was on that day, 1841, that the first Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley, Montana, Missoula County, where Stevensville is now situated.

Father Peter De Smet, S.J., at the repeated requests of the Flat Head Indians, had visited the country from St. Louis, Mo., the previous year. He returned, in 1841, accompanied by Fathers Point and Mengarini and three Lay Brothers of the Society of Jesus, and began mission work among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. Of this first band of missionaries one survives, Brother W. Claessens, living at present at Sta. Clara, California. We may form an idea of what they went through when they came to these regions and lived here, and traveled over these mountains; when civilization was not in existence and when the savages and the wild beasts roamed freely over the land. We may also conceive what an element they formed in the founding of civilization, as they were always on the side of religion and social order. If to-day there is no Indian tribe that has not its churches and schools, if there is no community that has not its Catholic church, if there is no town of some importance that has not its churches, schools and hospitals, it is due in great measure to these heroic pioneers of Christianity.

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It is proper that we should celebrate this golden jubilee of Montana's Catholicity, by thanking God for the graces of the true faith bestowed upon the aborigines, and for those as well granted to the white population that has poured into the land during the later years. Gratitude to God for past blessings obtains new ones. We need the perseverance of the faithful, we need the conversion of the sinner, we need the light of faith for those who are still resting in the shadow and darkness of unbelief. To obtain all these favors and to render thanks in an appropriate manner to the Giver of all good gifts, we invite the people to receive the sacraments of penance and holy Communion on Rosary Sunday.

By our direction the Te Deum will be sung at the end of the divine service either in the morning or in the evening of that day, and the prayer of thanksgiving is to be said every day at Mass during the month of October. We further desire that the sermon on that occasion have for its subject, "Catholic Missions." * * *

JOHN B. BRONDEL,
Bishop of Helena.

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* Most of the illustrations used in this volume are impressions from cuts that appeared in the first edition. The original photographs and plates were destroyed in the big fire that visited Baltimore a few years ago, and could not be replaced.

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Indian and White in the Northwest

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE FLAT HEADS OR SELISH.*

AMONG the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains there is none more renowned in modern history than the Selish, commonly known as Flat Heads. But how they came by such a name is a mystery even to themselves. The barbarous custom of flattening the head, implied by the appellation and practiced by the natives on the Sound and along the Pacific Coast, never existed among them. Their heads are normal and shapely, and therefore the name Flat Heads in its obvious meaning and literal sense cannot be applied to them, save as a misnomer or a libel.

However, since they are known to the outside world only as Flat Heads and have become famed under that name, we cannot but follow the custom and use the same appellation.

The country of these Indians was that part of western Montana which lies at the base of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and is comprised today in Ravalli County. They called it in their language *Spêtlemen,* which means the place of the bitter root, whence the name of the Bitter Root Valley. This section was properly their home. At times, however, for hunting and trading purposes, they could be found roaming about, like other Indians, in almost any part of the Northwest.

Though in bygone days and previous to their becoming known to the civilized world they must have been more numerous, there seems to be no indication that they ever constituted a large community. When our missionaries arrived among them, the members of the tribe, all told, did not exceed seven hundred souls.

But if inferior in numbers to many of the other tribes in the Rocky Mountains, they seem to have surpassed them all in prowess and daring, and as a warlike people they were considered even by their enemies the bravest of the brave. Owing, however,

* The Indian sound of *e* in Selish is that of long English *a* in fate, or as if the word were written Sehlish.

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to their endless hostilities and deadly conflicts with other tribes, who greatly outnumbered them, and who, besides, were better equipped for war, our Flat Heads often met with reverses and, despite their bravery, were constantly being reduced in numbers.

Their deadly foes from time immemorial were the Blackfeet tribes, living in what is now northern Montana, and the cause of their perpetual warfare, the bone of contention, was the buffalo. The Blackfeet claimed as their own all the country east of the main range, the home of innumerable herds of buffalo, and looked upon the Flat Heads who resorted thither to hunt, as intruders, whom they should keep off at any cost. The Flat Heads, on the other hand, maintained that their forefathers had always exercised the right of hunting on these disputed grounds, and while one of their warriors remained alive the right should not be surrendered. In these continual and desperate encounters the Flat Heads, being the weaker in numbers, were frequently also the greater sufferers.

Another advantage that the Blackfeet had over the Flat Heads was the use of firearms, which the former obtained from the so-called *Forts des Prairies* or trading posts established east of the mountains at an earlier date and before any post of the kind was located within the reach of the latter. To these murderous weapons our Flat Heads, for a long time, had nothing to oppose but the arrow and their undaunted bravery.

It is likely that the first white men seen by Flat Heads were members of an exploring expedition of the de la Verendryes, who between 1740-43 seem to have reached the southeast corner of what is now the state of Montana. In the report of one of those expeditions mention is made of meeting the Flat Heads. But as none of the exploring bands referred to came anyway near western Montana, where lay the land and home of the Flat Heads, it may be reasonably surmised that the Flat Heads in question were only a part of the tribe who were hunting buffalo somewhere in the Yellowstone country or along the Missouri.

That among the first whites met by the Flat Heads there should have been a Jesuit missionary, a member of the same order as Father De Smet, who a century after was to become their apostle, is interesting.

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While one or other of the de la Verendrye parties were the first pale-faces ever seen by the Flat Heads, the first whites to pass through their country, so far as it is known, were Lewis and Clark and their party, who arrived in the Bitter Root Valley in September, 1805.* There is still living at St. Ignatius an old Indian woman, by name Eugenie, who distinctly remembers and speaks of the coming of these explorers, and vividly describes the surprise which their advent created. Eugenie was then in her 14th or 16th year, and in her present venerable old age she is still well preserved, her mental faculties are unimpaired, and she can tell with accuracy of camping scenes and events which Lewis and Clark describe in their Travels.

To these explorers we owe some interesting details about the Flat Heads, which the reader will find in the published history of Lewis and Clark's celebrated expedition. It must be noted, however, that the Indians whom we know as Flat Heads go by an altogether different name with Lewis and Clark, being called by them *Ootlashoots*. We are at a loss to understand why; but the importance of noting this fact will appear further on.

We shall now quote but one paragraph from the Journal of Sergeant Patrick Gass, who served in Lewis and Clark's expedition. The passage appears very significant and gives us an insight into the moral character of the Flat Heads. After pointing to the loose morals of the other tribes they had met in their long tour of exploration, Sergeant Gass writes: "To the honor of the Flat Heads who live on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, we must mention them as exceptions: they are the only nation on the whole route where anything like chastity is regarded."

This statement goes to show that the Flat Heads were a chaste tribe. Further proof of this is the fact that no polygamy existed among them, the missionaries finding but one in the whole tribe who had two wives.

Ross Cox, an English gentleman, first in the employ of the Pacific Fur Company and later in that of the Northwest Com-

* Following the general custom in this country, we spell the General's name without an *e*. It is known that he never signed himself but plain, unaristocratic Clark. However, in the first London Edition of Lewis and Clarke's Travels the *e* appears, as if it belonged to the proper spelling of his name, at least in England.

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pany, the victorious rival of the former concern, spent two years, 1812-14, trading among the Flat Heads. He returned to England in 1817, and shortly after published a book of his travels.* According to his testimony, these children of the forest had fewer failings than any other tribe he had met. He speaks of them as being honest in their dealings, brave in the field and amenable to their chiefs, cleanly in their habits and decided enemies to falsehood of every description. The women were excellent wives and mothers, and their character for fidelity was so well established that he had not heard of one proving unfaithful.

Notwithstanding all their good qualities, however, in the treatment of their prisoners the Flat Heads were not only without mercy, but as barbarous, cruel and fiendish as any of the savage tribes.

Mr. Cox speaks of his first visit to them and we shall quote him again: "Nov. 10 (1812), we came," says Mr. Cox, "to a small village of the Flat Head nation, chiefly consisting of old men, women and children. (The great body of the tribe were hunting.) We were quite charmed with their frank, hospitable reception and their superiority in cleanliness over any of the other tribes we had hitherto seen. Their lodges were conical but very spacious, and were formed by a number of buffalo and moose skins thrown over long poles. The fire was placed in the center, and the ground all around it was covered with mats and clean skins, free from the vermin we felt so annoying on the lower Columbia."

The Flat Heads lived on game and fish, and also on wild roots and berries, which are plentiful in their land. The principal roots which they used for food were the *camas* and the so-called *bitter root*. The former grows like small onions and has a rather sweet taste, not unlike that of boiled chestnuts after having been smoked. The latter in appearance as well as in taste resembles the root of cultivated chickory. Both kinds may be prepared in various ways and possess excellent nutritious properties.

Both men and women were decently clad, their garments being

* *Adventures on the Columbia River*, by Ross Cox. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831.

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made of the skins and furs of the animals that supplied them with food, the buffalo, moose, elk, deer, beaver, and the like. Little urchins, however, had often no other garb but what nature provided. Even in winter some of these little red cherubs could still be seen in our days plodding through slush and snow in their angel garments, any other raiment proving to them as cumbersome as did Saul's armor to young David.

At a later period, the growing scarcity of furs and peltries necessitated the use of white man's apparel. But it would seem that the change has been at the expense of health and comfort on the part of the Indians. The Indian arrayed picturesquely in the triumphs of the chase and his native ingenuity is a thing of the past and scarcely to be seen anywhere, save perhaps at Washington, D. C., where occasionally he is manufactured to order, or in the Wild West shows.

The Selish or Flat Head language is original in many ways and difficult to master. Its utterance is rather grave and slow, but, while tolerably clear and distinct on this account, several of its sounds are aspirated and others intensely gutteral. Five of the consonants commonly heard in other tongues, namely, b, d, f, r and v, are wanting in theirs, and are supplied by p, t, l and m. Thus, Adolph with them is Atól; Ambrose, Ameló; Henry, Alee; Raphael, Apél; Mary, Malee; Rosalie, Usalee; Victor, Mitt'tó, the accent in all these names falling on the last syllable, and *ee* sounding as the Italian *i* in Forli'.

The same language is spoken by nine other Indian tribes, the Upper and Lower Kalispels, the Spokanes, the Cœur d'Alenes, and the families in the vicinity of Colville, the variations met with being few and accidental.

When still pagans, the Selish or Flat Heads believed in a Good Spirit and a bad one. They also believed in future states of reward and punishment. With them, the good Indian went to a country of perpetual summer, where he would meet his wife and children, and where the rivers were alive with fish, and the plains swarming with buffalo and horses. The bad Indian, on the contrary, was doomed to a place covered perpetually with ice and snow, where he would always be shivering with cold. He would see fire, but afar off; he would see water also, but beyond

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his reach, and never could he get as much as one drop to cool his parched lips.

Their code of morals was short, yet comprehensive; honesty, bravery, love of truth, love for wife and children, were the virtues that entitled them to future happiness; while the opposite vices would lead them to everlasting misery.

The Flat Heads had a very curious tradition about beavers. Toward the end of autumn these interesting animals could be seen assembling in definite numbers, ranging from twenty to thirty. Having chosen a spot for their residence, they would set themselves to cutting down trees, scanning beforehand their bent, and the place where they wanted each tree to fall. When the tree was nearly severed, they would anxiously look up and watch its leaning, and as the cracking sound announced its approaching fall, they scampered in all directions to escape being caught under it. Once on the ground, the tree was quickly stripped of all its branches, and then with their dental chisels they would divide the trunk into several pieces of the same length, and with great energy and persistency roll them to the spot chosen for their dwelling.

Two or three of the older members of the family acted as overseers, and it was not unusual to see them chastising such as exhibited signs of laziness. Some Indians even maintain that they have heard beavers talk together and seen them sitting in council.

Should any of the band prove altogether incorrigible, the lazy fellows were driven off by the whole community and forced to secure shelter and provisions elsewhere. The outcasts were thus forced to pass a miserable winter alone and half starved in a burrow on the bank of some stream, where they easily fell a prey to the trapper. The Indians called the indolent creatures "lazy beavers," and their fur was much less prized than that of the others, whose persevering industry secured them abundant provisions and comfortable quarters during the severity of winter.* It is much to be regretted that these most industrious animals are fast disappearing from along our streams, where they were so plentiful in earlier days.

Impressed by the extraordinary habits of these animals, the

* See P. Ronan's *Historical Sketch of the Flat Head Indian Nations.*

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Flat Heads believed them to be a fallen race of Indians who in consequence of some misconduct had been condemned by the Great Spirit to their present condition, but that in due time they would be restored to their former happy state. Stripped of all superstition, may not this strange belief have been a shadow, as it were of God's Revelation concerning man's fall in Adam, and of the Promise of our Redemption? Or perhaps a faint ray of reason, pointing to an intermediate state of purgatorial existence?

The social organization of the Flat Heads was somewhat peculiar. Besides the great chief whose authority over the whole nation was hereditary, they had a war chief, whom they selected year by year. The latter assumed the command of the entire tribe in battle and in their hunting excursions over the buffalo plains and wielded it despotically. The hunting expedition over, he retired to the ranks. The warrior who had displayed through the year the greatest endurance, bravery and prudence, was the one selected. Hence it not seldom happened that he who had been leader and war chief in one campaign was but a private in the next.

A neighboring tribe of our Flat Heads were the Nez Percés, who lived on the west side of the Bitter Root Mountains. Proximity, intercourse, as well as common interests, kept the two nations on the closest terms of friendliness. Not only were they friends and allies, but to some extent also kith and kin by intermarriage. The importance of noting this will appear as we proceed with our narrative. For, doubtless, ignorance of this fact has been the principal cause why not a few were led into error, and still deny the claim of the Flat Heads to the expedition sent from the Rocky Mountains to Saint Louis after the Black Robes in 1831.

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Chapter II.

HOW THE SELISH OR FLAT HEADS OBTAINED THE FIRST NOTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

AS FAR back as the seventeenth century French Jesuits had crossed the ocean to christianize the savages of Canada. Among the number was Father Isaac Jogues, who became the apostle of the Iroquois, sealing with his blood his heroic labors and the faith he had come to preach.

Did he ever imagine, in the midst of his trials and sufferings, that he was preparing apostles for the unknown regions of the Northwest, and that the seed which he was planting and fertilizing with his blood on the banks of the St. Lawrence would be borne beyond the Mississippi, across the Rockies, and even to the Pacific coast?

Between the years 1812 and 1820 a band of these Iroquois, twenty-four in number, according to Bishop Rosati in his letter to the Father General of the Society of Jesus, dated St. Louis, October 20, 1839, left the Mission of Caughnawaga, near Sault St. Louis on the St. Lawrence, and crossing the Mississippi valley, directed their course westward.

The leader of the band was Ignace La Mousse, better known among the Indians and to history as Big Ignace or Old Ignace, because of his moral and physical superiority, and also to distinguish him from another and younger Ignace, who, as will be seen later on, also figures conspicuously in the history of the Flat Heads.

Having reached the land of our Indians, these Iroquois were kindly and hospitably received, and here the wandering band concluded to remain. The ties of friendship soon ripened into stronger ones by intermarriage, and from this on, these Iroquois became members of the Selish or Flat Head nation. Old Ignace soon acquired an ascendency and great influence over the tribe, which he wielded for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his adopted brethren. Often would he speak to them of the Catholic

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religion, its teachings, its prayers and its rites, the conclusion of all his discourses being always the same, namely, the advantage and necessity of having the Black Robes or Catholic missionaries among them, by whom they could be instructed and taught the way to Heaven.

He was listened to with the greatest attention, and docile to his instructions, the Flat Heads learned from him the principal truths and precepts of Christianity, the sign of the Cross, the Lord's Prayer and other practices of Catholic devotion. These good people strove as best they could, not only to remember what they were taught by old Ignace, but also to put it into practice. Hence they prayed in common morning and evening, observed Sunday, baptized their children and marked the graves of their dead with a cross, the symbol of Redemption. The Sunday was announced to the tribe by raising on a high pole something in the form of a flag called in their language *S'chazéus.* Hence the Lord's day became known to them under that name, by which they still designate it.

Gradually a strong desire to have in their midst some of the Black Robes spoken of by Old Ignace took hold of them, and the possibility as well as ways and means of obtaining the missionaries were frequently discussed in council. Ignace had suggested that some of the tribe be sent to the country of the white man, where Black Robes might be had. The suggestion was adopted in a general assembly and four of their braves volunteered to make the journey. It is well to note here that two of these were partly Nez Percés and partly Flat Heads, being the former by blood, and the latter by choice, since they lived with the Flat Heads as actual members of the tribe.

The proposal would likely have appeared to be the height of folly to all but such courageous people. None of them, save the Iroquois, had ever seen the village of a white man, and but few of them even a white man's face. They would have to travel thousands of miles, over trackless mountains, deserts and treeless plains, across wide, deep rushing streams, their path being beset on every side by deadly enemies, whose eagerness and alertness to waylay them it would be next to impossible to escape. But the Flat Heads were without fear.

In the spring of 1831 the four braves who had volunteered

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to undertake the expedition started on their long, perilous journey, and safely reached St. Louis in the early part of October. It is not known which way they traveled, but it is likely that at least part of their course lay along the overland route followed by the traders, whose headquarters were in St. Louis. Indians were a common sight in the streets of St. Louis at the time, and it is no wonder that our Flat Heads appear to have been scarcely noticed. The privations of the journey told severely on the brave fellows. Two fell dangerously ill shortly after their arrival, and died, both being baptized during their sickness. Their names were Narcisse and Paul* and, as shown by the record of their interment, they were buried in the cemetery of the parish, Narcisse, October 31; Paul, November 17.

Le trent-et-un d'Octobre mil-huit cent trent-et-un, Je sousigné ai inhumé dans le Cemetière de cette Paroisse le corps de Keepeellele' ou Pipe Bard du Nez Percé de la tribu de Chopweck appellée Têtes Plattes agé d'environs quarante quatre ans, administré du St. Baptême, venant de la rivière Columbia au déla des Rocky Mountains.

EDM. SAULNIER, PR.

Le dix-sept de Novembre mil-huit cent trent-et-un, Je sousigné, ai inhumé dans le Cemetière de cette Paroisse le corps de Paul sauvage de la nation des Têtes Plattes venant de la rivière Columbia au déla des Rocky Mountains, administré du St. Baptême et de l'estrême onction.

ROUX, PR.

Their surviving companions left St. Louis most likely the following spring to return to their country. But they never reached it, and what has become of them has never been ascertained.

Geo. Catlin in his *Letter No. 48,* speaks of meeting two Indians, whose portraits he painted from life and with whom he traveled two thousand miles. From his description it can hardly be doubted that they were the survivors of the delegation. We are told by the same Catlin that one of them died near

* Whether they were given these names at their Baptism in St. Louis, or previously by some of the Iroquois, is not known. The writer learned their Christian names from Bro. Wm. Claessens, one of the founders of the Flat Head Mission. Why in the burial records, which are appended, the name of one is given, and not that of the other, is also more than we can tell.

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the mouth of the Yellowstone River. This leaves but one of the band unaccounted for.

But let us now listen to the Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, at the time Bishop of St. Louis. Scarcely three months after the arrival of the Indian delegation he wrote an account of it, which he sent to *The Annals of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith,* under date of December 31, 1831. The letter runs as follows:

Some three months ago four Indians who live across the Rocky Mountains near the Columbia River (Clark's Fork of the Columbia) arrived at St. Louis. After visiting General Clark who, in his celebrated travels, has visited their country and has been well treated by them, they came to see our church and appeared to be exceedingly well pleased with it. Unfortunately, there was no one who understood their language. Some time afterwards two of them fell dangerously ill. I was then absent from St. Louis.

Two of our priests visited them and the poor Indians seemed delighted with the visit. They made the sign of the Cross and other signs which appeared to have some relation to baptism. The sacrament was administered to them; they gave expressions of satisfaction. A little cross was presented to them. They took it with eagerness, kissed it repeatedly, and it could be taken from them only after death. It was truly distressing that they could not be spoken to. Their remains were carried to the church and their funeral was conducted with all Catholic ceremonies. The other two attended and acted very becomingly. We have since learned from a Canadian, who has crossed the country which they inhabit, that they belong to the nation of Flat Heads who, as also another nation called Blackfeet, had received some notions of the Catholic religion from two Indians who had been to Canada, and who had related what they had seen, giving a striking description of the beautiful ceremonies of Catholic worship, and telling them that it was also the religion of the whites. They have retained what they could of it and they have learned to make the sign of the Cross and to pray. These nations have not yet been corrupted by intercourse with others. Their manners and customs are simple, and they are very numerous. Mr. Condamine (Rev. Matthew Condamine was one of Bishop Rosati's clergy attached to the Cathedral) has offered himself to go to them next spring with another. In the meantime we shall obtain some further information of what we have been told and of the means of travel.

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We must note, however, that what is stated in this letter with regard to the Blackfeet nation should be understood to apply to the Nez Percés, who were the neighbors and friends of the Flat Heads and who, like them, desired to be instructed in the teachings of the Catholic faith. This, so far as we know, was not as yet the case with the Blackfeet. Hence, the obvious conclusion, that either the Canadian informant of Bishop Rosati was not sufficiently well informed on the subject, or that, while speaking of the tribes of the Rocky Mountains, he was misunderstood. Such a misunderstanding was very apt to occur in those early days, when so little was known of the wild Indian races of the Northwest.

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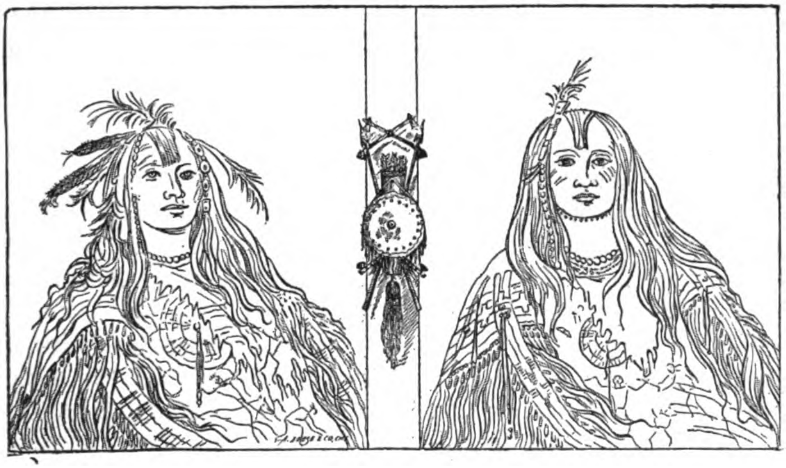
Chapter III.

A CORRECTION.

STRANGELY enough, in our first edition the names of Peter Gaucher and Young Ignace were appended to the following illustration. But this was an error. The two Indians, whose likenesses appear here, were met by Geo. Catlin in 1832,



Indians who are believed to have been the first Flat Head Delegation that went to St. Louis in 1831. (*After a painting by George Catlin.*)

and as we learn from Catlin himself that they were then on the homeward journey from St. Louis to their own country in the Rocky Mountains. They were the survivors of a deputation of four, two members of which died shortly after they had arrived in St. Louis. Now, Peter Gaucher and Young Ignace did not go to St. Louis until 1839, and were not a part of any deputation of four, but constituted a special deputation themselves, consisting of two members. It is therefore evident that they cannot be the Indians met by Catlin.*

* See Geo. Catlin's *Letters and Notes on the Manners, etc., of the North American Indians:* London, 1841.

The plate was borrowed from *The Journal Publishing Co.,* Helena, Mon-

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However, the mistake has proven of service, as the sequel will show. The pictures in the cut are even more important for our purpose than if they were those of Peter Gaucher and Young Ignace.

According to Catlin's statement, his two braves were a part of a delegation, the remaining two of which had died in St. Louis. As this statement is in perfect accord with Bishop Rosati's, who also speaks of a deputation of four, two of whom died in St. Louis, we must conclude that both Catlin and Bishop Rosati speak of the same Indians and the same delegation. But it is unquestionable that the deputation of which Bishop Rosati speaks in his two letters is that of the Flat Heads in 1831. Therefore the Indians spoken of by Catlin must have belonged to the same deputation. Consequently the two he met and painted from life and whose likenesses appear in the cut before us were two of the four Indians sent to St. Louis by the Flat Heads in 1831.

Still, it has been alleged that Catlin's two Indians did not belong to any Flat Head deputation, but to one sent out by the Nez Percés. But these very pictures provide us with an argument to disprove such an assertion.

There is no record of any other Indian deputation with the same object in view from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis, previous to the one of 1831, the first Flat Head expedition.

tana, who used it to illustrate P. Ronan's *Historical Sketch of the Flat Head Indian Nation,* published by the same firm in 1890; and is evidently a reproduction of Geo. Catlin's Indian plates No. 207,208, which were engraved from his original paintings. As it then appeared, the cut bore the following wording: "The Indians who conducted Father De Smet from St. Louis to establish St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley (After a Painting by Geo. Catlin)."

Beyond doubt, this was historically wrong; but being unacquainted at the time with Catlin's works, the writer did not discover the error. On the other hand, the Indians who conducted Father De Smet to our mountains were well known. Consequently, it seemed proper that their names should be placed with the illustration. But it was a blunder to put the name of Peter Gaucher under one of the two figures, and that of Young Ignace under the other. For who could tell one from the other? An interrogation point after the names might have righted the matter, somewhat: it would have shown at least that the writer had no intention of misleading. But unfortunately, to our chagrin, a full stop usurped the place of the point of interrogation. Thus, pictures and names were jumbled together and constituted a glaring anachronism. Hence the necessity of this correction.

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Therefore, if Catlin's two Indians did not belong to that expedition, to what one did they belong? Not to any of those that followed, because all of these went forth at dates subsequent to the meeting with Catlin. Therefore, on his own testimony that his two braves were really a part of the deputation he speaks of, it becomes evident that they belonged to the one which our Flat Heads sent out in 1831, and any assumption to the contrary must be dismissed as contradicted by the pictures before our eyes.

True, Catlin makes his two Indians Nez Percés, and another of their companions, Keepeellelé, one of the two who died in St. Louis, seems to have been of the same tribe, according to the record of his burial given above. Three, then, of the four would have been Nez Percés. Is not this sufficient evidence against the Flat Head claims?

We must admit that the objection is not without plausibility. But it runs counter to facts, and therefore, how plausible soever, and specious it may appear at first sight, it is not, and cannot be tenable.

What are the facts? We have already narrated them as they were learned by our missionaries from the lips of the Indians themselves. Can it be that in the interval of not more than ten years between their first endeavors to obtain Black Robes and the arrival of the Fathers among them, and in a matter that absorbed their whole attention, the Indians lost their memories? Or can it be seriously thought that these simple-minded children of the forest would attempt to impose upon and deceive others, in order to gain credit for themselves, as the authors of events in which they had no share?

The evidence that gives the Flat Heads the merit of that first expedition appears to the writer so convincing as to preclude the possibility of doubt. At the time of our writing, in this year of grace 1910, the whole story in its substance can still be learned from the lips of Francis Saxá, one of the two lads whom their Father, Old Ignace, took with him to St. Louis in 1835. Historically, nothing can be more certain than that the delegation which reached St. Louis in the fall of 1831 was sent out by our Flat Heads.

But if so, it will be asked, how comes it that the same delegation is assigned by some to the Nez Percés? The reason for

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this assertion is to be found, first, in the fact that the relation of the two tribes to each other was not well known, and secondly, in a prejudice which had no little to do with obscuring the truth.

It must be well understood that, though they are two different nations: one, east; the other, west of the Bitter Root Mountains, each with its own language, chiefs, customs, etc., still, comparative nearness, common interests and common dangers brought and kept Flat Heads and Nez Percés in the closest relations. Members of one tribe could always be found mingling with those of the other. This naturally led to occasional intermarriages. There were, besides, a few others, five or six Nez Percés by blood, who lived with the Flat Heads, as if they were members of the tribe. It is known that two of these were in the deputation that went to St. Louis in 1831.

Under such conditions of mixed parentage and constant intercourse, not a few of these people must have been more or less familiar with the language and customs of both tribes, and could easily be taken by strangers for either Flat Heads or Nez Percés. This is known to have occurred when they were trading at the forts, or fell in with other Indians.

It is important, however, to bear in mind that it was far more likely that Flat Heads should pass for Nez Percés, than Nez Percés for Flat Heads. Why so? For the simple reason that the Nez Percés were a much larger and more influential community, were more widely and better known. Besides, the Nez Percés lived in a country easy of access; whereas our Flat Heads dwelt in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains and numbered only a few hundred.

We find a confirmation of this truth in the fact that Lewis and Clark in the account of their travels have much to say of the Nez Percés, while they seem not to have known so much as the name of the Flat Heads. This is the more singular, because the *Ootlasthoots* of whom they speak, and with whom they treated and traded, as their diary leaves no room to doubt, could be no others than our Flat Heads.*

This fact must also be remembered when we are told that

* See *The Trail of Lewis and Clark*, by Olin D. Wheeler: G. P. Putnam's Sons; New York and London.

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the four Indians in question, on visiting General Clark in St. Louis, were spoken of by him as Nez Percés.

This visit is a matter of history, and is mentioned, as we have seen, by Bishop Rosati. The General had been in their country and most likely they had all heard of him and perhaps some of them had met him personally. What was more natural than that they should call on him?

Some non-Catholic writers have not ceased to refer to this visit as convincing proof of their contention that the original deputation of Indians was not made up of Flat Heads, because, forsooth, General Clark had referred to them as Nez Percés!

The General had been among both Flat Heads and Nez Percés. But whilst he tarried only a few days in the country of the former, he spent several months among the latter. He did not even learn the true name of the Flat Heads or Selish; moreover, since they lived close to the Nez Percés, how easy for him to confound one tribe with the other and designate both by the name of the better known?

What has been said of the Lewis and Clark expedition applies also to Geo. Catlin, who seems to have known as little or nothing of the Flat Heads. True, in his *Letters and Notes,* etc., Catlin speaks of Flat Heads, but he uses the word in a generic sense, that is, to signify all the tribes supposed to have practised, at one time or another, the barbarous custom of flattening the head. But we have failed to discover in his whole work the faintest allusion to our Flat Heads of the Bitter Root Valley.

With all this before us, we can easily understand how people unacquainted with the facts could be misled into ascribing the deputation to the wrong parties. The more so, that prejudice was not wanting to befog the truth, as will appear directly.

It seems certain that the Nez Percés had even at that period some knowledge of Christianity, received from Catholic sources, i. e., from French Canadians in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. For it is well known that many of the Company's employees, all over this western country, were Canadian Catholics, and that several of them were zealous in sowing the seed of Catholicity among the Indians with whom they came in contact. Peter C. Pambrun, in charge at Fort Walla Walla

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in the early thirties, a devout Catholic, may be mentioned as one of those lay missionaries who did much toward introducing and fostering the teachings of Catholicism among the natives along the Columbia.

That the Nez Percés, in particular, had received their first notions of Christianity from French Canadians in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, is the explicit statement made some forty years ago to Father J. M. Cataldo, S. J., by *Oo-yás-kas-it,* an old chief of the tribe. Moreover, the intermingling with the Flat Heads and their adopted brethren, the Iroquois, must have made them somewhat acquainted with Christian teaching.

The Nez Percés, too, were desirous of having missionaries among them, and as that desire arose from what they had learned from Catholic people, we may be certain that the teachers or missionaries they first wanted were priests or Black Robes. Hence, there is good reason to assume that the deputation of 1831, though organized by the Flat Heads, carried with it the request for missionaries of at least some Nez Percés, if not of the whole tribe. The fact that there were in the delegation two who were at least partly Nez Percés would seem to strengthen this belief.

However, the Black Robe was long in coming. Meanwhile, Methodists and Presbyterians arrived upon the field, and offered their services to both the Flat Heads and Nez Percés. The latter received them, but not so the former, who remained unshaken in their determination to have none but Catholic missionaries.

The Nez Percés were drawn into Protestantism by men who went out to them because of the call for priests which had gone forth from the Flat Heads; an appeal for missionaries that was probably the first of its kind in the history of Christianity. It created quite a stir all over the United States, as well as throughout Europe. The Protestant sects were not slow to profit by it.

Yet that appeal was distinctively Catholic both in origin and in aim; priests, not preachers, were wanted by the Indians. But some have not been willing to admit this fact, because rather disparaging to them and their cause. Therefore, the timely discovery was made that "the claims to the first missionary

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efforts in the Northwest country made by the Flat Heads were unfounded."* And the counter claim, which gives the credit of the expedition to the Nez Percés, was propagated by tongue and pen, from pulpit and bench.

Geo. Catlin gives the names of his two Indians as, *Hee-oh'ks-te-kin'* (Rabbit-skin-leggins); and *H'co-a-h'cotes-min'* (No-horns-on-his-head). Father J. M. Cataldo, who spent a number of years among the Nez Percés and has become thoroughly familiar with their tongue, declares the names to be "corrupt Nez Percés language." Though the corruption might be due to some other cause, such as mispelling, misprint, and the like, may it not be also an indication that Catlin's two braves were not, after all full-fledged Nez Percés?

With still greater reason, the same might be thought of Keepeellelé, the record of whose burial makes him both Flat Head and Nez Percé. How could he be both? As easily and as truly as the writer is both an American and an Italian; an Italian by parentage and birth; an American by choice and more than half a century's residence in this country.

Therefore, even admitting that not only two, but all four in the band were Nez Percés by birth, which, however, was not the case, it would not follow that the deputation had not been sent out by our Flat Heads. For whatever their extraction, the moment that they had become identified with the tribe, they could well be looked upon as Flat Heads. So much for the controversy, and now let us get back to our narrative.

*See *The Acquisition of Oregon*, by Wm. J. Marshall, a non-Catholic. Two vols. Lowman and Hanford: Seattle, Wash.—A work quite recently published and of much historical value.

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Chapter IV.

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO ESTABLISH NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS AMONG THE FLAT HEADS

ALTHOUGH this first expedition to St. Louis had failed in its immediate object, it was not entirely a failure, inasmuch as it brought the cause of the Flat Heads to the attention of the Christian world and aroused much interest and sympathy in their behalf. But herein lay a danger. We mean that of being given "stones for bread," and of having sown among them the errors of heresy, instead of the word of life, for which they were seeking.

In fact, scarcely two years after the survivors of the Flat Head deputation had departed for their home in the Rocky Mountains, the non-Catholic missionary societies made repeated attempts to establish missions of their own among the members of that tribe. Their efforts, however, only accentuated the spirit that animated our Flat Heads, who, while determined to have among them Christian teachers at any cost, were equally determined to have none but Catholic missionaries.

This became clear in 1834 when, under the auspices of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Jason Lee, of Stanstead, Canada, and his nephew, the Rev. Daniel Lee, with three laymen, were sent to found a mission among the Flat Heads. Those gentlemen arrived at their destination, but instead of remaining to evangelize the tribe assigned to them, they at once left the Flat Head country, and went to Oregon, to preach the Gospel to the Canadian colony on the banks of the Willamette. Why this speedy departure?

One of the reasons given is of interest and throws much light on the subject: "It was shown," they tell us, "that the supposed claims of the Flat Heads on the first missionary efforts made in the country were unfounded." This statement, translated into plain English, indicates clearly enough that the Rev. J. Lee and companions, on reaching the Flat Heads, found that

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their services were not wanted, and that it was Catholic Black Robes whom the Indians desired and had sent for.

The Flat Heads, who were still eagerly awaiting the return of their brethren gone in search of Christian teachers, hearing that missionaries were on the way to their tribe, thought at first, and very naturally, that they could be no others than the expected Black Robes who, at last, were coming to the Rockies. But when the Lee party arrived, our Indians were much disappointed. None of their men was in the party and, further, the missionary gentlemen who stood before them did not tally with the description of the Black Robes given by their adopted brethren, the Iroquois. The missionaries spoken of by the Iroquois wore long black gowns, carried a crucifix with them, prayed the great prayer (the Mass), and did not marry. But the newcomers wore no black gowns and, upon inquiry, had no cross to show, prayed not the great prayer, and, besides, they married. They surely could not be the teachers they had sent for. Consequently, they made the Lee party understand that the Flat Head tribe did not care for them nor their ministrations. Was not this ample cause for the abandonment of the project?

But the other reasons advanced by Lee and Frost for not locating their mission among these Indians, are equally interesting and well worth quoting. "Subsequent inquiries," say these historians, "had furnished reasons to the missionaries that could not justify any attempt to commence the mission among them (the Flat Heads). First, the means of subsistence in a region so remote and so difficult of access were, to say the least, very difficult. Second, the smallness of their number. Third, the vicinity to the Blackfeet, as well the white man's enemies as theirs. Fourth, a larger field of usefulness was contemplated as the object of the mission than the benefiting of a single tribe, etc."*

These gentlemen, it would seem, besides discovering that their services were not wanted, found the field too small and not only uninviting, but entailing too many hardships and dangers. Consequently, they thought it wise to move on and go to Oregon.

The first attempt was followed by others. The Flat Head expedition to St. Louis had given impetus to the missionary

* *Ten Years in Oregon*, p. 127.

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movement, particularly toward the Oregon country. The Flat Head Indians, however, were the tribe whom the American Board of Foreign Missions seemed specially desirous to evangelize and take under its care. Hence in 1835 the Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman were sent out by the Board to look into the condition of the natives, with a view to establishing missions among them. The Flat Heads, still hopeful of the return of their brethren, hearing that another missionary expedition was on the way, renewed their hope, thinking that these, likely, were the long-expected ones.

Prompted by such hope, Insulá, known among his people as the "Little Chief and Great Warrior," accompanied by several others of the tribe, started out to meet the supposed Black Robes. Attacked on the road by hostiles, Insulá's party fought their way through, and reached the rendezvous on Green River, where they met a number of representatives of other tribes. To their great disappointment, none of the four who had gone to the white man's country for missionaries was there; nor did they hear any news of them, and the supposed Black Robes were no others than the Rev. S. Parker and Dr. M. Whitman.

These gentlemen, having assembled the Indians, introduced themselves as envoys and missionaries, who had been sent to preach to them and establish missions in their midst. Some Nez Percés chiefs who were with the rest, were rather pleased with the men, and showed themselves disposed to accept them as their teachers. Upon these manifestations of good will on the part of the group of Nez Percés present, the Rev. Mr. Parker and Dr. Whitman held a conference and resolved that, while the former would continue his tour of exploration, the latter would return to the States in order to secure missionaries for both the Flat Heads and Nez Percés nations.

But our "Little Chief and Great Warrior," Insulá, and his followers, were not quite satisfied with the looks nor with the message of the missionaries. They appeared too much like the others, the Lee party, who had passed through their country the preceding summer. They too married and they, too, like the others, had no black gown, no cross, nor the great prayer. From all this Insulá concluded that neither were these the teachers spoken of by their adopted brethren, the Iroquois.

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Consequently, he and his band would have nothing further to do with them.

That such was really the conclusion arrived at by Insulá and his people was made evident the following summer, 1836, when Dr. Whitman returned with assistants, brought out to establish the contemplated missions among the Flat Heads and Nez Percés. The party consisted of Dr. Whitman himself and his bride; the Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, and Mr. W. H. Gray. While the Nez Percés had come to meet these missionary ladies and gentlemen, according to agreement made with Dr. Whitman the preceding year, the Flat Heads were conspicuous by their absence. None of their tribe showed up, accentuating thus, once more, their determination to have no others but Catholic missionaries. The meaning of the fact that no Flat Head had come to meet them was well understood by the Rev. Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman, who, consequently, with their wives, went to establish themselves on the upper Columbia, the former at Lapwai, the latter among the Cayuses.

It was the country where the Rev. Samuel Parker, a short time before, had taught the Indians to place two stones, instead of a cross, over the graves of their dead, and had preached to them Christianity by breaking the symbol of Christianity to pieces with his own hands under their very eyes. Here is the fact, as related by himself:

The night of our arrival [he writes in his *Journal of an Exploring Tour*] a little girl of six or seven years of age died. The morning of the 12th they buried her. In this instance they had prepared a cross to set up on the grave, most probably having been told so by some Iroquois Indians, a few of whom, not in the capacity of teachers but as trappers in the employ of the Fur Company, I saw west of the mountains. But as I viewed the cross of wood made by men's hands, of no avail to benefit the dead or living—I took this which the Indians had prepared and broke it to pieces. I then told them that we placed a stone at the head and foot of the grave to mark the place.

Thus missionary Parker and the scandalous deed are still remembered by the red men along the Columbia.

But what followed a few years later made it also clear that the Crossless Christianity preached by this Rev. gentleman and others like unto him, was insufficient to change the nature

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of savages; nor did it prevent them from rising up and mercilessly murdering their white-skinned brethren.

Another attempt to establish a Protestant mission among the Flat Heads was made a year or so later, Mr. W. H. Gray being detailed to the task. But this last effort to force unwished teachers upon them proved as abortive as the preceding ones. We shall see in the next chapter that, whilst Mr. Gray was attempting to establish a station among the Flat Heads, another Flat Head delegation was on the road to St. Louis, to secure Catholic missionaries, Mr. Gray himself falling in and traveling part of the way with the same delegation.

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Chapter V.

OTHER EXPEDITIONS SENT FORTH BY THE FLAT HEADS TO SECURE CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES

THE Protestant expedition that had passed through their land in 1834, and still more, the report made by Insulá and his party upon their return from Green river in the summer of 1835, convinced the Flat Heads that their first deputation had failed. They were greatly disappointed, but not discouraged. On the contrary, their very disappointment seemed to increase rather than diminish their yearning for the true Black Robe. Hence, another expedition was resolved upon shortly after Insulá's return.

It was Old Ignace himself this time who offered to go, and we are inclined to believe that the news brought to the tribe by the Green river band prompted his resolution and hastened his departure, in order, perhaps, to forestall the intrusion of non-Catholic teachers among the Flat Heads.

He left late in the summer of 1835, and took with him his two sons, Charles and Francis, lads between twelve and fourteen years of age, for the purpose of having them *solemnly* baptized, and perhaps also confirmed, though of this latter we have no direct evidence. Old Ignace started with the intention of going to Canada, the place of his birth, where he thought he could more easily obtain missionaries, this being, as just said, the principal purpose of his long journey. Learning, however, that there were Jesuit Fathers in St. Louis, he turned his steps in that direction and reached the place late in the fall, after many privations and sufferings.

His two sons were baptized by one of the Fathers at the College on the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier, December 2, 1835, according to the record of their baptism, for a copy of which we are indebted to Father Thos. Sherman. The record is as follows: *"1835 2 Decembris Carolus & Franciscus*

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*Xaverius Ignatii Partus Indiani ex vulgo Flat Heads solemniter baptizati fuerunt."**

Ignace pleaded the cause of the Flat Heads with Bishop Rosati; and with the latter's assurance that missionaries would be sent to them as soon as possible, he left with his two sons and safely returned to the mountains.

His son Francis is still living and has been a personal friend of the writer for very many years; and perhaps in the whole of Missoula County there is not a man more respected by white and Indian than François Saxá, the name by which he is known.

Eighteen months having passed after Old Ignace's return, and no tidings of any Black Robe being on the way, a third expedition went forth in the summer of 1837. This third delegation consisted of three Flat Heads proper, one Nez Percé and Old Ignace himself, the leader of the party, five in all. At or near Fort Laramie, our little band was joined by some whites, one of the number being W. H. Gray, whom we have already met in company with the Rev. Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman.

W. H. Gray was going back to the States from the Presbyterian missions on the Columbia, the object of his present journey being to secure assistants for the establishment of a Presbyterian mission among the Flat Heads. In furtherance of his plan he purposely passed through the Bitter Root Valley, to make a personal inspection of the field, instead of following the usual route more to the south. That he received no encouragement from the Flat Heads is evident from the fact of his meeting with Ignace and companions who, according to Mr. Gray himself, were going "to urge the claim for teachers to come among them."

Our Indians and Mr. Gray's party were now traveling together, and while passing through the country of the hostile Sioux, at a point called Ash Hollow, on the South Platte, they fell in with a large war party of that tribe. Being attacked, our little band bravely defended themselves, killing some fifteen of their

* It is probable that the solemnities of the rite only were here supplied, with perhaps *conditional* baptism. It does not seem likely that so good a Christian as Ignace, would not give his two sons *private* baptism, when he could easily have done so and the circumstances of the case rendered it perfectly legitimate.

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assailants. But they were greatly outnumbered by the foe, and all five perished in the unequal struggle.

Old Ignace was dressed like a white man, and he had been ordered to stand apart with the whites. But he spurned the command, and preferred to share the lot of his adopted brethren. Thus perished the one who may justly be called the apostle of the Flat Heads.

The untimely taking away of Old Ignace and his companions was a rude shock and caused the greatest grief to the whole tribe. It did not, however, shake in the least their determination to secure Black Robes, because soon after a fourth delegation was resolved upon in one of their councils. Two of the Iroquois adopted by the Flat Heads showed themselves willing to undertake the task, undismayed by the previous failures and the last disaster. This final effort was destined to be crowned with success.*

The two Iroquois who formed the fourth delegation, were Peter Gaucher (Left-hand Peter) and Young Ignace, so called to distinguish him from Old Ignace. Leaving their Flat Head home in the summer of 1839, they joined some Hudson Bay Company men about to make the voyage to St. Louis by canoe. Their course lay naturally down the Yellowstone River and the Missouri. In passing St. Joseph's Mission, at Council Bluffs, they stopped to confer with the priests in charge, and it is indeed a remarkable coincidence that they should have met there the very man destined to comply in person with their long-cherished desires. Their visit is thus described by Father De Smet:

On the 18th of last September two Catholic Iroquois came to visit us. They had been for twenty-three years among the nation called the Flatheads and Pierced Noses, about a thousand Flemish leagues from where we are. I have never seen any savages so fervent in religion. By their instructions and examples they have given all that nation a great desire to have themselves baptized. All that tribe strictly observe Sunday and assemble several times a week to pray and sing canticles. The sole object of these good Iroquois was to obtain a priest to come and finish what they had so happily com-

* The particulars just related were learnt by Father De Smet from the traders at Fort Laramie, who had them from the Sioux themselves.

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menced. We gave them letters for our Rev. Father Superior at St. Louis. They thought nothing of adding three hundred leagues to the thousand they had already accomplished in the hope that their request would be granted.*

The two brave Iroquois arrived safely in St. Louis and, having laid the desires of their tribe before Bishop Rosati, they were assured by him that a priest would be sent to them in the following spring.

But before proceeding any further with our narrative, we must listen again to Bishop Rosati, who as an eye-witness of several of the facts just related, cannot but shed much light also on the rest.

In a letter dated "St. Louis, Oct. 20, 1839," and addressed to the Father General of the Society of Jesus at Rome, Bishop Rosati wrote as follows:

Reverend Father:

Eight or nine years ago (1831) some of the Flathead nation came to St. Louis. The object of their journey was to ascertain if the religion spoken of with so much praise by the Iroquois warriors was in reality such as represented and, above all, if the nations that have white skin had adopted and practised it. Soon after their arrival in St. Louis they fell sick, called for a priest and earnestly asked to be baptized. Their request was promptly granted and they received holy baptism with great devotion. Then holding the crucifix they covered it with affectionate kisses and expired.†

Some years after (1835) the Flathead nation sent again one of the Iroquois nation (Old Ignace) to St. Louis. There he came with two of his children, who were instructed and baptized by the Fathers of the College. He asked missionaries for his countrymen and started with the hope that one day the desire of the nation would be accomplished, but on his journey he was killed by the infidel Indians of the Sioux nation.‡

* *Life, Letters and Travels of Pierre-Jean De Smet, S. J.* by Hiram Martin Chittenden and Alfred Talbot Richardson, four Vol. New York: Francis P. Harper 1905. A scholarly and interesting work, evincing great research and, historically, of more than ordinary merit.

† All the members of that first deputation fell sick in St. Louis. As two of the four recovered, it is evident that Bishop Rosati speaks here of the two who died.

‡ This last statement in Bishop Rosati's letter must have originated from his not distinguishing with sufficient precision in the information given him, the fact that it *was on his going back to St. Louis the second time,* as we

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At last a third expedition (Peter Gaucher and Young Ignace) arrived at St. Louis after a voyage of three months. It was composed of two Christian Iroquois. Those Indians, who talk French, have edified us by their truly exemplary conduct and interested us by their discourses. The Fathers of the College have heard their confessions and to-day they approached the holy table at high mass in the Cathedral Church. Afterwards I administered to them the sacrament of Confirmation, and in an address delivered after the ceremony I rejoiced with them at their happiness and gave them the hope of soon having a priest.

They will depart to-morrow: one of them will carry the good news promptly to the Flat Heads, the other will spend the winter at the mouth of Bear river, and in the spring he will continue the journey with the missionary whom we will send them.*

Of the twenty-four Iroquois who formerly emigrated from Canada, [continues Bishop Rosati,] only four are still living. Not only have they planted the faith in those wild countries, but they have besides defended it against the encroachments of the Protestant ministers. When these missionaries presented themselves among them, our good Catholics refused to accept them. "These are not the priests about whom we have spoken to you," they would say to the Flat Heads; "These are not the long black-robed priests who have no wives, who say mass, who carry the crucifix with them." For the love of God, my Very Reverend Father, do not abandon these souls!†

have seen, and not on his return to the mountains, that Ignace was killed by the Sioux. Apart from this trifling inaccuracy which, under the circumstances, can easily be accounted for, the Bishop's statement is perfectly correct.

* The one of the two who was to accompany the missionary, namely, Young Ignace, instead of going to spend the winter at the mouth of Bear river, spent it at Florissant.

† From the fact that four deputations were sent out by the Flat Heads and but three of them reached St. Louis, has arisen much confusion about the real number, some making it three, others four. The discrepancy disappears at once by simply observing that those who mention only three, speak of the deputations that *reached* St. Louis, as made evident by Bishop Rosati's letter; whereas they who mention four, speak of the expeditions that *set out for St. Louis from the Flat Head country*, which, as we have seen, were four.

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Chapter VI.

FATHER P. J. DE SMET, S. J.—HIS FIRST JOURNEY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE priest whom Providence had destined for the new field was no other than Peter John De Smet, S. J., now about to enter a career of world-wide fame as the apostle of the Northwest.

Termonde, a prosperous, neat little town of East Flanders, Belgium, and situated at the confluence of the Sheld and Dender, gave birth to the future missionary of the Rocky Mountains, January 31, 1801. At an early date he entered the Society of Jesus, and afterward crossed the Atlantic, desirous of service on the American Missions. Seemingly poor health not long after brought him back to his native country, whence, however, he returned to the United States in 1837.

In 1837 our American Bishops, assembled in the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, confided the spiritual care of the Indians to the Society of Jesus, and Father De Smet, one year after his return to America was detailed by the Superiors to open a mission among the Potowatamies in Kansas. He was planning to extend his missionary work further, when our two brave Iroquois, Peter Gaucher and Young Ignace, arrived from the Flat Head country, to plead anew the cause of their brethren in the Rocky Mountains.

Fired with zeal for souls and moved by the faith, constancy and earnestness of these children of the forest, Father De Smet felt drawn toward them, and resolved to do all in his power in their behalf, by offering himself to his Superiors to labor among them. On the matter being discussed, it seemed preferable that two Fathers should be sent, but sufficient means to the amount of $1,000, even by loan, could not be raised to defray the expenses of the expedition. It was therefore decided that Father De Smet should go without a confrère.

As soon as spring opened, Father De Smet set out on his

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long journey with Young Ignace, who had remained behind to be his guide, while Peter Gaucher, as may be inferred from Bishop Rosati's letter, had started for home in the latter part of October to bring the good tidings to the nation. The Father left St. Louis March 27, going by boat to Westport, now Kansas City, where he joined the annual expedition of the American Fur Company. With a party numbering about thirty he left Westport April 30, going thence to a point on Green River which was at the time the rendezvous for all western travellers.

About the time that Father De Smet was leaving St. Louis, Peter Gaucher appeared most unexpectedly in the Flat Head camp on Eight Mile Creek in the Bitter Root Valley, bringing the news that Black Robe was surely coming, led by Young Ignace. Peter's journey home from St. Louis at that season may be considered indeed a very remarkable feat. Death had stared him in the face from cold and starvation. The announcement that the priest was coming brought joy to the whole tribe, and the chief at once detailed ten of his warriors to go ahead and meet the man of God and escort him into their camp, while he would follow on with the rest of his people.

The Westport caravan arrived at Green River on June 30 and here a most delightful surprise was in store for Father De Smet. The Flat Head warriors, sent ahead to meet him, had reached the spot sometime before and were waiting for him. On the following Sunday, July 5, he celebrated Mass before a motly, yet respectful crowd of Indians and whites, the latter being mostly fur traders, hunters and trappers. The altar was erected on a little elevation and decorated with boughs and garlands of wild flowers. The temple, the most magnificent of God's own making, had for vault the azure sky, and for floor the boundless expanse of the Wilderness. The spot, from that time on, became known to both Indians and whites as "The Prairie of the Mass."

Bidding adieu to his traveling companions of the plains, the next day Father De Smet, with his escort, started toward the head waters of the Snake river, and some eight days' journey through mountain defiles brought him to the main body of the Flat Heads. They were encamped in Pierre Hole valley, on the line that separates Idaho from Wyoming south of Pleasant

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Valley, having come so far from their home, some 800 miles to meet the missionary. They had been joined at the start and on the road by detached bands of other tribes, Nez Percés, Pend d'Oreilles and Kalispels, numbering, all told, some 1,600 souls, and had already set up in their midst a lodge for the missionary.

Upon the Father's arrival in the camp there was the most lively demonstration of joy, in which all, men, women and children, took part. "Immediately the whole village was in commotion," wrote Father De Smet to his friend, Father Barbelin, "men, women, and children all came to meet me and shake hands, and I was conducted in triumph to the lodge of the great chief who had the appearance of a patriarch." Surrounded by the leading men and principal warriors of the nation, the great chief, whose name was the "Big Face," addressed Father De Smet as follows:

> This day the Great Spirit has accomplished our wishes and our hearts are swelled with joy. Our desire to be instructed was so great that three times we had deputed our people to the great Black Robe in St. Louis to obtain priests. Now, Father, speak and we will comply with all that you will tell us. Show us the way we have to go to the home of the Great Spirit.

Then, says Father De Smet, "he resigned his authority to me; but I replied that he mistook the object of my coming among them; that I had no other object in view but the salvation of their souls, and that they were to remain as they were, until circumstances should allow them to settle in a permanent spot."

After having settled on the hours proper for prayers and instructions, one of the chiefs brought Father De Smet a little bell, with which he was to give the sign to call them together. "The same evening," continues Father De Smet, "about two thousand persons were assembled before my lodge, to recite night prayers in common. The prayers having been said, a solemn canticle of praise, of their own composition, was sung by these children of the mountains to the Author of their being. It would be impossible for me," he adds, "to describe the emotions I felt at this moment. I wept for joy and admired the wonderful ways of that kind Providence which in His infinite mercy had deigned to send me to these poor people, to announce to them the glad tidings of salvation."

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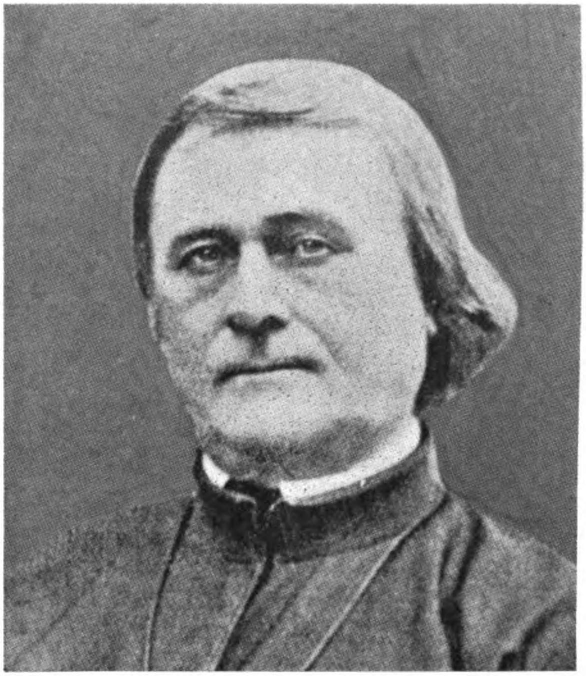
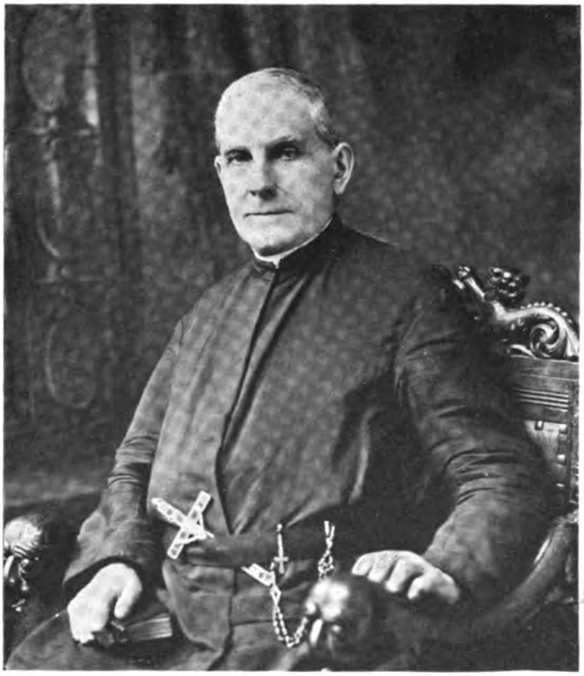


THE REV. P. J. DE SMET, S.J.
FIRST APOSTLE OF THE NORTHWEST



THE REV. JOSEPH CATALDO, S.J.
DEAN OF THE INDIAN MISSIONARIES

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With marvelous eagerness the whole tribe set about learning their religious duties. "The great chief," writes Father De Smet, "was first up in the morning at the dawn of day, and mounted on his horse, would ride through the camp to arouse his people, crying out to them: 'Come, courage my children; open your eyes. Address your first thoughts and words to the Great Spirit. Tell Him that you love Him and ask Him to have pity on you. Courage, for the sun is about to appear; it is time that you went to the river to wash yourselves. Be prompt at your Father's lodge at the first sound of the bell; be quiet when you are there; open your ears to hear and your hearts to hold fast all the words that he says to you.' "

A few days after the whole camp was on the move along Henry's Fork, of the Snake River, to Henry's Lake which is its source. Here Father De Smet, on July 23, ascended one of the peaks, rising from the top of the main range, and, with a pocket knife, engraved on the soft stone the following inscription:

SANCTUS IGNATIUS PATRONUS MONTIUM—*die 23 Julii 1840.**

And here also, his soul, overflowing with emotion at the inspiring solemnity and grandeur of the scene before him, broke forth in the following rhyme, which is transcribed from his diary:

"Salut Roche Majestueuse!
Futur asile de bonheur,
Des ses tresors le Divin Cœur
T'ouvre aujourd 'hui la source hereuse."

This may be rendered:

"Ye Rockies hail! Majestic Mounts!
Of future bliss the favored shrine.
For you God's Heart Divine
Opens this day its precious founts."

Moving thence a short distance, they crossed what is now the Idaho line and camped in Montana; first, at the head-waters of the Beaverhead River, not far from Red Rock Lake; then, along the banks of the same river and in the Big Hole basin; finally, on Jefferson Island, at the lower end of the Boulder Valley, near

*The date July 27, on page 34 of *Life, Letters and Travels of Father P. J. De Smet, S. J.*, by Chittenden and Richardson, is evidently a misprint or an oversight. This can be seen at once by comparing it with the correct date on page 230 of the same work.

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the three forks of the Missouri. Thus, on the banks of the Beaverhead-Jefferson River, Christianity was first preached and the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was first celebrated in Montana.

Begun on the very day of his arrival, Father De Smet's missionary work among those good Indians continued unabated to the moment of his departure. What his labors were, as well as the earnestness of his pupils to profit by them, may be gathered from the following letter, which he wrote from his last camping place near the three forks of the Missouri. It was addressed to the Very Rev. F. N. Blanchet, V.G. (afterward first Archbishop of Portland, Oregon), and ran as follows:

Very Reverend Sir:

Your Reverence will be glad to learn that Mgr. Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis, in concert with my provincial Superior of the Society of Jesus in Missouri and in compliance with the desire often repeated of the Flat Heads, Pend d'Oreilles, and a great number of Nez Perces, has sent me to the Rocky Mountains to visit these missions. I have found the first two in the best desirable disposition, well resolved to stand by the true children of Jesus Christ. The few weeks I had the happiness to pass among them have been the happiest of my life and give me firm hope, with the grace of God, to see soon in this country, so long forsaken, the fervor of the first Christians. Since I am among them I have three, four and five instructions daily. They cannot be tired, all come to my lodge at the first ringing of the bell. They are anxious to lose none of my words relating to these instructions on these heavenly subjects, and if I had the strength to speak to them they would listen to me whole days and nights. I have baptized about two hundred of their little children and I expect to baptize in a short time one hundred and fifty adults.

The Very Rev. F. N. Blanchet had crossed the Rocky Mountains two years before and was devoting himself at this time to the spiritual welfare of the French Canadians and the Indians on the banks of the Willamette and along the Columbia.

Father De Smet's letter was sent through Indians and Hudson Bay Company men to Colville, and thence brought to St. Paul, Oregon, and handed to the Very Rev. F. N. Blanchet by his missionary companion, the Rev. Modest Demers, afterward first Bishop of Vancouver Island.*

* Mgr. Joseph Signay, Bishop of Quebec, gave the charge of the mission of Oregon to Abbé F. N. Blanchet whom by letters dated April 17, 1838,

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From all he saw of those dusky children of the forest, Father De Smet became convinced that there was here a field of real promise. Hence his intention of hastening back to St. Louis, to urge the establishment of a permanent mission among the Flat Heads. He laid open his mind to the tribe, who felt greatly pleased at the proposal; and the assurance that he would return in the spring with other Black Robes to stay among them tempered their grief for his departure. Upon this he bade a hearty farewell to all his neophytes and set out on his homeward journey.

Father De Smet had picked up at the rendezvous on Green river a good Fleming from Ghent, John Baptiste de Velder, an old grenadier of Napoleon, who had left his native country at the age of thirty, and had passed the last fourteen years in the wilds of the Rockies in the capacity of beaver hunter. He had almost forgotten the Flemish language, says Father De Smet, excepting his prayers and a song which he had learned at his mother's knees and which he repeated every day. This man stayed by the Father during the journey to St. Louis, being at times his only companion.

From the Gallatin valley, where he parted with the main body of the Flat Heads, on August 27, Father De Smet and his companion, de Velder, crossed over the Yellowstone country, being escorted for a considerable distance by a number of Flat Head warriors. Our travelers' course lay through the land of the Crows, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, and the Sioux. Passing safely an Assiniboine party, they fell in with a fierce band of Blackfeet, who at once surrounded them. The long black gown of the misisonary, the crucifix, which glittered on his bosom whenever he journeyed in the Indian country, arrested the eyes of the Blackfoot chief. "Who art thou?" asked he. "He is a Black Bobe," said the Father's companion, who had some knowledge of the language. "He is the man who speaks to the Great Spirit." In a moment all was changed. Invited to eat

he appointed his Vicar General with jurisdiction over the whole territory west of the Rocky Mountains. The Abbé Modeste Demers, a young priest who had been ordained the previous year, was appointed his assistant. They went to Oregon together in 1838 and are both founders of that Mission. *Pioneer Catholic History of Oregon*, by Edwin V. O'Hara; Portland, Oregon, 1911

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with the missionary, the chief showed still greater respect when he saw him address the Great Spirit before the frugal meal. This ended, twelve Indians stretched a buffalo robe before the Father, with motions indicating their wish that he should be seated upon it. Supposing it was intended for a mat, he did so; but they raised it aloft, and so bore him in triumph to their village. There, too, he was treated with every honor. "It is the happiest day of my life," said the chief. "It is the first time that we see among us the Black Robe, the man who speaks to the Great Spirit. These are the braves of my tribe; and I have brought thee here that the remembrance of thy presence may be forever engraved on their memories."

The missionary and his companion directed their course toward Fort Union on the Missouri, a little above the mouth of the Yellowstone. Here they rested a few days, resuming their journey on September 23, toward Fort Clark, where they made a short stop. Having reached Forts Pierre and Vermillion, they took a canoe, under the guidance of an Iroquois half-breed, who landed them safe at St. Joseph Mission or Council Bluffs, on November 24. The river closed with ice the next day, and Father De Smet made the rest of the journey by land, arriving at St. Louis among his brethren on the last day of the year.*

* *Life, Letters and Travels of Father De Smet,* by Chittenden and Richardson.

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Chapter VII.

FATHER P. J. DE SMET RETURNS TO THE MOUNTAINS ACCOMPANIED BY OTHER MISSIONARIES.

THE safe return of Father De Smet to St. Louis caused great rejoicing among his brethren, and on hearing from him of the good disposition of the Flat Heads and of the field waiting ripe for laborers, several were desirous to help him gather in the harvest of souls.

Full of enthusiasm over the results of his journey, he was, doubtless, eager to commence active preparations for his return to the Rocky Mountains. But having laid the whole subject before his Superiors, his ardor was chilled and his heart sank within him, when told that the funds at their disposal for missionary purposes were not half enough to outfit him for a new expedition. "The thought that the undertaking would have to be given up; that I should not be able to redeem my promise to the poor Indians, pierced my very heart and filled me with the deepest sorrow," wrote Father De Smet under date of May 1, 1841.

Though much disappointed, his confidence in God did not abate. The matter of funds being left practically in his own hands by the Superiors, on the suggestion of one of his friends he made an appeal to some of the clergy and to others kindly disposed toward the Indians. He visited New Orleans, Philadelphia, and other places for that purpose, and in a few months he succeeded in raising the necessary amount. This secured and the outfit made up, by April 30, 1841, he was able to set out from St. Louis on his way back to the Rocky Mountains.

He had for companions two Fathers, Gregory Mengarini, a Roman, and Nicholas Point, a Vendean, and three Lay Brothers, Joseph Specht, an Alsacian, William Claessens and Charles Huet, both Belgians. They were all members of the Society of Jesus, and their divers nationalities would seem to have foreshadowed

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the cosmopolitan character of the future population of Montana.

Our missionary band left Westport on May 10, moving toward the Platte River, whose banks they followed for over two months. An Irishman, named Fitzgerald, and two Canadians were in the party as drivers. John Gray, a noted mountaineer, was also with them in the capacity of guide and hunter. Apart from mounts and a few pack animals, their traveling outfit consisted of three carts and one wagon drawn by ox-teams. These were the first wagons and oxen brought into Montana.

On his departure from them the preceding year, the Flat Heads had promised Father De Smet that an escort would be sent to meet him at a certain point, at the foot of the Wind River Mountains by the first of the following July. Faithful to their promise, ten Flat-Head lodges were on the spot at the time agreed upon; but Father De Smet, with his companions, did not reach the place until the middle of the month. The Indians waited for him from ten to twelve days, that is, as long as they had any provisions with them. On falling short of these, they were compelled to go to the mountains some distance off, to hunt for something to live upon. Being made aware of this near Fort Bridger, Father De Smet detailed John Gray to go in search of the hunters, who were not slow to respond to the call.

In the band of Flat Heads who had come to meet the missionaries were the following: Gabriel Prudhome, a half-breed and Father De Smet's interpreter the year before; the two sons of Old Ignace, Charles and Francis, who, as we related, were baptized in St. Louis in 1835, and Young Ignace, the companion and guide of Father De Smet on his first trip. Brave Pilchimó, whose brother was one of the five slain at Ash Hollow by the Sioux, and old Simon, baptized by Father De Smet the previous year and the oldest man of the tribe, were also in the number. All these ran ahead, to forestall the rest in greeting the Black Robes. Old Simon rode as fast as any, looking, speaking and acting as though the vivacity of his youth had come back to him; while Young Ignace traveled four whole days and four whole nights without a bite to eat, that he might be among the first to welcome the missionaries.*

* The writer knew all these people personally, except old Simon.

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But by this time the commissary or larder of our travelers had become depleted, and their mounts were so jaded by the journey, that they were expected at any moment to drop. After consulting over the situation, it seemed advisable to proceed toward Fort Hall where new supplies could be secured. Having learned, in the meanwhile, that the main body of the tribe were on their way to the buffalo hunt and camped along the banks of the upper waters of the Beaverhead, Gabriel Prudhome, with a companion, was sent to bring them the news of the arrival of the Fathers and to secure a relay of horses for their use.

Father De Smet, accompanied by young Francis now led the way toward Fort Hall, whither he arrived on the 15 of August, the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. He was joined there by the rest of the party on the next day; Gabriel Prudhome, with fresh horses for the rest of the journey, came in a few days later.

Taking leave of the emigrants in whose company they had traveled, our party left Fort Hall on August 29. Wending their way up the Snake River, they crossed the continental Divide and directed their course toward the headwaters of the Beaverhead, the main body of the Flat Heads being then camped somewhere in that vicinity. As they proceeded in that direction, they were met by groups of Indians eager to greet them. On August 30 they reached the main body of the tribe, and the reader may well imagine the joy of both the missionaries and the Indians.

After a few days of rest and happy intercourse, during which the site of the mission was also agreed upon, the missionaries, with an escort of several Indian lodges, set out for the Bitter Root Valley, the home of the Falt Heads, where the mission was to be established. Ascending the slope of the mountains and recrossing the main Divide, they descended into the Deer Lodge Valley, which they followed to the northwest end, that is, to the mouth of the Little Blackfoot, just where Garrison is today. In crossing the larger stream, they christened it "St. Ignatius," after the glorious Founder of the Society of Jesus. But the gold seeker, taking no stock in Saints, later on changed the original name into that of "Hell's Gate River."

Father De Smet and companions followed the river down to where Missoula now stands, and thence, turning southward, went

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up the Bitter Root Valley some twenty-eight miles, halting on the spot that lies between the present town-site of Stevensville and old Fort Owen. This was to be the end of their long wearisome journey and the location as well of the Flat Head Mission, the first Catholic Mission in Montana.

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Chapter VIII.

FOUNDING ST. MARY'S MISSION. SPIRITUAL SEED AND FIRST LESSONS IN AGRICULTURE.

THE site described at the close of the preceding chapter was reached by our missionaries on the 24th of September, the day on which the Church honors the Blessed Mother of God under the title of "Our Lady of Mercy." Though seemingly casual, the coincidence appeared very significant and full of meaning to Father De Smet and his companions, who regarded it as most propitious for themselves and their labors, no less than for the forlorn races whom they had come to rescue from the darkness of heathenism and the shadow of death, and who were, indeed, in more than one way objects of pity.

Hewing down a couple of trees, they soon constructed a large Cross, which they planted on the spot to the chant of the *Vexilla Regis*. That roughly hewn Cross was the symbol of all their hopes; as it also must have been the terror of the infernal hosts who, for ages untold, had lorded it over these regions.

They named the premises and the Mission St. Mary's, after Our Lady. The beautiful crystal-like stream flowing close by, the imposing mountain, just opposite, towering up to the clouds, and the whole valley, participated in the appellation, becoming respectively St. Mary's River, St. Mary's Peak, St. Mary's Valley. What charms did not Our Lady's name lend at once to things and places. Its very sound seemed to dispel forthwith all the wildness, the gloom and barbarism of the surroundings. How greatly has Christianity contributed to the civilization and welfare, temporal and spiritual, of mankind, by simply calling persons, things, places, her own names!*

* This allusion is neither far-fetched nor out of place. It is prompted by the facts before us, no less than the nature of things, and by comparing the names bestowed by Religion with those given by the frontier man, the gold-seeker, the creedless adventurer; as it is particularly the case in these north-western regions and in some places along the Pacific Coast.

Confining ourselves to Montana, and not to mention more vulgar names,

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The formal inauguration of the new mission took place on the first Sunday of October, which is devoted by the Church to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

Soon the building operations were commenced, the need of shelter for the approaching winter and of a chapel for Divine service being most urgent. With such energy and speed did the missionaries work that together with a couple of smaller structures, they had finished a church or chapel, capable of containing a fair number of Indians; the more so, because these people could be crowded into much less room than any other mortals.

The buildings, of course, were primitive and poor; what else

take for instance the following: Grasshopper, Boulder, Horseshoe, Dry Gulch, Crow's Nest, Deadhorse. How vulgar and how trivial are these, when compared with the noble and elevating appellations supplied by Religion!

What is still more to be deplored is the fact that original names given to stream, lake, mountain, by the pioneers of Christianity are not unfrequently ignored or cast aside for new, frivolous appellations suggested by the most trivial incidents, or the mere whim of some later arrival. In countries especially that are new and undeveloped is not like this tainting, as it were, at their very source the founts of accurate history?

As to the beneficent influence of Christian names in the cause of civilization, this is easily understood by any one who is not a mere lump of matter, or an agnostic. We might here enter at some length into this very interesting subject, but to do so would lead us too far from our subject.

We simply observe that the names which Religion bestows, are derived from superior beings, living, helpful, deserving of special honor and capable, besides, of requiting any homage that may be paid to them; that is, they are taken from the Deity Himself, from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, from His Blessed Mother, from Angels and Saints. Now, it is manifest from reason and our own experience, that to have our names bestowed on some worthy object, interests us in that object. For, after all, our names are something specially our own and, so to say, part of ourselves. And who can be without concern for what belongs to him?

Whence it appears, that to name an object after a supernatural being in deference to his superiority, dignity, merit, helpfulness, is actually to do the being honor and to interest him in the object called after him. The tutelary divinities of ancient mythology, notwithstanding the grotesqueness and even repulsiveness by which they were often clothed, were perhaps but so many distorted expressions of this objective truth.

But with regard to the Saints, they may be considered as members of the human family who, from every walk of life, stand out as so many models of every virtue, and by their example invite and stimulate their fellow-beings to imitation. Therefore, to call an object after a Saint's name is to set before us not only the object, but the person also whence the object's name has been derived.

From these reflections we may gather how much Christianity contributes to the cause of man's welfare and progress, even by so simple a means as calling persons, things, or places by her names.

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could they be under the circumstances? They were constructed of cotton wood logs, as this wood was plentiful along the river bank. Two of the structures were roofed with split shingles or shakes, made fast with pegs or wooden nails, another, with poles, covered with earth, the seams or chinks between the logs, both within and without, being filled with clay. The floor was then made of rough planks, the material for the purpose being whip-sawed or thinned down with the axe. The chapel measured 25 by 33 feet and had two galleries, one on each side, 8 feet by 30; thus all the inside space was utilized. A year or so after, this structure was replaced by another whose dimensions were somewhat larger, that is, 30 by 60 feet. We owe these details to Brother Wm. Claessens, who was the foreman builder. The joy of our good Indians at having on their soil and in their midst a Dwelling of the Great Spirit and the House of Prayer was great. We heard the following incident from the lips of saintly Father Giorda and from Brother Claessens, one of the founders of St. Mary's, and it is well worth recording.

The chapel had just been finished, when one of the Indians exclaimed: "Why! It is the place where little Mary said the House of Prayer would be built." It seems that while some lodges were camped thereabout, several years before, a girl, about thirteen, named Mary, had fallen sick and died on the very spot now covered by the chapel. She had been baptized in her sickness by one of the Iroquois at her own request, and whilst thanking God for the grace of baptism, suddenly cried out: "There is no happiness on earth. Happiness is found only above." Her weak, trembling hands raised, and her eyes turned upward, giving expression to her words, she continued, "I see the heavens open and God's Mother calls me up there." Then addressing those round her, she added: "Listen to the Black Robes when they come: they have the true prayer; do all they tell you. They are coming and will build the House of Prayer where I am dying."

The circumstances had been almost forgotten, but the new chapel now brought them back to their minds.

The incident, as related to the Fathers by the Indians seemed worth reproducing on canvas, and an oil painting, 39 inches by 49, representing it, became a conspicuous object at the mission. When, where and by whom the work was done, the writer has

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not been able to ascertain. The picture can be seen today in the Fathers' residence at Missoula, where it was transferred when the Flat Heads were removed from the Bitter Root Valley.

The news that the true Black Robes had come into the land of the Selish or Flat Heads soon spread among the tribes near and far, and before the end of October, as we are told by Father De Smet, the missionaries could record the fact that, one single day had brought to their instructions the representatives of twenty-four different tribes.

According to promise, the Flat Heads were all back from the hunt by the latter part of November, and one-third of the tribe were regenerated in the waters of holy baptism on the third day of December, the feast of St. Francis Xavier. Others were baptized on Christmas Day, there being among the latter 115 Flat Heads led by their chiefs, 30 Nez Percés and their chief, and one Blackfoot chief, with all his family. That first Christmas, says Father De Smet, was celebrated with all the solemnity possible in the wilderness:

I began my first Mass at seven in the morning; at five in the afternoon I was still in the chapel. The heart may feel, but the lips cannot express the emotions which I then experienced. From six hundred to seven hundred newly-made Christians with bands of little children baptized within the last year, offering to their Creator their regenerated hearts, protesting that they would persevere in the holy service of God until death, was certainly an offering most acceptable to God, and one which, we trust, will bring down the dews of Heaven upon the Flat Head nation and neighboring tribes.

From all accounts, the faith, piety and fervor of the first converts to Christianity seemed, indeed, to have reappeared among these children of the forest. We may be pardoned, if we here quote from the official report of Lieut. John Mullan, U.S.A., who, thirteen years later, in company with the Hon. Isaac Stevens, was detailed by the U. S. Government to explore what is now the State of Montana, and who spent some time in the Bitter Root Valley. His account is much to the point.

When I arrived at the camp with my guide [says Lieut. Mullan], three or four men came to meet me and we were invited to enter the lodge of the great chief. With much eagerness they took care of

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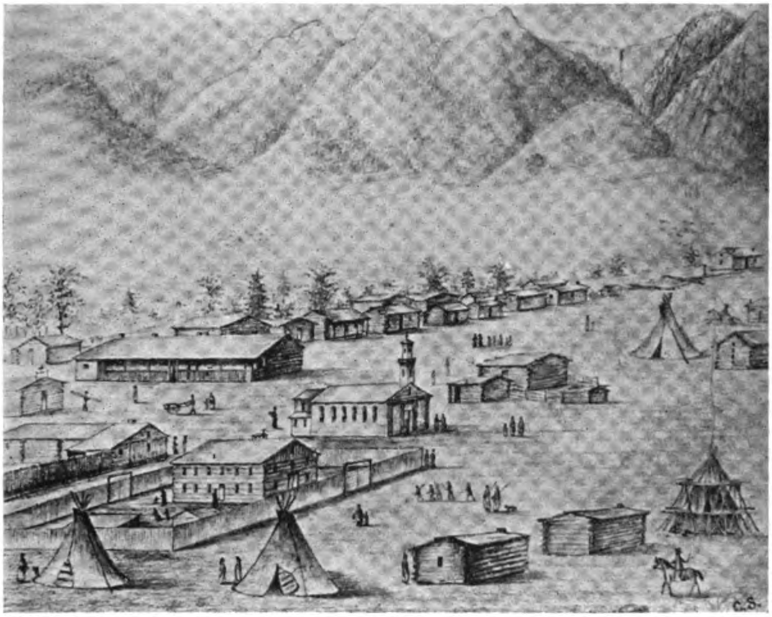

THE ORIGINAL ST. MARY'S MISSION AMONG THE FLAT HEADS

ST. MARY'S MISSION AND CHURCH AMONG THE FLAT HEADS

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our horses and unsaddled them and led them to drink. As soon as all the camp had been informed of the arrival of the white man among them, the principal men of the tribe collected at the lodge of the chief. All being assembled, at a signal given by the chief, they prayed aloud. I was struck with astonishment, for I had not the least expectation of such conduct on their part. The whole assembly knelt in the most solemn manner and with the greatest reverence adored the Lord. I asked myself: "Am I among Indians? Am I among people whom all the world calls savages?" I could scarcely believe my eyes. The thought that these men were penetrated with religious sentiment so profound and beautiful overwhelmed me with amazement.

But the missionaries had come to teach the Indians not to pray only, but also to work, toil being next to godliness, and, after piety, the best aid to good living for fallen man. Hence after the first lessons in manual labor given to the Indians by the building of the chapel and winter quarters, others were given them in cutting and splitting rails and fencing in a piece of land, preparatory to putting it under cultivation with the opening of spring. Whilst this kind of missionary work greatly surprised the Indians, there was no seed at hand to sow in the new field, and the nearest place where it could be had was Fort Colville, over three hundred miles away. This circumstance furnished Father De Smet with the opportunity of doing two things at the same time, of going after the seed and other supplies needed at St. Mary's, and dispensing seed spiritual, the truths of Christianity, to several Indian tribes along his course to Fort Colville.

Accompanied by his interpreter and ten Flat Heads, he set out from St. Mary's on October 24, visiting and instructing as he went along the Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles and Cœur d'Alenes. To improve his time, the method he adopted in teaching Christian doctrine to the Indians was the following:

With the help of his interpreter, he translated into Indian the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Ten Commandments, with the acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition. He then made his Indian pupils stand in a circle, insisting that they should always take the same places. When they were thus arranged, he would teach to one the first Commandment, the second to another, and so on. As to prayers, he made each one learn by memory a different sentence of the same prayer, so that by every one recit-

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ing what he had memorized, the whole would be rendered. This took him about three days, and all, young and old, soon knew the Commandments and the prayers by heart.

The advent of the Black Robes in the land of the Selish or Flat Heads had been spoken of to them and they were now eager to be instructed and have missionaries remain among them. He baptized during the trip 190 people, twenty-six of them adults. Some of the latter were decrepit with extreme old age, and seemed to have been kept alive providentially, like old St. Simeon, that they, too, like him, "might see their salvation" before dying. Instances are cited by Father De Smet which are, indeed, very touching. But we must pass them over so as not to make our narrative too lengthy.

The Father returned to St. Mary's on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, having spent just forty-two days in his journey.*

* Not counting the Missoula or Hell's Gate River which he had named already the St. Ignatius, nor the Bitter Root River, which he had called the St. Mary's, Father De Smet, in describing his trip to Colville, speaks of crossing and naming *three rivers in his course between his starting-point*—St. Mary's Mission—*and the Flat Head River.*

There can be no doubt that the first of these rivers was the Lolo, since it is described as flowing into the St. Mary's—the Bitter Root River—between the Mission and the St. Ignatius—the Missoula River. He called this stream after St. Francis Borgia.

The other two rivers are described as coming together and forming one stream which empties into the Flat Head River *after running through the valley lying beyond Camas Prairie.* The Camas Prairie here mentioned is the *S* shaped prairie lying on the summit of the Coriá can Defile, better known as O'Keefe's Canyon, and running north from where Evaro now stands. The valley beyond it on this side of the Flat Head River, is evidently the Jocko Valley through which lay Father De Smet's course to Fort Colville. Consequently the river crossed and named by Father De Smet must be the Jocko. But apart from a couple of rivulets hardly worth noticing, the Jocko receives no tributaries in its course through the valley, except Finley Creek, which enters it from the south, just a little below Arlee. But even this could not be dignified with the name of river, unless perhaps poetically. Still, there being no other stream of which Father De Smet could speak, we are compelled to conclude that Finley Creek is what he means as the other of the two rivers in question.

The two streams were named by him, one, the St. Aloysius, and the other, the St. Stanislaus. Supposing that the names were given in the order of discovery, as most likely was the case, Finley Creek, being the first stream in the Father's course, would be the St. Aloysius, while the Jocko, reached shortly after, would have been called the St. Stanislaus.

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The seed brought from Fort Colville consisted of potatoes, wheat, and oats, a few bushels of each, and the seeding season having arrived, the Indians watched with great curiosity the plowing, sowing and planting. To them it was all *itenemus,* to no purpose or foolish. Tearing up the bosom of the earth, spoiling and destroying the grass of their ponies, just to bury in the ground to rot what seemed good to eat, appeared to them most strange. When told that what had been planted, after rotting under the soil, would in due time reappear multiplied, they were utterly incredulous, and would laugh the teller almost to scorn. Brother Claessens, still living, who looked after the field, often relates that Indians could be seen day after day perched on the fence for hours waiting for the seed to come to life again.

It was not long, however, before their incredulity began to give way under what they saw with their own eyes, the green blades and tender stalks shooting forth from the ground. The sight delighted them and from that moment to the ripening of the crop they seemed to grow actually feverish with expectancy. Happily, the yield proved even larger than the missionaries had hoped for and all in the camp were able to share of its abundance.

This was the first farming done in Montana, and while the Indians now saw for the first time the advantage of tilling the soil and sowing for crops, that first lesson in husbandry proved also the best means of illustrating a fundamental mystery of Christianity, the resurrection of the dead. The great Apostle makes use of the same natural fact, the reproduction of the seed buried and rotting in the ground, to teach all men the same doctrine.

The Indians became very fond of potatoes, green corn, peas, beans, turnips, and carrots. But they had no use for greens, and especially disliked onions. The latter made their eyes water, while they thought the former good only for horses. One morning Brother Joseph, looking over his little garden, missed half a row of carrots and some onions. The next morning, while a few more carrots had disappeared, the missing onions, to his surprise, had been put back, and pretty much in the same row.

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Chapter IX.

INDIAN MARRIAGES. FATHER DE SMET JOURNEYS TO ST. PAUL, OREGON. THE MISSIONARY AND THE BUFFALO CHASE. FATHER DE SMET GOES TO EUROPE FOR ASSISTANTS.

AMONG the adults baptized on that first Christmas celebrated in our mountains were twenty-four couples, whose marriages were likewise to take place on the same festival. But as each part of the liturgy had to be explained to the Indians, the baptisms occupied the whole time, so that the marriages had to be deferred to the next day. "The contracting of those twenty-four marriages," says Father De Smet, "presented that mixture of simplicity, of respectful affection and profound joy which is a sure indication of a good conscience."

Such a "wedding bee," if it had taken place in a civilized community, would certainly have aroused a great deal of discussion, but should surprise no one in the present case. The marriage of unbaptized persons, whenever properly contracted, is valid and binding as a natural contract, and as such it has always been looked upon by the Church. But the missionaries really found no such marriage among these people, even though polygamy was an exception. The nature of the marriage contract requires for its validity that the parties to it intend to bind themselves to each other for life, an intention so essential that without it there can be no marriage. Now, the Fathers found that amongst the very best of the Indians the belief prevailed that even after marriage they were still free, and justified in sending away their first wife and marrying another, at pleasure. This made it clear that the essential condition to the validity of the matrimonial contract was wanting in their marriages, and that, consequently, they were all null and void. Hence the necessity of setting the Indians right on so important a matter, and of revalidating and blessing the marriages of young and old alike.

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BUFFALOES ON FLAT HEAD RESERVATION

INDIAN FAMILY, FLAT HEAD RESERVATION

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It can be easily imagined how all this must have fairly bristled with difficulties. For the missionaries had to look into each individual case, in order to remove, by dispensation and otherwise, all impediments, whether canonical or not, that might stand in the way to a peaceful and valid marriage.

But the greatest difficulties, beyond doubt, were on the part of the Indians, of those especially who had left a first wife, if not a second and third, to marry another and who at the bidding of the ministers of God would have to give up the latter, or last, and return to the first. What heartaches! God's grace, however, abounded among these earnest children of the wilderness, and so wondrously that even heroic sacrifices they would make lightly and with a cheerful heart. One evening a poor fellow, as we are told by Father De Smet, came to seek the missionaries in their own quarters, which just then were filled with Indians, and unabashed asked what should be done in his circumstances. "On the very instant," writes Father De Smet, "he acted according to the instructions given him. He dismissed his young wife, giving her what he would have wished another to give his own sister if in the same situation, and was reunited to his first wife whom he had forsaken." "This is but one of many like cases," adds Father De Smet.

Once more we must leave St. Mary's awhile, and follow Father De Smet on another journey. More supplies than he could obtain at Fort Colville were needed at the new mission, and hence the spring of 1842 had scarcely opened, when he set out again, his objective being Fort Vancouver on the banks of the Willamette, and the principal trading post of the Hudson Bay Company in the Northwest.

The distance he had to travel was close to 800 miles, and this he covered partly on horseback and partly by boat or canoe. On his way down the Columbia, his Guardian Angel, beyond doubt, saved him from a watery grave. When nearing the Okanagan Dalles he sensed danger ahead, and requested the boatmen to put him ashore. A little while after, the small craft engulfed in a whirlpool, and, with the exception of his own interpreter and another man who barely escaped with their lives, all the others were drowned. Hence, likely, as the writer surmises, the name "Priest Rapids," borne by the Columbia in that vicinity.

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Another object of Father De Smet's journey to Oregon was to meet and confer with the Very Rev. F. N. Blanchet, V. G., and his companion, the Rev. Modest Demers, on matters appertaining to the general welfare of the Indians. The three first missionaries of the Northwest had thus the pleasure of a fraternal meeting at St. Paul, on the Willamette. "A scene here ensued so affecting and so edifying," writes Archbishop Seghers in his Pastoral Letter, "that drew tears from the eyes of the only witness, Father Demers, from whose lips we received the moving narrative. No sooner had Father De Smet descried the Vicar General than he ran to prostrate himself at his feet, imploring his blessing; and no sooner had the Very Rev. Blanchet caught sight of the valiant missionary than he also fell on his knees, imploring the blessing of the saintly Jesuit. Admirable struggle where the last place, not the first, was the object of the contestants." The three missionaries spent a few days in happy intercourse, the charms of which could only be known to their own hearts and to their Angel Guardians.

Having consulted together on the means of best promoting the interests of Catholicity in these regions, they resolved to combine their efforts for the conversion of the natives; and in furtherance of this object it was agreed that Father De Smet would soon go to Europe and return with laborers, Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters, for this large and promising portion of the Lord's vineyard.

With this understanding, Father De Smet now left St. Paul to return to the mountains, being accompanied by the Rev. M. Demers as far as Walla Walla, where the two missionaries parted. He revisited the Cœur d'Alenes, who renewed their earnest request for Black Robes to come and stay among them. He not only promised those good people that their desires would be soon fulfilled, but directed them to send some of their men to the Flat Head Mission in the fall, where a Father would then be ready to come and stay in their midst. Continuing his journey, he crossed the Bitter Root Mountains on the Indian trail, which has since become a part of the Mullan Road, and safely arrived at St. Mary's. He made arrangements with Father Mengarini for the opening of a mission among the Cœur d'Alenes, and

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destined to that new field Father Point, with Brother Huet as his companion.

Eager to have the Black Robes among them, the Cœur d'Alenes sent their men after the Father much sooner than they had been directed, and had to wait a long time at St. Mary's for the return of Father Point, who was out with the Flat Heads on a buffalo hunt.

It may be well, in this connection, to state that the chase of the buffalo usually took place three times a year. The first, or big hunt, occurred from the middle of August to the end of November. The spring hunt or little chase lasted from the middle of April to the end of May; and in this only bulls were sought, the cows at this season being lean and extremely poor. There was also the winter chase, which many Indians attended in order to secure buffalo robes of prime quality, which could be had only in winter, the animal's fur being then at its best. These hunts were always events of the greatest importance for the Indian; they absorbed his whole being, and were participated in by every member of the tribe who was able to go. We must refer the reader to Father De Smet* and others for the description of one of these most interesting and exciting scenes of early Indian life. It suffices to say here only a word concerning the plan of accompanying the Indians on the hunting excursions, as adopted at first by the missionaries.

The principal reasons in favor of this course were: first, not to leave the Indians so long a time without instruction and the comforts of religion; secondly, to lend aid and assistance to the sick and the dying; thirdly, that the presence and influence of the priest might restrain the Indians from the disorders and excesses of which these hunting excursions were always the cause or the occasion: all good and solid reasons, beyond doubt.

However, his presence on such occasions could not but place the missionary in a very delicate position; since the buffalo plains were not merely common hunting grounds for the Indians; they were also their ordinary battle fields. It would commit him before hostile tribes, because from the fact of his being in the camp of the enemy he would, naturally, be looked upon as in league with them, and as an enemy himself. Was not this tanta-

* *Western Missions and Western Missionaries.*

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mount to barring the way to missionary work, for the time being, as well as for the future, among the hostile Indians and their friends?

Was there not also danger of his incurring the ill-will even of those whom he accompanied? This might prove the case especially when there was question of prisoners captured in war. As a matter of course, the Father's counsels would be for lenity toward the conquered. But no Indian ever felt mercy for an enemy who fell into his hands. Hence the peaceful character of his mission was apt to compromise the Father, even with those he went with. Thus, his presence in such excursions, instead of making for good, tended to defeat the very object sought after, namely, the spiritual welfare of the red men. A few facts will throw light on the subject.

The first time Father Point accompanied the Indians to the hunt, during the winter of 1841-42, on which occasion he came near freezing to death, the party he went with consisting of sixty warriors, encountered on the way a small band of Blackfeet, numbering seventeen, whom they soon surrounded, leaving them no chance whatever of escape. In this plight, the poor fellows appealed to the Black Robe for mercy, and he, in turn, insisted with the Flat Heads to spare them. They did so, but most reluctantly, and became highly incensed against the Father for his meddling in the matter.

On another occasion it was Father Mengarini who accompanied the Indians. Word had been brought to St. Mary's by one Mongravier from Fort Benton that a large body of Blackfeet warriors, some six hundred strong, were ambushed along the path through which lay the course of the Flat Heads to the buffalo plains. The question with the latter just at this time was, either to fight their way to the buffalo, or die of starvation, as they had nothing left to eat, and their children were crying for food. Father Mengarini went along for the very purpose of preventing, if possible, any shedding of blood. Two Flat Heads preceded the main body, as scouts and vanguard. On approaching the spot where the Blackfeet had been reported in ambush, two of these came forward to parley, one of them being the Blackfoot chief, and the other one Choquet, a French creole. The chief made friendly signs, and invited the two Flat Heads

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to his camp, to smoke the calumet of peace. The answer given him was a bullet that instantly struck him dead. A general battle now ensued.

The war chief of the Flat Heads and Pend d'Oreilles, seeking to draw the enemy from the cover of the woods out into the open, directed a feigned retreat. Then they were ordered to turn suddenly and charge their pursuers, which they did with remarkable bravery. Twenty-five Blackfeet fell in the engagement; while on the side of the Flat Heads and their allies but three were killed, one Snake, married to a Flat Head woman, and two Pend d'Oreilles.

The fight over, the Flat Head warriors returned to their camp in a canyon some distance off, where the women as well as all their traps had been left, and where Father Mengarini had been also ordered to remain during the battle. The creole mentioned above, a day or so after, came to see the Father, and on the part of the Blackfeet nation invited him to go and visit them in their camp, as they were all eager to hear his word. The Father was most willing to go, but the Flat Heads would not have it. They told him that if he went, they too should go, and should fight so long as one of them remained alive. They were, besides, much angered against him, because he hindered them from renewing the fight, and they threatened to abandon him.

These and other facts which we pass over, show clearly enough that the presence of the missionary in these hunts was anything but advisable. The more so, that during such hunting excursions the Indians were a prey to the wildest excitement, which left little time for religious instruction. This the Fathers soon found by their own experience, and refused to follow the Indians to the chase any longer.

While Father Point was still with the Indians on the buffalo plains, Father De Smet, July 29, set out from St. Mary's for the States, arriving at St. Louis in the latter part of October. To his delight he found here some new laborers ready for the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains, two Fathers, Peter De Vos and Adrian Hoecken, and John B. McGean, a lay brother. He started them on their journey without delay, escorting them himself a considerable distance, and after seeing

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them fairly on the road in the company of Lord Stuart he retraced his steps to St. Louis.

New recruits in the meanwhile had arrived from Europe, three Fathers, Joseph Joset, Peter Zerbinatti, and Tiberius Soderini, and a lay brother, Vincent Magri, whose voyage across the Atlantic had taken fifty-two days. Because of this, they reached St. Louis too late to join the previous expedition. Unable to proceed further, they passed the winter in the States, and resumed their journey toward the Rockies the following spring. At Fort Hall Father Soderini parted with his confrères and shortly after left the Society, being dismissed by Father De Smet. The rest of the band pursued their course and arrived at St. Mary's in the summer of 1843, a few months after the party led by Father De Vos, upon whom now rested the care of the Indian Missions, as Vice-Superior, during the absence of Father De Smet.

In the meantime the Mission among the Cœur d'Alenes had been started by Father Point and Brother Huet, who, according to Father De Smet's instructions, had left the Flat Head Mission for their new field the preceding autumn. Thus, St. Mary's, the cradle of religion in what is now the State of Montana, had also become the parent stock of Christianity in that part of the Northwest known today as the State of Idaho.

It was the first Friday in November when Father Point and his companion arrived among the Cœur d'Alenes, and as the first Friday of every month is especially devoted to the honor of the most Sacred Heart of our Divine Redeemer, the coincidence led to naming the Mission after the Sacred Heart. From all reports, the Cœur d'Alenes are today the best and most industrious Indians in the Rocky Mountains.

The Kalispels were not forgotten, and with the arrival of new laborers it became practicable for St. Mary's to send them help. Father A. Hoecken, after spending some months with Father Point among the Cœur d'Alenes, proceeded, as directed by Father De Smet, to open the Mission among the Kalispels, along the shores of Pend d'Oreille Lake. He arrived among them in the summer of 1844, and established the new Mission on the banks of Clark's Fork of the Columbia, the river being also known in its upper course as the Flat Head, and becoming

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the Pend d'Oreille lower down toward the lake of the same name. The site lay some sixty miles below the present Sand Point and was named after St. Ignatius.

The location, however, proved unsatisfactory, as is mentioned elsewhere, and was abandoned shortly after for a more favorable site in northwestern Montana, namely, the St. Ignatius of today, of which we shall have to speak at considerable length in the course of our narrative.

Father De Smet in the meanwhile had arrived in Europe, where a great many had already a reading acquaintance with him and his work among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and where he received the heartiest greetings from all classes of people. When presented to Gregory XVI by the Father General of the Society of Jesus, His Holiness rose from his throne, to clasp him in his arms. But the cordial greetings proved no unmixed pleasure for the soul of the humble missionary, since he discovered that there was serious question of making him a bishop. However, with the help of the Father General, he succeeded in parrying off the dignity from himself, and at his suggestion the honor went to the Very Rev. F. N. Blanchet, his senior in age in missionary experience in the Rocky Mountains.

Having attained his object—its accomplishment being greatly facilitated by the enthusiasm which his glowing account of the new field among the Indians created everywhere—Father De Smet set out from Europe on his return trip to Oregon. He had with him Fathers John Nobili, Michael Accolti, Anthony Ravalli, Louis Vercruysse and a lay brother, Francis Huybrechts, together with a colony of Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. The band left Flushing, Holland, December 12, 1843, by sailing vessel. They rounded Cape Horn and touched at Callao and Valparaiso. On July 31, the Feast of St. Ignatius, they crossed the treacherous bar at the mouth of the Columbia River, where they barely escaped being wrecked. At last, they safely reached St. Paul, August 17, eight months after setting sail from Europe.

With the approval and encouragement of the Very Rev. Francis N. Blanchet, it was now resolved by the Jesuit Fathers to establish a residence here which should be, as it were, the motherhouse, as well as the center of supplies, for all the Indian Mis-

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sions in the Rocky Mountains. Accordingly a suitable tract of land was secured for the purpose, and steps were also taken for the erection of buildings, the place and new Mission being named after St. Francis Xavier.

Father De Smet had not yet fully recovered from his long voyage, when he was taken down by a severe attack of dysentery, which laid him up for several days. When able to be about again and previous to his setting out for the Missions in the upper country, he picked out the spot whereon the buildings in contemplation were to stand. He then left the Willamette Valley, intending to go and pass the winter among the Flat Heads.

On November 6 he reached the Kalispel country, where Father Hoecken a few months before had opened the Mission for the Indians of that name. He then proceeded to the Mission of the Sacred Heart among the Cœur d'Alenes, and thence, November 17, set out for St. Mary's. The season was too far advanced for him to go through, the Cœur d'Alene Mountains having become impassable. He retraced his steps in the midst of untold dangers and hardships, and made an attempt to reach his objective by the Kalispel trail, but without success. He could proceed no further than the Kalispel Mission, and there he passed the winter with Father Hoecken. He reached St. Mary's the following spring, and after spending there sometime with the Flat Heads, he started out again to visit the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Colville.

Whilst he was thus journeying from one tribe to another in the wilds of the mountains, the Father in charge of the new Mission on the Willamette, together with his companions, was hard at work erecting the building that had been planned for the residence. But, somehow, this was not located on the site selected by Father De Smet, but on another nearby, and seemingly preferable. Whatever motives may have prompted such a departing from his orders, they did not appeal to him and the building was ordered pulled down and reconstructed on the spot where he wanted it to stand. This, no doubt, entailed considerable loss; but, then, material losses are often gain in the service of God. He changed the local Superior, Father De Vos, whom he assigned to the Kalispel Mission, and whose place at St. Francis Xavier was taken by Father Accolti.

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Another band of men for the Missions landed on the Willamette in 1847. They, too, had doubled Cape Horn, being from nine to ten months making the voyage from Europe. The band consisted of Fathers Gregory Gazzoli, Anton Goetz, and Joseph Menetrey, with three lay brothers, one of whom was Natalis Savio. We need not mention the two others, who fell by the wayside and proved untrue to their calling shortly after their arrival in this country.

Most likely, the contemplated head-mission on the Willamette made the rounding of Cape Horn preferable to the journey overland and across the mountains. It was not long, however, before the project of having in this locality the headquarters and center of supplies was reconsidered and given up, owing, principally, to the great distance, and the difficulties of travel.

But even so, and while this may have fully justified a modification of the original plans, it appears to have been ill-advised and a serious mistake for the Fathers to abandon the place altogether. For no one will deny that their withdrawal proved a great detriment to the cause of religion throughout the whole of this section.

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Chapter X.

FIRST GRIST MILL AND FIRST SAW MILL IN MONTANA.—DANGERS AND HARDSHIPS OF EARLY INDIAN MISSIONARY LIFE.

RETURNING to the local history of the Flat Head Mission, we regret to have to chronicle a melancholy event, the untimely and sudden death of Father Peter Zerbinatti, which occurred early in the fall of 1845, and which filled with grief his confrères and every member of that new Christian community.*

As previously related, Father Zerbinatti came to the Rocky Mountains in the summer of 1844, a little over a year before his untimely death. He was assigned to St. Mary's as companion and assistant to Father Mengarini and applied himself assiduously to the study of the Indian language, in which he soon became proficient. One day, September 15, not feeling quite well, he went to bathe his feet in the river close by. Whether he was seized by cramps brought on by the chilling waters, or struck by apoplexy, is not known. Being missed, a brief search revealed the cause of his absence: he was found lifeless, with his feet in the water, and holding fast with his hands to the limb of a tree projecting over the bank. His death was a sad and serious loss for the new Mission.

Father Peter Zebinatti was the first priest to die in Montana, and his remains were buried at St. Mary's, where they reposed some twenty-nine years. With the help of some Indians, who had assisted at the Father's funeral and asserted that they knew

* By many friends in the mountains the Father's name has been spelled Zerbinati, with one "t." So also it is spelled by Shea, *History of Catholic Missions*, p. 479, when its proper spelling is Zerbinatti, with two "t's." We were kindly informed of this quite recently by V. M. Dente, S. J., New York City, who also called our attention to the fact that Father Zerbinatti did not belong to the Roman Province, as we stated in our first edition, but to the Province of Naples. This is manifest from the Catalogues of both the Missouri and Neapolitan Provinces; and also from the *Elenchus Defunctorum S. J.* where we read: *Pater Petrus Zerbinatti, Ortus 3, Aug. 1809, Udine. Ingressus 14, April. 1825, Neapolitana. Obitus 15, Sept. 1845, in Resid. Stae Mariae, Mont. Saxos. apud Tetes Plates, Oregon.*

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the exact spot of his grave, the body was then exhumed by Fathers Giorda and Van Gorp and brought to St. Ignatius.

But as no indication was ever discovered by which it could be ascertained that the remains removed were really those of Father Zerbinatti, their identity has ever been a matter of doubt, even in the minds of the two Fathers who had disinterred and brought them to St. Ignatius.

The writer himself buried those very remains some nine years after, placing them in the same grave with the body of Brother Joseph Specht, the same day that the latter was laid to rest, June 19, 1884. They had been lying in a corner of the sacristy, apparently forgotten.

The death of Father Zerbinatti brought to Montana Father Ravalli, who was at this time on duty among the Colville Indians. Directed by the Superior to take the former's place as assistant to Father Mengarini, he arrived at St. Mary's late in the fall of the same year, 1845.

As we have seen, they had wheat at the Mission for some time, but not flour, at least not for domestic use. What little they had was imported once a year from Vancouver, or Fort Colville, and almost exclusively for altar purposes. More than once there had not been enough of the article to supply the missionaries with altar bread the year around. As to "the thing" made at the Mission by passing the grain through a coffee-mill, or by pounding it in the hollow of a stone, far from being flour, it was not even a decent substitute. Hence, up to this time, the wheat had to be boiled or roasted.

It was not long, however, before flour and bread became realities and associated ideas with wheat and wheat-raising, even among the Flat Heads in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. On leaving Antwerp for the Indian Missions in North America, Father Ravalli had been presented by Mr. McCoy, a merchant of that city, with a set of small buhrstones, some twelve inches in diameter or thereabout. Accepting the gift, he took the stones with him to St. Xavier's, on the Willamette, Oregon, where he was to land, and thence, packed on the back of a horse, they were transported, sometime after, to St. Mary's among the Flat Heads. Ingenuity, mechanical skill and hard work did the rest. Through the persistent efforts of Father

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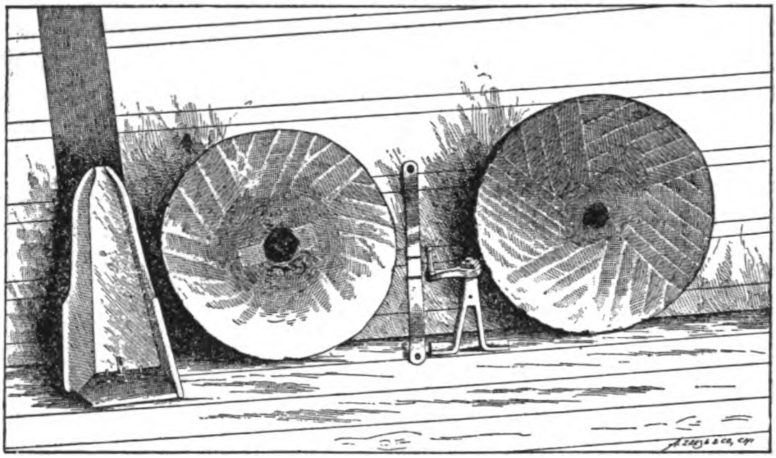
Ravalli, the two Brothers and a French Canadian, a miniature milling plant, the first grist mill in Montana, was constructed,



Stones of First Flour Mill in Montana—St. Mary's Mission.

wherein the tiny buhrstones, made to run by water power, were turning out excellent flour, though the amount was barely sufficient in the beginning to supply that small Indian community.

The stones can be seen, among other mementoes of the early history of the state, in the Capitol Museum at Helena.

Necessity has always been the mother of invention, and so the first saw mill in Montana was constructed by the Jesuit Fathers here at St. Mary's. It was, however, a most primitive affair, four wagon tires being welded together and formed into a crank, to work the saw. A fifth tire, flattened out and hardened into a steel blade by dint of hammering, and then toothed by means of a cold chisel and long filing, made the saw. A sledge hammer from melted tin cans was also a curious and useful piece of work of Brother Joseph Specht; while Father Ravalli, by means of a miniature still of his own making, could extract a good alcohol for medicinal purposes from the camas root.

The Fathers' manner of living at St. Mary's was in the main like that of the natives, their fare consisting of dried buffalo meat and its tallow, of game, roots and berries. When the missionaries first arrived among them, the Indians brought

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them some seventy bales of buffalo meat, each bale weighing close to eighty pounds. Beginning with the spring of 1842, they were able to plant a garden and raise a variety of vegetables such as carrots, onions, lettuce, beans. Fish they had in abundance from the river close by, whose clear waters were then alive with mountain trout.

But while food was not wanting, isolation and dangers made the Fathers' life very trying. When we state that the order recalling Father Point to the Missions of Upper Canada, issued from France in 1844, took three long years to reach him, an idea may be had of the difficulty of communication in those days, as well as of the isolation of our missionaries. Scarcely once a year did they hear from the outside world; and this only at the cost of a long journey to the lower country, when they went to Vancouver for their annual supply of altar wine and other provisions. Nor were they always sure of safety either in going or coming, as the Indians, whom they took along or sent to fetch the supplies, were attacked by hostile bands and robbed of all they carried twice within five years.

The Mission itself was not secure, it being often menaced by the enemies of the Flat Heads, especially at the hunting seasons, when most of the men of the tribe would be away in the buffalo country. At times, even as much as to venture out of the stockade which they had built for their protection, was unsafe, as the missionaries were in danger of being shot at by some Bannack or Blackfoot Indian prowling about or lurking in the brush. The environs of the Mission were covered with thick underbrush, and frequently hostile Indians would lie ambushed for days, biding their chance to come out, murder and scalp some Flat Heads, and run away with their ponies. Someone had to stand guard on such occasions, and the man on watch during the night would now and then fire blank shots in the air, as a warning to prowlers.

One day some Flat Heads discovered in the brush, quite near the residence of the Fathers, a Blackfoot, one of a war party who had come to steal their horses. Laying hold of him, they took him to their camp and, after a brief consultation, put him to death. Another Blackfoot, to whom the hospitality and friendship of the tribe had been extended, happened to be

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in the camp at this very time. Becoming alarmed and, afraid for his own life, he now sought to flee, and started out on a run. He was instantly fired upon as a traitor. But, though mortally wounded, he lived long enough to be instructed and baptized at his own request by Father Ravalli, in whose opinion the man's life seemed to have been providentially prolonged, that he might die in the faith.

The killing of these two people, but particularly of the latter who was a man of great influence with his tribe, could not but incense the Blackfeet nation. Hence the well-grounded fear that they would soon come in force and wreak their vengeance, not only on the Flat Heads, but also on the Mission and missionaries. To make matters worse, the Flat Heads had all gone by this time, the latter part of August, to chase the buffalo, and had left behind only one feeble old man, two boys who were staying with the Fathers, and a few old women who had several little children in their keeping. In constant dread of being surprised by their foes, these helpless people would gather every evening within the enclosure for protection during the night.

Early one morning, September 12, a savage yell rent the air, and a large body of Blackfeet were seen advancing toward the stockade. Father Mengarini had gone to St. Paul, Oregon, to consult with the Superior of the Missions, leaving Father Ravalli and Brother Claessens to look after things at St. Mary's. Resigned to their lot and expecting any moment to be slain, both fell on their knees, to meet death in prayer. The suspense did not last long. An invisible power seemed to render the marauders confused and undecided. They whooped and yelled, going round and round the premises, but made no attempt to force their way into the enclosure by scaling or breaking through the palisades. Then all of a sudden and most unexpectedly, they retired into the brush, but not before they had taken the life of one of the two boys who were staying with the missionaries. Too eager to know whether they had gone, the youth opened the gate a little to look out. He was seen by the retreating savages who shot him dead on the spot. They left the valley soon after, running off several horses that were grazing around the Mission.*

* The writer learned all this from Father Ravalli and Brother Claessens.

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Notwithstanding isolation, privations and dangers, the Fathers kept bravely on in their work of improving the condition of their spiritual wards, whose good will, docility, and affection were all the compensation they sought here below. The result we have seen partially described by Lieut. John Mullan in his official report quoted in a previous chapter. And to quote the same honorable gentleman once more, we are told by him that, "the tribe of Flat Heads among the Indians is a subject of the highest esteem, and all that I have witnessed myself justifies this advantageous opinion." And again, "the heroism of the Flat Heads in battle and their good faith toward others have been the theme of praise both from priest and layman." To the testimony of Lieut. Mullan may be added that of Governor Isaac Stevens, who in his report to the President of the United States speaks as follows of our Flat Heads: "They are the best Indians of the Territory, honest, brave and docile." And again in describing their manner of living, he says of them: "They are sincere and faithful and strongly attached to their religious convictions." These statements were reproduced and endorsed by Mr. Pierce himself in his Annual Message to Congress.

That so favorable a testimony deserved by them in the past, is no less due to them at the present day, became strikingly evident during the Nez Percés outbreak of recent date. It is well known that the rebel band of Joseph sought first to tempt, and then to intimidate the Flat Heads into making common cause with them against the whites. But all to no avail; and we shall see further on in our narrative, how the loyal and noble conduct of the Flat Head chief, Charlot, and his son, saved the Bitter Root Valley from pillage and bloodshed on that critical occasion.

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Chapter XI.

ST. MARY'S MISSION TEMPORARILY CLOSED—FATHER JOSEPH GIORDA. THE MISSION REOPENED—FATHER ANTHONY RAVALLI.

WE MUST now chronicle a fact both sad and significant. To the great surprise of many who had become deeply interested in the Flat Heads, St. Mary's Mission, not quite ten years after its establishment, was abandoned. The causes that led up to the event, so far as we have been able to ascertain, were the following.

Father De Smet in his intercourse with the Indians had been rather generous and open-handed; while his successor, Father G. Mengarini, felt obliged to retrench and husband the scant resources of the Mission. The Flat Head Mission had been abandoned. "And I am accused of being the cause of this by my liberalities and promises to the Indians which they (the missionaries) could not sustain." So wrote Father De Smet to his former Superior, the Right Rev. Bishop Van De Velde, in a letter dated St. Louis University, May 1, 1852.*

Father Mengarini's economic administration was evidently contrasted with the liberal ways of Father De Smet, and not only found fault with, but seems to have been considered by some as the cause for abandoning St. Mary's.

While we emphatically deny the latter, we must admit that Father Mengarini's course may have been the occasion of some discontent among a few of the Indians, as it was likewise the pretext which evil-doers made use of, to work up what led to the closing of the Mission. But these latter were the real cause of its suppression.

The mischief was done by the wicked tongue of a few whites and half-breeds, a handful of discontents, who, under one pretence or another, expected and even demanded support from

* *Life, Letters and Travels of Pierre Jean De Smet, S. J.*, by Hiram Martin Chittenden and Alfred Talbot Richardson: F. P. Harper, New York, 1905.

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the Mission, or sought to live off the scant sustenance of the Indians. These whites were eight or ten emigrants on their way to Oregon, who had chosen to spend the winter of 1849-50 in the country of the Flat Heads. They lived as drones on the substance of others, and led notoriously licentious lives, to the scandal of the whole tribe. Three or four half-breeds, whose morals were no better than those of their white-skinned cousins, served as intermediaries to spread discontent among the rest of the community. When they did not receive all they wanted, and when their immorality was rebuked, they took revenge by slandering the missionaries, especially Father Mengarini, for the avowed purpose of poisoning the simple minds of the Indians against them and their work.

It should be added that they could vent their spitefulness without let or hindrance, and say and do whatsoever they pleased. Whom or what could they fear where no authority existed to restrain and punish their evil conduct? Hence the Fathers were at the mercy of their traducers. They were utterly defenseless and had no means of redress.

So successful were the evil tongues that the Flat Heads who heretofore had been so willing, so docile and so devoted, became estranged and suspicious, to such a degree that all the endeavors of the missionaries for their spiritual welfare went unheeded.

We relate what we have read and heard, and cannot doubt that there was much truth in these statements. Nevertheless, we think the pictures must have been overdrawn. From their past record and from all we have learned of the Flat Heads, so great a change in so short a time carries a certain improbability. It can hardly be accounted for, except on the supposition that this sudden change of disposition was like one of those summer storms which burst suddenly, but soon pass away.

Be this as it may, early in the spring of 1850, Father Mengarini hastened to St. Xavier's, on the Willamette, to lay matters before Father M. Accolti, the new general Superior of the Missions. As shown by his record, Father Accolti had no great predilection for missionary work among the Indians; and the prospect of a promising Mission in California appeared to draw his attention in that direction just at this time. May it not have been that contemplated Mission in California that

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brought about the hasty closing of the Mission among the Flat Heads Perhaps we are mistaken, but all appearances seem to point that way.*

Having been informed how things stood at St. Mary's, Father Accolti directed Father Joset to proceed to the country of the Flat Heads and close the Mission, at least for a time. A strong measure, without doubt, but it was considered advisable that the Indians might learn to appreciate the value of the missionaries by the loss of their services.

It seems that after this step had been resolved upon, some further information of a nature less unfavorable to the Indians had reached Father Accolti. But on his own declaration, it had come too late for him to countermand orders and stay proceedings, as letters were already on the way to acquaint Father-General with the temporary closing of St. Mary's.

Father Joset arrived at the Flat Head Mission in October and set about the unpleasant task that had been assigned to him. He leased the improvements to Major John Owen, an independent trader in the vicinity, with the provision that they were to revert to the Fathers, should they return within a stated time, the space of three years, as they intended to do. In the meanwhile, everything had to be kept by the lessee in good order.

The bill of lease and conditional sale between Father Joset and John Owen for the consideration of $300, bore the date—St. Mary's Mission Flat Head Country, November 9, 1850. It is the first written conveyance ever made within the limits of Montana. The bill spoke only of the *improvements,* since only these, and nothing else, did Father Joset lease to John Owen.

* Father Accolti was nominated Superior of Missions in 1848, but did not enter into office until January or February of 1850, as it took some two years for letters from Rome to come to our mountains in those days. By 1849, California had become a magnet for the world. Father Accolti with Father Nobili went thither early in December of that year. The possibilities of that country as a missionary field so impressed him that he took steps to obtain a permanent location there. On his appointment as general Superior he returned to Oregon, but only for a short time and principally with the object of furthering his plans for the new Mission in California, which seemed to be uppermost on his mind. No doubt he acted as he thought best. He assigned some of the missionaries to the new field, and leaving Father Joset at St. Xavier to act in his stead during his absence, he hastened back to California, and never returned to the Indian Missions.

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Attached to St. Mary's at the time of its suppression were Fathers Mengarini and Ravalli, with three Brothers, Claessens, Bellomo and Savio. They now disbanded, Father Ravalli going to the Mission of the Sacred Heart among the Cœur d'Alenes, and Father Mengarini to St. Francis Xavier, on the Willamette.

To this latter place were also assigned Brothers Bellomo and Savio, who reached their destination safely, but somewhat disgruntled, the first leaving the Society shortly after.

With whatever effects could be transported, loaded on four wagons and three carts, a few head of stock, namely, three cows and some work cattle, Father Joset and Brother Claessens started for the Kalispel Mission, on the shores of Pend d'Oreille Lake. Their course lay through the Coriácan defile, known today as O'Keefe's Canyon, and along the Jocko. Having reached Rivais's Prairie, which lies at the angle formed by the Jocko and the south bank of the Flat Head River, the caravan halted and pitched their tents for the winter, a short distance from Antoin Rivais's present home.

Thirty Flat Head lodges, who much regretted the departure of the Fathers, followed the two missionaries and camped on the same prairie till the following spring.

It had been planned by Father Joset and the Brother to pursue the rest of the journey by water; and therefore with the help of several Indians they constructed during the winter a few flat boats, on which at the first rise of the river in the spring they intended to proceed to their destination. Evidently, they did not know that any attempt to navigate the stream, owing to breakers, falls, treacherous whirlpools and rapids here and there in its course, was extremely hazardous.

One of the rafts was wrecked near Horesplains, and a few miles below, at Thompson Falls, the remainder met with the same fate. Happily, no lives were lost; but everything else was either swallowed up or carried off by the raging current. As a consequence, Father Joset and Brother Claessens had to make their way to the Mission as best they could, under untold difficulties and hardships.

Some months after this mishap, an Indian happened to find on the river's bank a small wooden box. He pried it open, but immediately closed it again; and having wrapped it carefully

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in a blanket, he took it hastily to the Mission. "Black Robe," said he to the Father, "here are the Brother's people; they got drowned and speak no more." The box, the only relic recovered from the wreck, contained a set of marionettes with which good Brother Savio occasionally amused and instructed the Indians.

Scarcely had the Fathers left St. Mary's than the scales fell from the eyes of the deluded Flat Heads, and they begged most humbly for the return of the missionaries. But the course of events had already altered conditions to such an extent that it was impracticable to grant the request.

The opening of the California Mission had reduced the number of laborers in the Rocky Mountains and otherwise impaired the efficiency of the Missions among the Indians. As expressed by the old saw: *Pluribus intentus minor erit ad singula sensus,* in all human undertakings and in everything under the sun where all is finite and limited, a gain in one direction is not obtainable without some loss in another. There is no way out of it. How could it be otherwise in the present case? The gain for the whites in California was the loss for the Indians in the Rocky Mountains; and as a consequence St. Mary's Mission could not be reopened until sixteen years later. This is the record of history.

Although left without resident missionaries, however, the Flat Heads were not entirely forsaken during that interval, as they were occasionally visited from other Missions. Still, such visits were few and far between, especially during the first six years after St. Mary's had been abandoned. This was the inevitable consequence of the withdrawal of men from the Indian Missions for the new field in California.

Hence it came to pass that the prospects of the Missions in the Rocky Mountains from 1849 to 1854-55, were very discouraging; while the California Mission entered on a period of remarkable and very successful activity. It has been charged that by branching out into California Father Accolti exceeded his authority. If so, his action may be considered as one of those happy and providential mistakes which, without ceasing to be mistakes on the part of man, are nevertheless permitted

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and made use of by God to work out and accomplish the ends of His Divine Wisdom.

Sprung into existence at the initiative of Father Accolti as an offshoot of the Missions under his charge, the California Mission was, like the rest, under his jurisdiction. In 1854, the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains which from their beginning to 1851 had been to some extent under the Vice-Province of Missouri, and then for about three years directly under Father-General, were assigned to the Province of Turin. Naturally, the Mission of California was part of the charge and Father Congiato who was appointed August 1, 1854, became the Superior. This arrangement continued till 1858, that is, long enough to prove itself inadequate and unsatisfactory, owing to the rapid growth of the California Mission.

From the very nature of things and persons, the diversity of the work for the whites in California and for the aborigines of the Rocky Mountains was such that practically neither the good of the former nor that of the latter could be attended to, except at each other's expense. The more so, because the number of men available for the work was utterly insufficient. Hence the California Mission and the Mission of the Rocky Mountains handicapped each other, and retarded in divers ways development and progress of both.

A glance at some of the facts of this period will make this clear. Of the five Residences or Missions previously established in the Rocky Mountains, two only, the Cœur d'Alenes Mission and that of St. Ignatius, remained in 1858-59. And it stands on record that even the Cœur d'Alenes Mission would have been closed but for the remonstrances and entreaties of Lieut. John Mullan, U. S. A. No doubt the hostile disposition against the whites, which the natives displayed at this time, and which culminated in the so-called Cayouse and Yakima wars, had its share in bringing about such a reduction in the number of the Indian Missions. But it is no less certain that the pressing need of men to carry on the work in California had also much to do with it.

In 1858, the two Missions were made independent of each other. A new Superior was given to California, while the Indian Missions were left in the keeping of Father Congiato,

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who could now devote all his attention to their development. With this new arrangement, things began to appear more hopeful in the Rocky Mountains, and the outlook brightened still more with the arrival of Father Camillus Imoda in 1859, and of Father Jos. Giorda in 1860.

Father Congiato remained in charge till the latter part of January, 1862, and during this, as well as during the preceding term of his Superiorship, he visited the Indian Missions in Montana several times and took much interest in their advancement. The good work done by him was now taken up by his successor, Father Jos. Giorda, a man of sterling virtue and of more than ordinary zeal and talent.

Father Giorda's first endeavors were directed to supplying the field with new laborers, which he did by calling for new men and getting back some of the veterans, one of the latter being Father A. Ravalli. Of the former, not to go beyond the limits of our subject, we shall mention those only who at one time or another did missionary duty in Montana. They were Fathers Urban Grassi, Joseph Caruana, James Vanzina, Pascal Tosi, Francis X. Kuppens, Joseph Cataldo, Jerome D'Aste, Leopold Van Goro, and Joseph Bandini; all men of zeal, devotedness and marks of efficiency in the Lord's vineyard. The names of several of them became household words throughout the length and breadth of our state and will frequently appear in these pages.

The writer, too, might be added to the number if he were worth the count. But, indeed, well worth the counting were several coadjutor Brothers, Pascal Megazzini, Lucien D'Agostino, Achilles Carfagno, and others who have rendered yeoman's service to the Missions by their industry, fidelity and endurance, and became well and favorably known in Montana.

Father Giorda took charge of the field at a most trying time. The rush of whites, consequent to the discovery of gold in different places; the restlessness of the natives at seeing their country invaded and occupied by pale faces; the changes and rapid transformations which the whites were bringing about everywhere; the scarcity of laborers; the specious and plausible reasoning, "that the white man had come to stay, and should be cared for in preference to, or at least as much as the redskins"

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—all of which will better appear in the course of our history—rendered the first period of Father Giorda's administration a crucial and most difficult one. Add to all this the constant and well-nigh interminable journeyings the whole year round through the entire region of the Rocky Mountains, known today as Montana, Idaho and Washington, and some idea can be formed of the fatigue, toil, privations, and hardships he had to endure in the discharge of his duties.

Having carried the burden a little over four years, he appeared to break under it during the spring of 1866, and in the summer of the same year he was given a successor in the person of Father U. Grassi, who now assumed the direction of the Missions in the capacity of vice-Superior.

Since taking charge of the Indian Missions, the yearning of Father Giorda's heart had been the reopening of St. Mary's. It had at last become practicable, and it may be said to have been the last act of the first term of his Superiorship. With the approval of the vice-Superior, he himself made the *status*, which was to consist of himself, Father A. Ravalli, and Bro. Wm. Claessens; and in September, 1866, sixteen years after its suppression, "dear old St. Mary's," as the two veterans who had lived there before loved to call it, had been restored.

It would be hard to tell who were more delighted and overjoyed, Father Giorda and his companions, or the Indians, at the event. But, except for the site and some remnants of the church, everything else had disappeared. The Indians were poor, but no less generous for that, and of their poverty provided the missionaries with meat, flour, potatoes, for their subsistence.

In September, 1868, Father Giorda was reappointed Superior of the Missions, but he still made St. Mary's his headquarters when not on his rounds to the different Residences. Here, in in the summer of 1869, he had a very narrow escape from death.

Two drunken Indians, named respectively Pascal and Charles, both Pend d'Oreilles, rode up one day to the Fathers' humble abode and stopped in front of it. One of the pair, Pascal, came quite close to the small window lighting up Father Giorda's room. He looked in, and seeing the Father sitting at his desk, fired at him through the glass, the bullet whizzing by the Father's ears. Aroused by the shot, Father Giorda hurriedly

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rose up, to warn Father Ravalli in the adjacent room, when the Indian fired at him a second time. Brother Claessens heard the shooting, and at his alarm Chief Victor, gun in hand, ran over to protect the Fathers. But in the meanwhile, the villains had galloped off, keeping remarkably well balanced on their ponies, despite their drunken condition. Happily, no other evidence of the shooting was left, but the shattered window pane and the bullets imbedded in the planking that lined the room, just opposite the Father's desk. If aught else, besides whiskey, had anything to do with prompting the outrage, it has never been ascertained.

Father Giorda remained Superior till June 17, 1874; and we but voice the verdict of all when we say that his administration, so prudent and fatherly, won him the esteem and love of everybody, and proved him a model Superior.

The charge of the Missions now passed to Fr. J. M. Cataldo, who has borne it ever since, and who is proving himself a worthy successor in every respect.

In the meanwhile, the immediate care of St. Mary's fell successively to Fr. Joseph Bandini, who had come to the mountains by the way of California and Oregon in 1867: then, to Fr. Jos. Guidi, who arrived in Montana five years later, and who was two months in reaching Fort Benton from St. Louis. Lastly, it fell to Fr. Jerome D'Aste, who held it for a number of years, being a general favorite with whites and Indians because of his devotedness to the welfare of both, and his genial, cheerful ways and simple manners. Fr. D'Aste was in charge when the rebel Nez Percés invaded the valley, and in the common opinion of the people in that section his influence with the whites and the Indians, together with his tact, prudent counsel and his prayers, had much to do with the maintenance of order and peace. For three or four days the tension was at its height, especially at Stevensville and in its immediate vicinity; and no one knows what bloody strife any rash move on the part of either Indians or whites would have precipitated!*

*We have before us the MS. notes of Fr. D'Aste on the Nez Percés raid into the Bitter Root Valley, which he kindly wrote at our request. Most of the particulars given here and there in our narrative anent that raid are from his notes.

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THE REV. JOSEPH DIAMIANI, S.J.—THE REV. JEROME D'ASTE, S.J.
A PAIR OF VETERANS AT ST. IGNATIUS

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At "dear old St. Mary's," as he would always call it, Fr. Anthony Ravalli went to his rest on the Feast of the Holy Angels, October 2, 1884. When the peaceful summons came to bid him return to his Maker, Fr. Ravalli was in his seventy-third year, fifty years a Jesuit and forty years a missionary.

His funeral was attended by all the Flat Heads and other Indians from neighboring tribes, as well as by a large number of sorrowing friends from amongst the whites, who came from the whole Bitter Root Valley, Missoula, Hell's Gate, and Frenchtown. At Stevensville the U. S. Flag hung at half-mast for nearly a month, and during the greater part of the day on which the obsequies took place all business was suspended. His remains, as he had requested, were laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery among the Indians; and here a noble monument to his memory has since been erected by the contributions of his friends and admirers from all over the State. Some forty miles north of Missoula, along the Northern Pacific Railway, a station, named Ravalli after him, keeps his memory green, and speaks to all, to those who live there as well as to those who pass through the place from near and far, of the "great good man," as all classes of people loved to call him.

Father A. Ravalli was born in Ferrara, Italy, May 16, 1812. At the age of fifteen, November 12, 1827, he entered the Society of Jesus, and after his novitiate he devoted himself for several years to the study of belles-lettres, philosophy, mathematics and the natural sciences. He then taught for a time in Turin, Piedmont, and other parts of Italy. Later on, he completed his course of divinity and after one year more of noviceship, as is customary in the Society, took his final vows, April 21, 1844, while on his way to the Rocky Mountains.

With a longing for the Indian Missions from the first years of his religious life, Father Ravalli, whilst preparing for the sacred ministry, sought to improve himself in all knowledge which would render him the more efficient in civilizing the savages. Hence, to the study of philosophy and theology he added that of medicine. Further, making himself an apprentice in the artist's studio and in the shop of the mechanic, he learned to handle with considerable skill the chisel and brush of the former, as well as the tools and implements of the latter. In

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company with Father De Smet, as we related, he arrived in Oregon in August, 1844. He thence passed to spend the winter among the Kalispels, where he learned the secret of living without many of the so-called necessaries of life. In September, 1845, he went to Colville, but scarcely a month after, he was recalled and assigned to St. Mary's, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Father Zerbinatti.

From the Cœur d'Alenes Mission, whither he repaired at the closing of St. Mary's, he returned to Colville. While here, news was brought to him one day that an Indian woman had quarreled with her husband, and driven to despair by jealousy, had hanged herself to a tree by means of a lariat. Father Ravalli hastened to the spot and, cutting the lariat, quickly freed the woman's neck, which, upon examination, he found unbroken. Although the body was still warm, pulsation at the wrists and at the heart had entirely ceased, and to all appearances life was extinct. He stretched the woman on the ground, and began to breathe into her mouth and also to move her arms up and down, so as to impart, artificially, to her lungs the movements of natural respiration. He kept working in this manner about three-quarters of an hour, when a slight change, a mere suspicion of color, appeared on the lips and face of the woman. Encourged by this sign, he continued his endeavors, and soon after clearer indications of returning life became noticeable. A little while later, the woman, to the astonishment of everybody, commenced to breathe, very faintly at first, then more freely and more regularly. Finally, she opened her eyes, and was soon on her feet and walking about. She lived to be an old woman. This unusual, yet simple occurrence won for Father Ravalli among the Indians near and far the name of the greatest medicine-man that ever lived.

From Santa Clara, California, whither he had been transferred in 1860, and where he filled, for a time, the important office of Master of Novices, he returned to the mountains in 1863. The gold-digging period in Montana had now set in, and miners were pouring into the country from all parts in search of the precious metal. There were at the time few physicians in these mountains, and as Father Ravalli did possess considerable medical knowledge and skill, he was much sought after, both as

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priest and physician. While at St. Peter's Mission, at Hell's Gate, and at St. Mary's, as long as he was able to move about, he went from place to place, from one mining camp to another, a true Samaritan, relieving the ills of life and doing good to everybody; and many a white man as well as Indian owed limb and life to the medical ability, tender nursing and self-sacrificing devotedness of Father Ravalli. He never felt more happy than when, as a priest, he had brought some rusty old sinner to make his peace with God, or when, as a physician, and after journeying twenty, sixty, a hundred or more miles, he had alleviated, at the cost of his own ease and comfort, the ills of some fellow-being, irrespective of race, condition or creed, and with no preference, except for such as were poorest or the greatest sufferers.

His child-like simplicity could not but endear him to everybody; and, while intensely affectionate, he was no less sincere and constant in his affection. To a pious lady who had asked him, whether during the many years he had spent in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, he had not felt some desire to see once more his native country, his old relatives and friends: "Yes," said he, "and I could have had that pleasure. But then," continued he, "the sacrifice would not have been complete." And lowering his head over his breast, he wept and sobbed like a child.*

It was while returning from one of those errands of mercy, just referred to, that he himself fell sick at the ranch of Mr. Thomas Foley, a few miles from Missoula. No father or mother could have bestowed greater care on a son than Mr. and Mrs. Foley did on Father Ravalli. He suffered intensely for over two months, and, at one time, there seemed to be left hardly a thread of hope for his recovery. He rallied, but his constitution never regained its former vigor and strength. His last sickness continued four long years, Though a great sufferer himself, he went about doing good to all, affording comfort and medical assistance almost to his dying day.

Naturally of a cheerful and happy disposition, his conversation was always bright and pleasant, and many a witty saying of his,

* The lady referred to was Mrs. Gibson, the wife of Col. George Gibson, U. S. A., the Commanding Officer of Fort Missoula, from whom the writer learned the incident.

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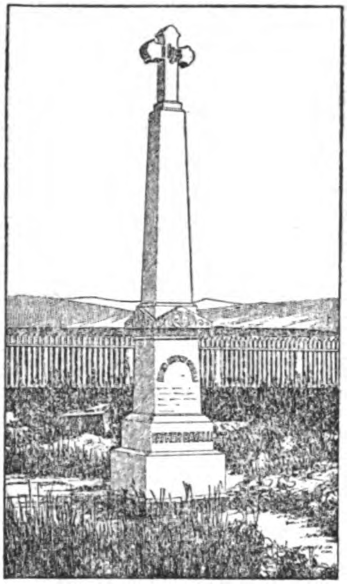
many an amusing joke and story, became stock-in-trade throughout the country. Father Ravalli was tall and portly. His well-built frame, broad forehead, prominent Roman nose, sharp features, all combined to render his appearance peculiarly impressive. In the opinion of those who knew him, he should have had several years more of useful, active life, but God willed otherwise.



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Chapter XII.

REMOVAL OF THE FLAT HEADS TO THE JOCKO. FOUNDERS OF THE MISSION. SOME NOTED FLAT HEADS—PAUL, VICTOR, AGNES, INSULA, ALEE, CHARLOT. CHARLOT AND THE GARFIELD TREATY.

CROWDED out by the whites, the Flat Heads had been gradually leaving the Bitter Root Valley, moving on to the reservation which the Government set aside for them and their confederated tribes, the Pend d'Oreilles, Kalispels, and Kootenays. The last of the Flat Heads to give up their cherished homes were chief Charlot and his adherents, who finally consented to join their brethren on the Jocko.

Their arrival is feelingly described by Mrs. P. Ronan in a letter to her sons in attendance at Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash., and published in the *Spokane Review*. We quote the following:

October 17, 1891, witnessed a unique and to some minds pathetic spectacle. Charlot and his band of Indians, numbering less than two hundred souls, marched into their future home, the Jocko Reservation. Their coming had been heralded, and many of the reservation Indians had gathered at the Agency to give them welcome. When within a mile of the Agency church, the advancing Indians spread out, forming a broad column. The young men kept constantly discharging their firearms, while a few of the number, mounted on fleet ponies, arrayed in phantastic Indian paraphernalia, with long blankets partially draping the forms of the warriors and steeds, rode back and forth in front of the advancing caravan, shouting and firing their guns until they neared the church, where a large banner of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary was erected on a tall pole. Near the sacred emblem stood a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, the Rev. Ph. Canestrelli, S. J. With outstretched hands the good priest blessed and welcomed the forlorn-looking pilgrims. Chief Charlot's countenance retained its habitual expression of stubborn pride and gloom, as he advanced on foot, shaking hands with all who had come to greet him. After the general handshaking was over, all assembled

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in the Agency chapel for the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. The *O salutaris* and *Tantum ergo,* chanted by those untutored children of the forest, told better than any other words could of the patient teachings of the Jesuit Fathers. Every word of the beautiful Latin verses sounded as distinct as if coming from cultivated voices. If the poor creatures reflected on the meaning of the words:

Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium,

they must have felt that the touching sentiment truly expressed the feeling of their hearts. After the Benediction the good and learned Father Canestrelli, who has spent many years laboring among the Indians, striving to enlighten their minds and purify their hearts, addressed them in their own language, the Kalispel. The good words seemed to console and comfort them, if the peaceful expression of their countenances indexed aright their minds.

This event concludes the narrative of St. Mary's, as an Indian Mission, the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation coinciding with the closing year of its existence. But though St. Mary's is no longer an Indian Mission, precious memories of virtuous and noble deeds, tinged with a halo of romance, will ever cling to its name and hallow that favored spot.

Let us add a word about its founders and of some of the more noted Flat Heads.

Father De Smet's extraordinary zeal and labors among the Indians throughout the whole Northwest are too universally known to call for any recounting. To this day there is not a tribe of Indians in the Rocky Mountains that does not point with a feeling of pride to some of its members who received the waters of regeneration at the hands of "the great Black Robe," as they were wont to call him. He departed this life at St. Louis, Mo., May 23, 1873, and his remains rest on the banks of the Mississippi. His monument, as the pioneer and apostle of Christianity and civilization in the Rocky Mountains, is in his native city, in far-off Belgium; while here among us a station along the Northern Pacific Railway bears his name. But it is fair to hope that Montana, the part of the Northwest which is, perhaps, the most indebted to him, will one day out of practical gratitude create a worthy remembrance of her great benefactor.

Father G. Mengarini, co-founder of St. Mary's with Father De Smet, labored ten years among the Flat Heads, and mastered

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the rich, but difficult Selish or Kalispel language so thoroughly that the Indians could not tell him from one of themselves by his speech. It is said, in fact, that time and again he played on them the innocent trick of passing himself as one of their tribe without being detected. He composed a Selish Grammar, which was published in New York in 1861, as one of a series of Indian studies edited by the distinguished historian, J. Gilmary Shea.*

Father Mengarini prepared also an Indian-English Dictionary of the same language, to which due reference will be made when speaking of St. Ignatius, where it was printed. In 1850 he was called by the Superiors to California, and though so far removed from the scene of his first missionary labors, his heart seems to have remained with the tribe which he helped to Christianize, and to whom he yearned to return. He died September 23, 1886, at Santa Clara.

Father N. Point, the other co-founder of the Flat Head Mission, besides the qualities of an excellent missionary, had considerable talent and skill as an artist, and he used this gift to gain the heart and good will of the Indians by painting their portraits. In 1846 he visited the country of the Blackfeet, where he spent the winter, as will be related more in detail in the history of St. Peter's Mission. Unfortunately for the Indians, he was recalled by his Superiors to the Missions of Upper Canada, where he continued to labor with zeal and success for several years. He went to his rest at Quebec, July 4, 1868.

Of the Coadjutor Brothers, co-founders of St. Mary's, we shall mention only two, Wm. Claessens and Joseph Specht, whose missionary lives were spent mostly in Montana. They were both expert mechanics, the former a carpenter, the latter a blacksmith, and their manual services in behalf of this and other Missions have been invaluable. Brother Joseph Specht died at St. Ignatius, June 17, 1884, full of years and merits. Of the seventy-six years of his life, forty were spent on the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains.

Brother Wm. Claessens is still living and resides at Santa Clara, Cal., where he was called by the Superior some two years

* An article headed, "The Catholic Church in Montana," and first published in the *Helena Herald,* January 1, 1880, contained an oversight which made us attribute the publication of the Grammar in question to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. We take this opportunity to correct the error.

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ago, to rest from his long, laborious life on these Missions. The plucky veteran is now in his eightieth year. He corresponds occasionally with the writer, and the one wish expressed in all his letters is that he may be allowed to return and end his days where he spent the most of his life, that is, on the Indian Missions in Montana.*

Among the noted members of the Selish or Flat Head nation, the first one to be mentioned is Paul, or Big Face, his name in Indian, on account of his somewhat elongated visage, but who, says Father De Smet, "might more nobly and more appropriately be named the Nestor of the Desert; for as well in years as in sagacity he has all the essentials of greatness."

He was left a helpless orphan by the death of his mother, and, according to the inhuman custom followed in such cases, he would have been buried with her in the same grave but for a good-hearted young woman who took pity on the poor child and offered to take care of him and bring him up as if he had been her own. God rewarded her humanity in that she saw her adopted son become distinguished above all his fellows by intelligence, gentleness and every good disposition, being brave, docile, unselfish and inclined to piety; so much so that he became the head chief of the whole nation.

It was he who welcomed Father De Smet on his first visit to the Flat Heads, as we related in a former chapter, and addressed him on that, and other occasions, in words which were full of wisdom and practical common sense. He was the first of the tribe to be baptized, being at the time nearly eighty, and receiving the name of Paul.

On the day of his baptism he said to Father De Smet: "If, during my life, I have committed faults, they were those of ignorance; it appears to me, that I never did anything knowing it to be wrong." At the time of his first Communion, having been asked if he had not some faults to reproach himself with since he had been baptized; "Faults!" he replied, with surprise: "how could I commit any, I whose duty it is to teach others how to do good?" Would that every educated Christian were always

* Since writing the above, we have received the sad news of Bro. Claessen's death, at Santa Clara, Cal., October 11, 1891, just a week after the good Brother had celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his missionary life. May he and all his departed confrères rest in peace.

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as upright and as conscientious as this untaught savage of the Rocky Mountains!

The next Flat Head deserving special mention is Victor, modified into Mitt'tó by the Indians.* He was Paul's successor, and of him Father De Smet could write: "This good chief walks faithfully in the footsteps of his predecessor, which is no small praise."

A suavity and dignified simplicity of manners, together with bravery and courage, were combined in Victor in no ordinary degree, and gained him the respect and confidence of the whole tribe, whose leader he was for nearly fifty years. Toward the latter part of his long career he became well known also to the whites, who were now coming in large numbers into Montana, and whose good will went out to him from every mining camp.

He was baptized by Father De Smet who, even late in after years, as he tells us, would recall with the deepest emotion the happiness which Victor manifested on that solemn occasion. He was taken off in the summer of 1870 while on the hunt. Not only his people, but the whites also lamented his loss, Montana papers announcing and commenting upon his death as a public calamity. His remains rest at St. Mary's among his brethren gone before him.

On hearing of his death, Captain John Mullan, an old-time friend of the Flat Heads, sent to the tribe a letter of condolence, from which we quote the following:

Your friend, Captain Mullan, has learned with great sadness the loss which you have sustained in the death of your great and good chief, Victor. As the long-tried friend of the white man, Victor had no superior among the red men of America. Mild and gentle as a woman, and innocent of wrong as a child, he commanded his people for near half a century. Your friend while residing among your people knew Victor well. He has eaten and slept and smoked at his campfires; traveled with him to the hunt; has seen him help the widow and the orphan of the tribe, and go in person on missions of peace to the Blackfeet, to the Crows, to the Sioux, and to the Bannocks, endeavoring to retain with them friendly relations. Brave in

* For this and other modifications of names in the Flat Head or Selish languages, see Chapter I.

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battle and generous in peace, he has set an example worthy of imitation to all Indian tribes.

This tribute to the memory of Victor, says Father De Smet, is highly deserved by the chief of the Flat Heads; "I am happy to subscribe to it fully and bear him testimony. I have been intimately acquainted with Victor for years in my visits to the Rocky Mountain Missions."

On one occasion Father De Smet in speaking to the Indians was telling them how wicked and impious men persecuted the Church, and in many ways reviled the Holy Father, our Lord's Vicar on earth. At this, Victor hastily rose, full of animation, and said: "Should our Great Father, the Great Chief of the Black Robes, be in danger—you speak on paper—invite him in our name to our mountains. We will raise his lodge in our midst; we will hunt for him and keep his lodge provided, and we will guard him against the approach of his enemies." This little incident, vouched for by Father De Smet, is enough to show Victor's true character, his filial and religious affection, no less than the generosity and bravery of his heart.

The incident brought no little pleasure to Gregory XVI, who smiled on hearing it from Father De Smet, and sent to the Flat Head chief and all his people the Apostolic Benediction.

Victor's second wife was a woman of excellent parts, clever, industrious, and an example of true Christian piety to all the women of the tribe. Though there always appeared about her a little something of neatness not seen in any of the other women, still, in her poor Indian garb, from the blanket or shawl over her head down to her moccasined toes, she looked only a plain, simple squaw. Her manners, however, revealed her for the gifted woman she really was, dignified, sensible, tactful, and not only polite, but remarkably refined. "Lo! there goes the queen, there goes the princess!" time and again fell on our ears, whispered by groups of young folk—and older ones, too—who would stop and look at Agnes admiringly when, all unconscious of being noticed, she happened to pass through town with her people, or when she visited the Sisters at Missoula or Helena.

Agnes survived Victor by several years, and while we often thought that either could have graced a royal throne, we feel

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confident that they have both attained to one. It was their happy lot to serve God loyally; and does not God make real sovereigns of His faithful servants?*

"The Little Chief and Great Warrior," as he was called, owing to his bravery and small stature, is another Flat Head who is entitled to special mention; for he was a conspicuous example of the power of religion in developing the most amiable virtues in the fiercest savage.

According to the testimony of the Fathers, Insulá united in his person great bravery with the gentlest manners and tender piety. He was known to friend and foe by the red feather he used to wear and his approach was enough to put to flight the prowling bands of Bannacks, Blackfeet and Crows that frequently infested the Flat Head country. He was also well known and esteemed by the whites as a man of sound judgment, strict integrity, and one on whose fidelity they could rely.

If our Flat Heads escaped being contaminated by heresy, it was due in great measure to his adroitness and firmness. He it was who, in the belief that they were the long-expected Black Robes, went to meet the Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Whitman at Green River, while the reverend gentlemen were on their way precisely to bring the Gospel to the Flat Heads. No sooner did Insulá discover that they were not Catholic missionaries than he gave them plainly to understand that his people did not want them, and bade them go bring their gospel to some other tribe.

"Our little chief," wrote Father Hoecken of Insulá, "preserved his first fervor of faith and devotion to his death, and one could hardly enter his wigwam in the morning or the evening without finding him with his Rosary in his hands absorbed in prayer."

With Michael Insulá might also be mentioned Atól, that is, Adolph; Ameló, or Ambrose; Phidel Teltellá, or the Thunder,

* Not a few have confounded our Victor, the Flat Head chief, with Victor, the chief of the Kalispels. Besides being contemporaries, both were remarkable men. With the Indians the former was Mitt'tó, the latter, Pitol, the two words being accidental variations of the name Victor. The whites were often led into error, and either made one chief of the two, giving to but one what belonged to two different persons, or ascribing to one what should have been ascribed to the other; creating thus considerable confusion at the expense of truth and historical accuracy.

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who were all men of influence and character, and much respected by both their fellow-Indians and the whites.

The last war chief of the tribe was Alee, changed into Arlee by the whites, and he died at his ranch near the Agency, August 8, 1889. His death-bed was surrounded by his relatives, several of his Indian friends, and some whites, among the latter being the Agent, Major P. Ronan with Mrs. Ronan, his wife; Dr. Dade, the Agency physician, and some other attached to the Agency. The Sunday before he died, the old chief had been visited by the Ordinary, the Right Rev. J. B. Brondel; and all the rites of the Church were administered to him by Father D'Aste, the Superior of the Mission.

War Chief Alee.

Alee had been baptized in youth by Father De Smet, and though a Nez Percé by parentage, had lived most of his life among the Flat Heads, as one of the tribe. He was a man of rather difficult disposition, and retained to his last breath more than one forbidding trait of his Indian nature. His remains were laid to rest near the little church at the Agency, and the

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railway station, a short distance off, has been named Arlee, after him.*

Alee had accepted the terms of the Garfield Treaty, of which we shall speak a little further on, and was, in consequence, appointed, by the Department, chief of those Flat Heads who, because of that unsavory treaty, had consented to move to the Jocko. But to the day of his death he was never spoken to, and still less recognized by Charlot. The Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor speaks as follows of this noted Indian: "Alee or Red Night, the name he went by in the tribe, a noble-looking man, wore a white Kossuth hat and a blue blanket, and an eagle's wing hung at his girdle. Obesity had taken all the grace from his figure, but I thought I had never seen a finer head or face than his. I could hardly take my eyes off him."

It may be well to note here that an eagle's wing or feather has ever been the emblem of an Indian warrior in the Rocky Mountains. We never saw Alee without this emblem in his hand, or hanging from his girdle.

The last Flat Head calling for special mention is Charlot, the son of Victor—but not of Agnes, who was only his stepmother—and at present hereditary chief of the nation. He is a man of a quiet yet firm disposition, a true representative of his race and a thorough Indian.

His conduct during the Nez Percés outbreak gained him the admiration of all, and proved once more the loyal friendship for the whites on the part of the Flat Heads who have always claimed that none of their people ever spilled a drop of any white man's blood. When Joseph, the Nez Percés chief, came into the Bitter Valley on his raid and sought an interview with Charlot, the latter not only refused to see him, but sent him word to beware of molesting any settler in that vicinity, and to leave the valley at once. Neither would he accept the proffered hand of Looking Glass, because, as Charlot put it, "the blood of the white man was upon it."

But while friendly toward the whites, he surely is not in love with their ways. His aversion, in fact, to any of his people

*The Selish or Flat Heads having no "i," Alee stands with them for Henry, as this word is pronounced in French (Hanri). The whites have added the "r" to the Indian name and made it Arlee.

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adopting the manners of the white man is well known, and borders at times on the unreasonable. As an instance, but a short time ago, he intimated to the Fathers at the Mission and to the Agent that none of the boys of his band should ever attend school if they were to be shorn of their long, flowing hair. Now, good will toward the whites, with a no less hearty dislike of their ways and manners, appear almost contradictory in the same person. Yet, they are united in a marked degree in Charlot, and constitute a peculiar and puzzling trait of his character.

Whence the anomaly? The reader is welcome to any solution he may think best; but to our mind, the explanation is neither difficult nor far to seek. Charlot is a sincere and practical Christian, and as such he knows well that he must be on friendly terms with all men, irrespective of race or color. Hence his friendliness toward the whites. But the ill-usage which he and his people have suffered for years at the hands of unscrupulous whites, Government officials included, has forced upon him the conviction that the ways of the white man are "bad medicine," that is to say, the cause of most baneful effects, which the Indians, on account of their simple nature and helplessness, cannot prevent. The white man's conduct toward his redskin neighbor has been only too often the product of heartless contempt, dishonesty and inventive rapacity. Now, Charlot, though an Indian to the core, is endowed with a remarkably keen sense of what is just, fair, honest. Can anyone wonder at his dislike of the ways and manners of the whites? It is but natural, after all, just as it is natural for a horse to scent live bear in the dead skin, and shy at it, even when it has been made into a fancy lap-robe.

What above all scandalized Charlot and utterly disgusted him with the white man's civilization was the Garfield Treaty bearing the date of August 27, 1872.*

Hon. James A. Garfield was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior a Special Commissioner for the removal of the Flat Head Indians from the Bitter Root Valley. In this official capacity and accompanied by other functionaries, he went to the

* See the Report of the Commission of Indians Affairs for the year 1872—Papers Accompanying the Report—pp. 109 to 117.

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Indians, and after conferring with the chiefs and other leading men of the tribe drew up an agreement which provided for their removal to the Jocko reservation.

The parties to the agrement were specified as follows: Articles of agreement, etc., between James A. Garfield, Special Commissioner, etc., of the first part, and Charlot, first chief, Arlee, second chief, and Adolf, third chief of the Flat Heads, of the second part, witnesseth: Whereas, etc., the chiefs or parties of the second part, were instructed to express their acceptance or non-acceptance of the proposed stipulations, by signing or declining to sign them.

While both Arlee and Adolf accepted and put their signatures to the agreement, Charlot refused to do so. Everyone in the assembly was an eye-witness of his refusal; his signature is not on the original on file in the Department of the Interior; neither did it appear on the duplicate left with the Indians. We have, besides, General Garfield's own explicit attestation in his official report: *"Arlee and Adolf, the second and third chiefs, signed the contract, but Charlot refused to sign;"* they are his words; we simply italicize them.

Such being the fact, would it not seem that Charlot, in all fairness and justice, should have been dropped and his name expunged from the contract? Yet, the instrument as published, as sent up to the Senate for approval, nay, as given by General Garfield himself in his report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, makes Charlot a party to the agreement, and shows, moreover, his supposed signature attached to it! Were it not there in black and white, we could never believe it. Was it a case of forgery? Who will say that it was not?

In extenuation it has been advanced that the treaty had for its object the real good of the Indians, and could not have been carried through otherwise, as the Senate would never have ratified it without the signature of Charlot, the head chief of the tribe. Furthermore, it was General Garfield's belief that Charlot would come round, change his mind and accept the treaty, as it had been accepted by Arlee and Adolf. That he so believed is manifest from a letter to A. J. Viall, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Montana, bearing the same date as the treaty, and making part of his official report, in which he says:

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In carrying out the terms of the contract made with the chiefs of the Flat Heads for removing that tribe to the Reservation (Jocko), I have concluded, after full consultation with you, to proceed with the work as though Charlot had signed the contract. I do this in the belief that when he sees the work actually going forward he will conclude to come here with the other chiefs and keep the tribe unbroken.

But even so, did the supposed good of the Indians and the assumption of General Garfield that Charlot would change his mind, warrant the affixing of the latter's name to the contract against his will? Believers in the modern, but iniquitous theories of accomplished facts and in the doctrine of expediency might admit it. But was the action fair, honorable, honest from the viewpoint of moral rectitude? Surely not, so long as the end does not justify the means, and so long as a man's will, even an Indian's, cannot be mortgaged.

This proceeding was naturally viewed by Charlot and his people as a deliberate attempt to rob them of their homes by falsehood and fraud. The impression became conviction when the Indian Department, instead of tearing up and casting to the winds the fraudulent document, sought to enforce it, and thus broke up the tribe, ignored the rights of Charlot, as head and hereditary chief of the nation, and put him aside for Arlee.

The Indian Department at Washington seemed to be under the delusion that this arbitrary policy would finally induce Charlot and his people to move to the Jocko, leaving their present location where, hemmed in on all sides by the whites, they were miserably poor and starving. But on a mind of Charlot's temper it had the very contrary effect; it only added to his exasperation and bitterness which, in turn, made him the more obstinate, and the more suspicious of the Government and all its agents.

Congress sought at last to remedy the wrong that had been done, and with this object in view in 1883, Senator G. G. Vest and the Hon. Martin Maginniss, Montana's Delegate, as a Senate Subcommittee, were sent to look into the grievances of those brave but unfortunate Indians.*

* See the Report of the Subcommittee of the Special Committee of the United States Senate, Appointed to Visit the Indian Tribes in Northwestern Montana.

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Cheyenne Family, St. Ignatius Mission

Chief Charlot and Family

Father and Sons, St. Ignatius Mission

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As appears from their report, Charlot showed himself so distrustful of those gentlemen as to tell them bluntly to their faces that "he had no confidence in their promises," and that "he would never go to the Jocko alive."

"We entered upon an interview," states the report, "which at times was very dramatic and even stormy." "Your Great Father Garfield," said Charlot, "put my name to a paper which I never signed. How can I believe you or any white man after the way I have been treated?" And here the members of the Subcommittee declare: "We are compelled to admit that there was much truth and justice in his statement. That his name was falsely published to the Garfield treaty is unfortunately true as shown by the original." They further express themselves as follows: "Looking at all the circumstances, the removal of part of his tribe without his consent, ignoring his rights as head chief, and setting him aside for Arlee, and the publication of his name to an agreement which he refused to sign, we cannot blame him for distrust and resentment."

On the strength of the recommendations made to the Secretary of the Interior by the Subcommittee, Charlot was called to Washington, it being hoped that personal intercourse would lead to more satisfactory results. Generous offers were now made to him and his adherents, if they would only consent to move over to the Jocko. But nothing could shake Charlot's determination. To all the inducements set before him, his only answer was "that he had come to Washington to get the permission of the Great Father to allow him to remain unmolested in the Bitter Root Valley, the home of his father and the land of his ancestors. He asked no assistance from the Government; all he wanted was the poor privilege of remaining in the valley where he was born, and where the dust of his tribe who lived before him lay mingling with the earth. If any of his people desired to accept the bounty of the Government and move to the Jocko, they were at liberty to do so, and he would offer no objection. But it was his own individual, personal wish to live and die in the Bitter Root Valley."

So he spoke, as we learn from Major P. Ronan, the U. S. Indian Agent, who conducted Charlot and his companions to

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Washington, and was present at the conference with the Secretary of the Interior, Hon. H. M. Teller.*

Evidently Charlot's earnest pleading was not without effect, as the authorities now told him that he could have his wish. No better course could have been adopted by the administration, the concession being attended by the happiest results. It at once softened the bitter resentment that had been rankling in Charlot's heart, since his name had been fraudulently appended to the Garfield treaty. It revived his and his people's confidence in the sincerity and good will of the Government; and confidence once restored, it would not be long before he and his followers would consent to remove to the Jocko Valley, as the better alternative before them in the altered condition of things. So it came to pass; which goes to show that a timely yielding has persuasive charms and winning ways of its own, never to be found in high-handed, arbitrary measures.

We pass now to the Mission of St. Ignatius, the second Indian Mission founded in Montana.

* See *Historical Sketch of the Flathead Indian Nation*, by P. Ronan: Journal Publishing Co., Helena, Montana.

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Chapter XIII.

ST. IGNATIUS MISSION.

THE Mission had been established by Father De Smet and Father Hoecken on the banks of the Pend d'Oreille River, not far from the shores of the lake of the same name, as early as 1844. The location, however, proved unfavorable, it having been found subject to inundation at the melting of heavy snow-falls in the mountains. Furthermore, a better knowledge of the country led the missionaries to the conclusion that a more central spot with regard to different tribes would be preferable. Consequently at the request of the Indians themselves the Mission was removed to what became afterward the Flat Head reservation, its present site.

This was the country of the upper Pend d'Oreilles, as well as the favorite resort of other tribes, both in winter and summer, since it abounded in the staples of Indian life, game, fish, roots and berries, and furnished the best grazing for their ponies. The site had been pointed out to the Fathers by Alexander, the chief of the upper Pend d'Oreilles, who had accompanied Father De Smet time and again through the mountains, and it had been determined upon by them a couple of years before they actually occupied it. "I arrived at the place," says Father Hoecken, "on the 24th of September (1844), and found it as it had been represented, a beautiful region, evidently fertile, uniting a useful as well as a pleasing variety of woodland, prairie, lake and river."

The place was called by the Indians Siniélemen, which means meeting-place or rendezvous, and is beyond doubt one of the finest, if not the very finest and prettiest spot in Montana.

The valley is from ten to twelve miles wide, and runs some thirty miles from south to north. It is bounded on the east by a spur of the main range; south and west by a lower ridge which, starting just back of the Mission at almost a right angle, runs some ten miles west, and then, turning northward, continues in almost a parallel line to the mountains on the east

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side of the valley. At its northern extremity lies Flat-Head Lake, a large and beautiful sheet of water, some forty miles in length and about ten miles wide, dotted with picturesque islands.

The south end of the valley is but six miles from Ravalli, a station on the Northern Pacific Railway, whence it is easily reached by a natural opening in what at first appears a barrier of impassable mountains. The Angels and the Indians, and they alone, knew of this opening and of its leading to the charming valley beyond. From the mouth of the opening, just wide enough for a team to pass, a wagon road of easy grade built by the Fathers winds it way up a little ravine, now to the right, now to the left, now along the mountain side.*

As the road ascends, the canyon ahead becomes gradually wider. A climb of less than a couple of miles from the mouth of the little ravine brings us to the summit of the low divide between the Mission and the Jocko, whence, looking northward to the left, the first glimpse is had of the open country; while directly in front appear the lofty tops of the Mission Range which, as the road by a gradual descent advances toward it, rises higher and higher under our eyes.

We now near the last ridge or elevation that still hides from our view the south portion of the valley, and as we reach the top, an enchanting panorama and soul-absorbing sight bursts upon us. The scene is one of matchless beauty and surpassing grandeur, the like of which we believe is not to be seen anywhere else in the Northwest. The mountains in front abruptly and without approaches rise like a wall, and in all their might and stupendous magnificence reach up into the sky some 8,000 feet from the valley below and this, so to say, at one leap. We have now a full view of the whole valley, and also of the mountains from base to top. These, up to a certain height are covered with grass; then with a belt of timber, while above the timber line they rise into rugged, frowning peaks that are capped with snow almost the year round. Between these peaks are glaciers

*The grade here described has been replaced since by a new one, which runs along the mountain side, south of the former and a little higher up; the old grade having been partially washed away by waterspouts. Its mouth or entrance, besides, is now barred by the fence of Duncan McDonald's field and orchard.

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and perpetual snows, which feed a number of ice-cold and crystal streams that irrigate the valley, and whose meandering course is marked by fringes of deeper green and more luxuriant vegetation.

The two highest, forbidding peaks or crests in front are the Twin Sisters; and Elisabeth Falls is the name of the white, tape-like and foamy streak, a little to the left of us. They were so christened, crests and falls, by General Thomas Francis Meagher when a guest at the Mission, just a few months before he was engulfed in the turbid waters of the Missouri near Fort Benton. These waterfalls are nearly 4,000 feet high, but it is only by going near them at the head of the canyon, that they can be seen to advantage.

Lake McDonald and St. Mary's Lake, the former a few miles northeast and the latter a little farther off to the south-east of the Mission, and other smaller bodies of water, in so many pocket-like basins, higher up in the mountains, add beauty and romantic variety to the landscape, which cannot fail, as the writer believes, to become ere long a special attraction for the tourist and the lover of nature.

The Mission, nestling close to the foot of the huge, bold mountains, appears almost like a fairy-land village, and is indeed a jewel, whose beauty is enhanced by the setting.

Fathers Adrian Hoecken and Joseph Menetrey picked out the site and erected there a cabin. Some of the stock was moved thither in the spring of the following year, 1854. Brothers Claessens, McGean and Specht were among the first to reach the place.

The Mission has since become the finest institution of its kind in Montana. Its growth has been gradual, for what people now admire at St. Ignatius is the result of half a century's hard toil on the part of the missionaries. And by what is now admired, we do not mean, exactly, the stately buildings that replace the log huts of former days, but the complex of all that is implied in the transformation of wild, roving savages into a civilized, industrious and fervent Christian community such as is the Mission of St. Ignatius.

Bless the souls of those veracious Indian Agents who, as would appear from their official reports, have civilized whole

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tribes of redskins during a couple of years' residence among them! They may have succeeded, forsooth, in coaxing some Indian buck to crop his flowing hair and put on a pair of trousers. But once this has been accomplished, we are told that the natives now "wear citizens' clothes," and are, of course, civilized; since with Government officials, as with some others, short hair and breeches are the chief criterion of Indian civilization. Accordingly, there can be no doubt that the quality and quantity of their civilization would be noticeably increased by a pair of cuffs and a white collar.

It is true that some grievous offences against life and morals have been committed on the reservations since Christianity was established among the Indians. But, then, it is also true that the offences, without exception, were due to one or the other of the following causes: first, liquor dealt out to the Indians by greedy and unscrupulous whites; secondly, remissness and miscarriage of justice by allowing criminals to go scot free; thirdly, the villainy of outlaws from other tribes, who were never brought under the influence of religion and abused the hospitality given them within the reservation; lastly, atrocious murders of peaceful and innocent Indians by white people, which provoked retaliation at the hands of some relative of the victims.

We instance Pierre Paul and his three companions executed at Missoula, December 19, 1890. Of these four redskin criminals, two, Lalassí and Pierre Paul were Spokanes; and the two others, Pascal and his accomplice, were Kootenays. The brother of Lalassí had been murdered by a white some time before; while Pierre Paul counted three near relatives, his father, an uncle, and a cousin, all murdered in a few years' time by white people. Both he and Lalassí became desperate outlaws, with a price set upon their heads. Pascal's, as well as his accomplice's crimes were likewise, at least partially, Indian vendetta for the killing of the chief's son and others of their tribe by whites. We need not add that in every one of these cases, as in almost every other instance of Indian lawlessness, whether within or without the reservation, *firewater,* or liquor, was never wanting as a concomitant or antecedent, to incite the savage to the evil deed.

Still, everything considered, we are ready to affirm that the

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Indians of the Flat Head reservation, through the teachings and civilizing influences of Christianity have today a record for moral conduct that compares favorably with that of any white community of equal numbers.

And here let us render with pleasure a well-deserved meed of praise to Major P. Ronan, who has been the U. S. Agent in charge of these Indians for the last fourteen years, and who by his faithful and efficient administration of the affairs of the Agency, no less than by the exemplary conduct of his family, has done much toward promoting the welfare of his charges, and toward bringing about some of the happy results referred to above.

But it is time to enter more particularly into our subject and detail the history of the Mission and its progress.

Father A. Hoecken said the first Mass in the open air in the presence of a large number of Upper and Lower Kalispels. In a few weeks, several structures were erected, a chapel, two small houses, together with two shops, one for blacksmithing, the other for carpentry work, wigwams springing up at the same time all around in considerable number. About Easter, over one thousand Indians of different tribes, Upper Kootenays, Flat Bows, Pend d'Oreilles, Kalispels and Flat Heads had arrived to make their permanent home at the new Mission, or in its immediate vicinity. Some 18,000 rails were cut and split during the winter under the direction of good Brother McGean, and by early spring a large field was fenced in and put under cultivation.

Lieut. John Mullan, who was engaged at this period in exploring the Bitter Root Valley and contiguous country, lent some assistance to the Fathers in starting the Mission. "I know not," wrote Father Hoecken to Father De Smet, October 18, 1855, "how to acquit the debt of gratitude I owe to this excellent officer. I can only pray, poor missionary as I am, that the Lord may repay his generosity and kindness a hundredfold in blessings of time and eternity."

In the summer of the same year, 1855, a great Indian Council was held at Hell's Gate, a few miles below the present site of Missoula. A treaty was here made between the United States, represented by Governor Isaac J. Stevens, and Victor, the chief of the Flat Heads, and the chiefs of the Pend d'Oreilles, and

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the Kootenays who dwell in the vicinity of Flat Head Lake. By this treaty the present reservation was carved out and set apart for the exclusive occupancy of these Indians, designated in the contract as "The Confederated Tribes of Flat Heads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenays." All the rest of the large territory, which the Indians claimed as their own, and which extended from near the forty-second parallel to the British line, with an average breadth of two degrees of latitude, was ceded to the United States.

Chief Victor, however, and his whole nation opposed such a contract and would not consent to it, unless they could remain in the Bitter Root Valley, the home of their tribe from time immemorial. Accordingly a special clause had to be inserted in the treaty to this effect, and then Chief Victor and the other leading men of the tribe accepted and signed the treaty.

Be it noted, however, that the concession made in favor of the Flat Heads was conditional; in other words, it authorized them to occupy the Bitter Root Valley so long as the Government did not require them to move to the general reservation on the Jocko. Consequently, the clause referred to by the condition attached to it, took from the Flat Heads far more than it gave them: it deprived them of the right to hold their land in perpetuity, whilst it empowered them to occupy it conditionally for the time being. It seems certain that the full meaning of the clause was not understood by the Flat Heads. Hence the subsequent difficulties with regard to the matter, which are touched upon elsewhere in this narrative.

At the special request of Governor Stevens, Father Hoecken assisted at the Council and his signature appears on the document. He also attended the council held with the northern tribes shortly after.

By some of the stipulations of the Hell's Gate Treaty, the Indians were to have school teachers, a blacksmith, a carpenter, etc., and the Fathers and brothers at the Mission were instructed to carry out, in the name of the Government, this part of the agreement. They did so cheerfully, and continued to do the same for a long time; but theirs was only the privilege of doing the work, whilst remuneration seemed to be entirely lost sight of, or stranded on the way. "We have done and shall continue

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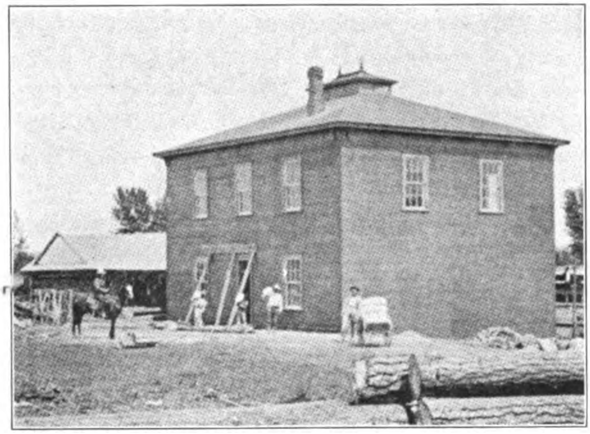
BROTHER WILLIAM CLAESSENS, S.J.



SAW MILL AND GRIST MILL, ST. IGNATIUS MISSION

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to do all in our power for the Government officers," wrote Father Hoecken to Father De Smet; "our brothers assist the Indians and teach them how to cultivate the ground; our blacksmith works for them; he repairs their guns, their knives, and their axes; the carpenter renders them great assistance in constructing their houses, by making the doors and windows; in a word, all we have and all we are is sacrificed to their welfare. Still, our poor Mission has never received a farthing from the Government."

The school provided for in the treaty was also started by Father Hoecken, but it had to be shut down soon after, for want of means. The funds promised for the purpose by the Government were not forthcoming, and not until eight years after could the Mission succeed in supporting a small school entirely at its own expense.

In the latter part of 1856, the Indian tribes along the lower Columbia, making common cause with the Indians of Northern California, broke out into open warfare against the whites. This was a critical period for all the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains. The unrest among the natives became general, the northern Indian sympathizing with his brethren in the lower country. "I fear a general uprising among the Indians toward the commencement of spring," Father Ravalli wrote to his Superior. And there can be no doubt that but for religion, which exercised a restraining influence over our Indians, the dreaded uprising with all its attendant horrors would have become a stern reality.

But while the lower country was filled with wars and rumors of war, everything remained quiet at St. Ignatius, where Father Hoecken and his companions were proceeding in their peaceful work of improving the Mission. Father N. Congiato, the general Superior, who visited St. Ignatius in the summer of 1856, wrote of Father Hoecken: "He does the work of several men and has succeeded in uniting together three nations under his spiritual jurisdiction."

As to material improvements, we may first mention the erection of a flour mill, the stones or buhrs being quarried from native rock, the same hands that cut the stones making the tools to cut them with. Together with the flour mill, a whipsaw mill

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was also constructed, the power for both plants being obtained from the stream close by, through a race over one thousand feet long and five feet wide, made, bottom and sides, of hewn tamarack timbers.

Both mills were afterward enlarged and improved by the writer, and a dam thrown across the stream higher up, as well as a new race dug along the bank, gave to the Mission the present valuable water power. Both plants were still further improved at a later date by Father L. Van Gorp, who remodeled and almost entirely renewed them, equipping them, besides, with up-to-date machinery.

The whipsaw mill, though of limited capacity, furnished all the material for the construction of the large church 40 by 100 feet with belfry over 100 feet high—a real marvel—if we consider the scantiness of means at hand for its construction. The structure, frame, roof and all, was held together by wooden pins, nails in those days being still out of reach, and if obtainable, their cost would have been prohibitive.* The columns of the nave, six on each side, were solid timbers, 18 inches in diameter and 15 feet high, and were turned by hand, the power being furnished by the strong arms of stalwart Indians. In this church there was a life-size crucifix carved by Father Ravalli, and it was a work "of rare merit for an amateur artist," says the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, who visited the Mission in June, 1877.†

The faith and fervor of the Indians are most edifying. Every day, winter and summer, year in and year out, at the first tap of the bell which summons them to Mass and instruction early in the morning, and to instruction again and night prayers in the evening, you see them all, men, women and children come out of their log cabins or tepees, and move toward the church. On Sundays and feast days of obligation or of special devotion, thrice in the day are they called to their devotions, and the bright, gay colors of their wrappings lend additional cheerfulness to the festive character of the occasion.

* Half a keg of 60 penny nails, notwithstanding that their price had been considerably reduced, cost $1.00 a pound some twelve years later.

†This is, of course, a description of the old church, since converted into the Sisters' Hospital.

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The "fair-weather" Christian is unknown among these simple-minded people. Winter and summer, rain or shine, in the bitterest cold or the greatest heat, they can be seen plodding along through snow, slush or mud on the way to church. When one of them dies he is accompanied to his last resting place by every member of the tribe in, or anyway near the village; and many a white man, including the martyr of Alaska, the Most Rev. Archbishop Charles Seghers, has been moved to the depth of his soul by the devout impressiveness and sublime Christian simplicity of their funeral processions. One of the funeral dirges which these Indians sing to this day when carrying their dead to rest is an old war song of theirs, a stirring wail of lamentation, which they used to sing over their braves fallen in battle. It was set to music with Christian words by Father Mengarini, but unfortunately, though the words are the same, the original setting is no longer extant, and the present rendering of the song is far from being correct.

Father Joseph Menetrey taught them to sing in Latin the ordinary of the Mass, as well as several of the Latin hymns usually sung at Benediction. They sing them to this day not only tolerably well, musically, but with a distinct and clear pronunciation of every word, which is indeed very remarkable for Indian throats. Still, we must admit that their congregational singing, particularly when the males join in, has ever been wild and savage-like. Bishop O'Connor has this to say of it: "It sounded as if a dozen, at least, of harmonious wolves were scattered among the congregation." It has doubtless improved since then.

"As the Angelus bell rings," writes the same Bishop, "I am struck by the suddenness with which they cease conversation, assume devotional postures, and retain them, statue-like, until the prayer is ended. On Sunday morning I said early Mass at the church. A great number went to communion. It was a novel sight to see the Indian mothers approach the altar-rail with their papooses on their backs; but after all, was it not a touching and beautiful one and pleasing to Him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come to Me and forbid them not'?"

Among them there are not a few daily communicants; a great many receive the sacraments weekly, others, every month; while

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those who receive them less frequently are the exception. On the principal feasts of the year, Christmas and Easter, and also on the feast of St. Ignatius, the Patron Saint, all the Indians gather at the Mission, some traveling as many as two or three hundred miles to be present on these occasions. The number of communions on such festivals varies from 800 to more than 1,000.

We cannot omit mentioning here a very peculiar feature, which, by way of preparation, used to precede in our days and in fact up to a short time ago, these great solemnities. Some two or three days before the feast, a kind of general assizes or open court would be held by the chiefs and head men in the presence of the whole tribe, and be conducted in a most solemn manner. Offenders against the law of the land and good morals were brought before the whole assembly. But frequently the culprits came forward of their own free will, even before any accusation had been lodged against them, and would confess their wrongdoing and ask their due punishment.

At a signal given by the great chief, the whole crowd fell on their knees, all praying together aloud for a space. After this, the culprits were examined, and if found guilty, they were sentenced and punished on the spot. A blanket or buffalo robe having been spread on the ground, the culprit came forward and stretched himself flat upon it. At another signal given by the chief, all again fell upon their knees, praying aloud for the reformation of the offender, while those appointed carried out the sentence on the bare back of the victim. The whipping was done with a horse-whip or a raw hide, and the number of stripes was proportioned to the nature of the offence and the back of the offender, women and young people being, usually, let off with a short and light discipline.

One day two Indians, one of them a Blackfoot adopted into the Pend d'Oreilles tribe, and the other a Kalispel, held a discussion among themselves, each claiming to be a better Indian than the other. The Blackfoot had been left by his wife and had taken unto himself another; while the Kalispel had left his first wife to go with another woman. The point of issue between them was, which deserved less blame. Unable to decide the question of themselves, they brought the case before the writer.

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The controversy, so far as stated, was easy enough to settle, and even in the mind of the Kalispel himself, the point would have been in favor of his opponent, but for the following circumstances which he now proceeded to relate.

"Black Robe," said he, "listen and then decide." He went on to say that he had been married by Father Menetrey to such a one of the tribe, and at such a time, and that the Father had given him a big head of cabbage, twice as large as their two heads put together, to feast upon at their wedding dinner, and that he himself had cooked the cabbage and set it before the bride. "She scowled, Black Robe," continued he. "She took a mouthful, one, two, three times, and each time spit it out, grimacing. I looked her in the eyes, and asked her why she acted so; and she made faces at me, Black Robe, saying: 'You shut up; had I not married you, no woman in the camp would have taken you for a husband!' I got angry, Black Robe, very angry; I rose without saying a word, and left her and the big cabbage, and mounting my horse, went down to my people to get me another wife, to prove to my first wife that she had lied to me."

Some three years after, when he thought his first wife fully convinced that some other woman would have married him, he returned to St. Ignatius, and presented himself to the chiefs to be chastised for what he had done. He was told to go and live with his first wife, his offence being condoned. "No," said he, "unless you give me my whipping, I go back to the other woman;" and off he started. Some of the men were sent after him, and upon his return he was given the coveted castigation. He then return to his first wife, and a happier couple could hardly be found thereafter.

The poor fellow did not know as yet that a good end does not make a bad means lawful, as evil may never be done that good may come of it; and with this ignorance in his favor, there is no doubt that the peculiar circumstances lessened considerably his guilt.

The custom of whipping did not originate with the missionaries, as some have wrongly stated. It existed among the natives before the coming of the Fathers. While still pagans, they believed that the chastisement wiped out the guilt of the action for which it was inflicted, and made full satisfaction for it.

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Hence the Fathers found it at times no easy task to convince them, even after their conversion, that they were obliged to confess the sins for which they had been whipped. Adultery, abandonment of one's wife, lying, stealing, slander, drunkenness and violent anger were the offences which the Indians, when still in the darkness of heathenism, punished by flogging. After becoming Christians, another offence was added to their penal code of their own accord, namely, disorderly conduct at church or during prayer.

Father Giorda once bethought himself of fostering the fervor and devotion of these good people by setting before them at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve an Infant Jesus that raised its little arms and moved its eyes, while a tiny music box, close by but hidden from view, played the *Adeste fideles.* He felt very confident that the pious device would bring home to the Indians the Divine mysteries of the Manger more vividly and with greater profit for their souls.

But to his great disappointment the result proved the very reverse of what he had expected. The artificial motions of the figure made the Indians look upon the thing as "a trick of the white man"; and with such an impression on their minds, the performing *bambino* lost for them all its religious and pious significance, and far from helping them to greater fervor and increasing their devotion, it actually shocked and scandalized them. The incident is worth recalling for it goes to show that the so-called *movies,* when they enter the field of religion by the representation of sacred persons and things, are far from conducive to true piety.*

* The reason for this is not far to seek. Christian faith and genuine piety rest on objective truths of a supernatural order, to which nothing could be more repugnant than optical and mechanical illusions, such as go to make up all moving pictures.

No doubt, because of man's composite nature, representations of holy and sacred objects—be the representations on canvas, or in print, of wood, marble or metal—have been and will ever be of great help in promoting religion and piety. But the very moment that the objects represented are made to appear as animated, as if living and in the flesh, the case is entirely different; the result being then a mixture of things unreal and false, where illusion, deception, travesty and mimicry are all at play.

We speak, of course, only of so-called sacred moving picture shows, wherein the representations often border on the irreverent, not to say the shocking, because of the looks, gait, gestures and general demeanor of those who take

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part. This is particularly the case when the sacred person and actions of our Divine Saviour, or those of His Blessed Mother are represented. We carry within our hearts pictures, as it were, of Jesus, Mary and the Saints, representing the originals in their supernatural and divine perfections, but "sacred" movies shatter our lofty ideals, lowering them to the level of ordinary and commonplace objects. How can religion and piety be helped by these productions?

Yet, we are told, such moving picture shows draw crowded houses. Does this bespeak faith, active and vigorous, or rather the lack of it, on the part of our people? We leave to others the decision. For our poor selves, we would sooner have the faith of those simple-minded Indians of St. Ignatius who could take no stock in the acting *bambino* referred to above.

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Chapter XIV.

EDUCATING THE INDIAN.

I. Mission and School Work.

THE poverty of the Indian Missions and the small number of laborers in the field had compelled the Fathers to limit themselves at first to essentials, that is, to strictly missionary work. Proper training of the Indian children, except in some few individual cases, was practically impossible under the circumstances.

By the year 1863, however, St. Ignatius Mission had attained a degree of comparative prosperity. The opening of a boarding school for Indian children was now resolved upon by Father Giorda, the general Superior of the Missions, and Father U. Grassi, who had succeeded Father J. Menetrey as local Superior of St. Ignatius. Accordingly, whilst suitable buildings for the purpose were under construction, steps were also taken to secure competent teachers. These were to be a colony of Sisters of Providence from Montreal, who, as we shall see, arrived at St. Ignatius a year after, 1864, when the school, the first of the kind in the Northwest, was opened.

The founding of a boarding school for the education of Indian youth marked a new era in the cause of the red man's civilization. But to understand fully the importance of the new undertaking, we must here enter at some length upon the subject of Indian education. This becomes the more necessary, because Indian school work is to engage henceforth much of our attention. Leaving therefore aside for awhile the thread of our narrative, we shall speak first of the necessity of educating the Indians; and secondly, of the methods best suited, in our opinion, to attain the object in view.

We need hardly say that public interest in Indian school problems, at present accentuates the timeliness of the subject.

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WORKSHOP AT ST. IGNATIUS MISSION

FIRST RESIDENCE OF MISSIONARIES, ST. IGNATIUS

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II. Necessity of Moral and Physical Training.

The Indian, before the advent of the whites, was a wild creature, steeped in moral and material barbarism. Now, to attain an end, proportionate means are necessary; consequently, to better the condition of the Indian, morally and materially, means moral and material are indispensable. Without moral civilization, the red man will be no more than a white-washed savage; without the means and helps of material culture, he can no more emerge from his material barbarism than things without legs can walk.

All this follows from the dualism of man's nature, composed as it is of spirit and matter, soul and body. Whence arises the utter impossibility of civilizing any human being without the proper culture of both what is spiritual and what is material in him. No doubt, body and soul being here intimately united in one and the same subjects, the culture of either will redound to the benefit of the other. But as neither nature is substantially changed by the union, body and soul, though united in one and the same individual, will ever demand a distinct and different culture. A process for keeping up the animal system on spiritual food, or feeding the mind on bread and beefsteak, so far as we know, has not yet been discovered, nor is it likely to be. Hence the necessity of moral and intellectual, as well as of material means and helps, for the civilizing of the red man.

This holds true for all men. Man, at birth is but a blank, helpless little savage, the scion of royalty, in this wise, being not a whit better off than the rude savage of the Rocky Mountains. Take, if you please, civilization's most favored son from civilization's lap, let him grow up in the barbarous surroundings of the wigwam—do you think his intellectual, moral and material condition will be one bit above that of the wild children of the forest? Whence then the difference? Because of education. It is therefore evident that the Indian, as the rest of mankind, if he is to be civilized, must needs be educated.

Further, it is evident that in the natural order of things grown-up people, being set and, so to say, crystallized in their ways and habits, cannot be easily moulded anew. Theirs is the case of the aged, knotty tree; no ordinary force can give it or make it retain a shape contrary to its natural bent. Plastic

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youth, then, not irresponsive, callous, old age, is nature's period for education.

But, can the youth of the race be formed to civilized habits if the grown-up portion remains uncivilized? Both nature and common sense give a negative answer to the question. Since youth is the subject to be educated, it is manifest that it cannot educate itself. Moreover, nature's course in educating is from age to youth, from parent to child, not *vice versa*. But in the case before us, the parent is much more a savage than his child, since he has grown in barbarism with age. Far from being a factor in the child's civilization, the parent, because of his intimate connection with his children, becomes positively an uncivilizing agent and a genuine obstacle in the way of their advancement.

This seems so clearly the case that the advocates of mere secular education for the Indian must choose between abandoning the task in despair, or wresting the children from their parents to carry them thousands of miles away, in order to educate them. This latter is the plan actually adopted. We ask the fair-minded reader whether such a system can offer a proper solution of this problem. Mere secular education cannot bring about the betterment of the Indian races, simply because it has power to educate neither the adult savage nor his offspring. Not the former; because he lies beyond the efficiency of the means at its command. Not the latter; by reason of insurmountable obstacles thrown in the way because of the uncivilized condition of the parent.

If this be true, you will say, the civilization of the Indian races becomes impossible. It is indeed, utterly so, unless some element of greater efficacy than mere natural causes can be introduced to do the work. Thank God, such an element not only exists; it is at hand. The Creator of all things "made the nations of the earth for health"—*sanabiles fecit nationes* (Wisd. I. 14); and our Divine Redeemer could not have bestowed a greater boon on mankind than to make Christianity obligatory on all the children of Adam; since He could not make it obligatory for all, without at the same time adapting it to the capacities of all.

We say, then, that all human beings, whatever be their race

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or color, and howsoever degraded, all, without exception, can be civilized, *because all can be Christianized.* To maintain that any people cannot be Christianized would be to restrict the work of the Redeemer, who *pro omnibus dedit, quantum dedit.* To say that, while all can be Christianized, not all can be civilized, would be to assert a contradiction; since as day excludes the darkness of the night, so does Christianity exclude barbarism.

Thus, while mere natural culture is impotent, as demonstrated above, to mould the grown-up savage, and incapable of training savage youth without carrying it off to distant captivity, the case is entirely different with Christianity. For endowed as it is by its Divine Founder with a fund of supernatural energy, it is suited to the capacity of all; it brings both the adult and the youth under its benign and civilizing influence. The parent, transformed by religion into a morally civilized being, ceases to be an obstacle to the training of his children, while the educating of the children under the very eye of the parent, becomes, in turn, greatly beneficial to the parent himself.

Mark you well, however, that though Christianity does not aim directly at the material culture of man, it is not for that any less a most potent factor in his material civilization also. For by condemning, reproving, checking whatever is morally bad, as well as what is morally excessive or defective in men's lives, religion attacks barbarism at its very roots. On the other hand, by positive commendation of all that is morally good and honest, it stimulates man's faculties to industry, labor, study, diligence and refinement.

It does more. All the ordinary means of mental and material culture, in the hands of Christianity, derive therefrom, as the chisel and brush from the consummate skill of the artist, additional efficiency for good.

It should be hardly necessary to remark that what we here predicate of religion, as the most indispensable of all means to civilize the Indian, is to be understood of true, sterling Christianity alone, not of any counterfeit or bogus substitute. Grapes are not gathered from thorns, nor figs from thistles; and a spurious coin is really no coin, no matter how clever an imitation of one it may be.

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CHAPTER XV.

EDUCATING THE INDIAN.

I. President Grant's Peace Policy.

FROM what has been said in the preceding chapter, the necessity of education, if the red man is to be civilized, appears so evident that one cannot but wonder why this indispensable means has been the last to be adopted. Yet it is a fact, that until the last twenty years, apart from what little had been accomplished by Catholic missionaries, nothing, absolutely nothing, was done in Montana toward lifting the Indians from barbarism by means of education.

The cause of this, however, is not far to seek. For, religion which alone could supply the moral means, could not furnish a sufficiency of the material resources necessary for the work; while the Government, which might supply these, could not undertake to teach religion and morality, as this lies beyond the sphere of its activity and competency.

The so-called "Peace Policy," inaugurated during the administration of President Grant, enlisted in the work the aid of Religion and of the State. That policy rested on solid, rational ground. But unfortunately, however sound in principle, political chicanery, bigotry and prejudice soon found a way of perverting it. Without regard to the religious influences that had Christianized them, the tribes of Indians were parceled out among the different denominations. Catholic Indians were confided to Protestant preachers; the Catholic missionary was debarred and driven off the reservations, and what good had been done by Catholicity was soon destroyed by contrary influences. When this crying injustice became known, the sound, practical sense of the people was not slow to denounce it, and a more liberal application of the Grant policy was insisted upon.

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II. Contract Schools.

Convinced at last that the wild Indian could be civilized by education; that his education was practically impossible without religion; that, while the Government could not enter into the sphere of religion, neither could religion be expected to feed and clothe these wards of the nation; convinced, further, that the red man could be civilized far less expensively by education than by the use of rifles and Gatling guns, and that, after having absorbed into the public domain nearly all the Indian country, it was neither honorable, nor fair, nor honest on the part of the United States to refuse to help the poor native, Congress moved the adoption of the Contract School system, as the proper means of solving the perplexing question of Indian civilization.

That this was a wise conclusion, and the only practical one, must appear manifest to every fair mind. We dare say, that, had such a course been adopted and carried out for the past fifty years, the Indian of the Rocky Mountains would be today civilized, industrious, and self-supporting.

Notwithstanding the satisfactory results which have followed its introduction; notwithstanding its fairness, justice and necessity, opposing forces are again hard at work to destroy the contract school. And what is to replace it? A new system of Indian education which, as declared by Senator G. G. Vest, *"will cost the Government millions upon millions of dollars without any appreciable result."*

III. Some Poetical Views About the Indian and His Education.

We have before us the new system devised by the Harrison administration and forced upon the Indians, in place of the contract schools, by Mr. Morgan, the Indian Commissioner. What is the substance of the new scheme? It is to establish among the Indians non-sectarian schools, modeled on the public school system, where no religion is to be taught, and where the aborigines are to be educated by Government employees, to the exclusion of all Christian denominations. And what is the Indian to be taught according to the new system? Many wonderful things!

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"One of the chief defects which have characterized the efforts made for their education," says Commissioner Morgan in his official Report to Congress, "has been the failure to carry them far enough so that they (the Indian youth) might compete with the white youth who have enjoyed the far greater advantages of our system of education." "Higher education," says the Honorable gentleman, "is even more essential for them than it is for white children." "The high school," he declares further on, "should lift the Indian students into so high a plane of thought and aspiration as to render the life of the camp intolerable to them. The Indian high school, rightly conducted, will be the gateway from the desolation of the reservation into assimilation with our national life." "The Indian youth," he adds charmingly in another place, "should be instructed in their rights, privileges and duties as American citizens; they should be taught to love the American flag. They should be imbued with a genuine patriotism." And again: "they should be initiated into the laws of the great natural forces, heat, electricity, etc., in their application to the arts and appliances of civilized life." "There is urgent need among them," he further tells us, "for a class of leaders of thought, lawyers, physicians, preachers, teachers, editors, statesmen and men of letters."*

This, then, is the goal which Commissioner Morgan and the Harrison administration propose to attain by their new scheme of Indian education. We have been for over a quarter of a century connected with the cause of the red man and his education in Montana; and with the knowledge and experience we have of these races, of their nature, their condition, their habits and peculiarities, the ambitions set forth by the Commissioner are to us so much poetical fancy, almost as interesting as it is amusing. In our humble opinion the plan has one very serious defect; it dwells in the realm of the man in the moon; it is not sublunary and hence it can have but little effect on the Indian of the mountains or the plains. Some of the beautiful things expatiated upon by the fertile imagination of the Hon. Commissioner might possibly pass as stories for the nursery, as a sort of fairy tale; but they cannot be taken seriously by serious-minded persons.

* See *Congressional Record,* July 25, 1890.

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We might quote a number of United States Senators, whose opinions on the subject are entirely at variance with those of Commissioner Morgan. We might refer, particularly, to the Hon. Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, whose eloquent, keen, sarcastic thrusts at the system show him to be a gentleman of uncommon practical sense and ability.*

We might further quote a number of others who spent their lives in working among the Indians; but we deem it unnecessary, for the simple reason that the plan itself is its own refutation.

To make the Indian schools non-sectarian is to eliminate Christianity from the education of the Indian; and to eliminate Christianity from the Indian education is to exclude from it the most essential element for success. Without Christianity the task is wretchedly hopeless. Material means are certainly necessary; enthusiasm and philanthropy may assist, but that which is to render material resources a means of genuine civilization, Christianity alone can supply. Enthusiasm soon cools off before the undreamed-of difficulties to be met with at every step in the work. Philanthropy of the true kind is only of the few; whereas to the many belong selfishness and greed.

Experience has amply proven that the Indian cannot be civilized except on Christian principles, through Christian methods, in Christian schools, by Christian teachers; or in the very words of U. S. Senator Davis: *"The education of the Indian cannot be accomplished but by a Sunday school which will last seven days in the week."**

"I assert," said the same Honorable gentleman on the floor of the U. S. Senate, "that history records with a pen which knows no faltering, that from the beginning of time, so far as the intercourse of white men with these barbarians is concerned, it is only where the influence of Christianity has been brought to bear upon them that they have made any progress toward civilization." . . . "The civilization of the American Indian has been the work of the Christian church. The ministers of Christianity have been the forerunners of all that has been done in the way of their reclamation from barbarism." "I believe," said another United States Senator, the Hon. Mr. Jones, of

* See *Congressional Record,* July 25, 1890.

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Arkansas, "that educating the Indian without the aid of religion is an utter impossibility. I do not believe that you can ever make any civilization that is not based primarily upon the Christian religion."*

We therefore submit that if, according to reason and experience, the Indian cannot be civilized independently of religion, then religion must needs be the first requirement of any system of education that is to benefit the red man. Hence appears how untenable is the position of Commissioner Morgan and every advocate of non-sectarian Indian education, who while professing to desire only the good of the Indian, exclude at the same time the one factor without which his civilization has so conclusively been demonstrated to be impossible.

But, after all, are these gentlemen sincere, are they thoroughly honest in their advocacy of the system? If so, then at least they are very inconsistent. For, passing over the fact that Bibles, hymn-books and the like, supplied by the Harrison administration at the expense of the people, are plentiful in every Government Indian school, why are these non-sectarian schools all in the hands of sectarian preachers? This glaring inconsistency was commented upon in the United States Senate July 25, 1890, by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, who spoke as follows: "It seems to me, if looking simply to non-sectarian teaching, it is not wise to select simply clergymen for the purpose of conducting these schools, and if we intend to keep ourselves entirely free from any entanglement of the sort, the schools ought to be put in charge of people who do not undertake to teach morals, or who have nothing to do with religion, at least."*

What stronger proof do we need in support of our position than this inconsistency on the part of the advocates of non-sectarian Indian education? Either these gentlemen are convinced that they can civilize the red man independently of religion, or that they cannot. If they are convinced that they can, why do they appear most determined to do away with it? If they believe that they cannot, why do they seek to exclude it with their non-sectarian humbug?

We shall see shortly the real aim of these worthies.

* See *Congressional Record*, July 25, 1890.

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Chapter XVI.

THE SCHOOL AND TRAINING NEEDED BY THE INDIAN.

I. Indian Training.

THE training of our Indians must be of a very rudimentary kind, and, above all, industrial.

The condition of our Indian with regard to civilized life is, so to say, like an infant's, a blank all over the line. He needs, therefore, to be trained in every point. Whence it follows that no prominence and no special attention can be given to any one point in particular in his formation, since this, under the circumstances, could not be done but at the expense of something else more essential for his training. And if so, how can his education be other than plain and common all over the line, to suit his wants?

The training of the Indian should be industrial: for after religion, next in importance as a factor of Indian civilization, must be placed manual labor. This is all the more true, because our Indians have a deep aversion to real labor; and as lack of industrial activity is what actually causes their uncivilized condition in the material sense, it is this likewise that perpetuates it. Consequently, it is impossible to civilize them, except by forming them to habits of industry and useful toil.

A plain, common English education, embracing spelling, reading and writing, with the rudiments of arithmetic, is book-learning sufficient for our Indians. Anything beyond that for the present at least, in our candid opinion, would prove detrimental, rather than beneficial; since it might serve to encourage their natural indolence at the expense of what they need most, industrial education. An Indian youth, as a matter of fact, will sooner sit two and three hours at a stretch half asleep with a book before him, than hoe a row of potatoes. Furthermore, like a weak stomach that can digest but little food at

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a time, even so is the head of an Indian with regard to book-learning.

Further, it is agreed on all sides that the main object of his industrial education must be to enable the Indian to become self-supporting. But it is not necessary for this that he should become an artist, or a skilful workman, or even a mechanic. For it is obvious that so long as civilization is not more generally advanced among them, trades cannot be much in demand.

That an Indian youth, who may show a special aptitude for one of the common, ordinary trades, or even for a profession, be given an opportunity to become proficient in it, is well and good. This, however, could only be by way of exception. We may therefore conclude that to civilize the Indian his education should be mainly agricultural. Let him be trained especially in farming, stock-raising and the like; since these are, of all occupations, most suited to his actual needs.

II. Indian Day Schools.

Of what benefit will a school be, if attendance is practically out of the question? This is the case with Indian day schools. How can the red man go to school and live, so long as his daily sustenance is still flying in the air, or swimming in the water, or roaming about in the woods? In cooking a hare, says a French saw, the first thing to do is to catch it. But Commissioner Morgan can go one better; he can cook a hare with no hare to cook, that is, he can school Indians with no Indian to receive his schooling.

We say emphatically, the red man of the mountains is still too much of a savage for anyone to entertain even the faintest hope of civilizing him by means of day schools. Hence our conviction that the plan is advocated by people who either know nothing about the Indians, or who, under the pretence of Indian education, seek to impose on the Government. Though an example or two, could they be adduced against us, would not weaken our position, since the exception but confirms the rule, we do not known of any. We will be thankful to him who points out to us one single instance of a day school for Indians which has not been a total failure.

Day schools are certainly good, nay, better, by far, than boarding schools for youth who are born in civilization and

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who, together with the training of the school-room enjoy the still greater blessing of home and family education. But, even granted that they could attend it on others than "ration days," of what practical use for their education can a day school be for wild Indian children who have no real home, and who are destitute of family training? Nay, whose home, or whatever you may please to call it, is but a complex of uncivilizing elements, parents, associations, surroundings, and all? How can you civilize these savage beings, except you withdraw them from the blighting influences that encompass them on every side?

Examine the problem fairly, and see whether it can be solved satisfactorily except through the Indian boarding school. We are convinced it cannot.

III. Indian Boarding Schools Off the Indian Country.

It were wrong to fancy, however, that to give the Indian a school suited to his needs it is necessary to transport him thousands of miles away from his native habitat.

On the contrary, the Indian boarding school located in their midst has for the natives far greater advantages than one far away.

For, first, while it withdraws the children from their objectionable surroundings, it entails no painful separation. For parents can see their children daily, at church, in the class-room, at play, at work in the shop or in the field; and in the case of sickness can sit up with them, care for them and watch at their bedside.

Secondly, being in their midst, it can train its charges according to local conditions, directing their education with a view to remedy their wants. It is clear that many such wants could not be provided for except through pursuits, the practical usefulness of which depends on experimental knowledge to be acquired on the spot. Successful farming requires a practical knowledge of the nature of the soil, length of seasons, seeding time, atmospheric conditions, climatic changes, etc., which differ in different sections of the country. The same may be said of gardening and stock-raising.

Thirdly, bringing as it does civilization and its reverse face

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to face—the former with its home and dwelling, its good food, its cleanliness, its field and garden, its stock, its comforts and its plenty; and the latter, with the whole train of its wretched contrasts—the Indian is, as it were, made to see, hear, smell, touch, taste and compare the blessings of the one with the misery of the other. Hence the industrial boarding school in their midst becomes, not only for the children who are directly benefited by it, but indirectly for all, an argument for civilization than which none can be more effective. Thus also the amelioration of the grown-up Indian is attained; since what is required for the direct formation of the young becomes an indircet education for the old.

The conclusion arrived at by the special Congressional Committee appointed by the House of Representatives in 1885 to look into the subject, is interesting and much to the point. "We repeat what has already been expressed, that if the interest of the Indian children and of the tribes is to be consulted, these children should be educated, and that on the reservation, in the midst of the tribes, the school and its industries being an example and incentive, not to the children only, but to the whole tribe." And again: "The Committee urge the policy of educating and training the Indian children on the reservation, not only because it is best for the children and the tribe, but at the same time a measure of economy."*

There is no need of our laying special stress on the greater expensiveness of Indian boarding schools off the Indian country, when compared with the Indian boarding school conducted at home. The matter is touched upon by the Congressional Committee we have just quoted, and it is also referred to by us elsewhere.

Deserving consideration, however, is the separation that the boarding school off their reservation entails upon the Indians, a separation not only dreaded by the parent and the child, but harmful to both.

We doubt whether any fathers and mothers can be more fond of their children than are the Indian parents of theirs. And whence this exceeding great fondness of the Indians for their children? From their uncivilized condition, of which it

* House of Representatives' Report, 1876.

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is but a natural and necessary consequence. Parental affection in the Indian is but the expression of a primal instinct of man's animal nature. It is hardly subject to reason in the savage, and consequently is stronger than in civilized beings. From which it follows that separation from loved ones works a graver hardship on the Indian than on the white man.

The fact that some Indian youths are being carried off to such schools proves nothing against our position. It simply proves that Indians, like other mortals, do at times what they cannot help; that coaxing, bribery, trickery, intimidation and coercion can extort from the red man an unwilling consent, as they often extort it from others. We say *an unwilling consent;* for as soon as the pressure brought to bear upon them has relaxed, the parents are almost certain to retract their permission. If in the meanwhile their children have been taken away, the unfortunate creatures not only lament inconsolably over them, but in their bereavement, as Indians are wont to do, often disfigure themselves, cutting themselves with knives, to give vent to their sorrow.

What is the method used to secure Indian children for these far-off Indian boarding schools? We are told by the Hon. Mr. Holman, "The Agent of Carlisle or any other school in the East goes to the place where the Indians are; he tells the Indian Agent how many children he wants and the Agent says to the parents of the children selected, 'Your rations are suspended until you let your children go.'" This statement was made quite recently in the House of Representatives by the Honorable gentleman. And what is the meaning of the "suspension of rations," held over the head of the Indian parent, to induce him to part with his children? Few of the American people have any idea what it means, or in their indignation they would not only denounce it as barbarous and inhuman, but they would brand its authors with perpetual infamy. It means starvation. Many of the poor wretches have today nothing to live upon but the scanty rations that are furnished them by the Government; and if these are taken away, starvation stares them in the face.

Again, what are the effects of educating Indian children in such boarding schools? Must it not tend to alienate them from

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their own flesh and blood? Indians so educated are only too likely to turn out as so many over-educated white-skinned individuals, who are to be met with everywhere in the lower walks of life; whose education is their misfortune; who know too much and are too clever to live by honest toil, and for whom the haunts and gilded surroundings of vice have always a deeper and stronger attraction than the plain, simple comforts of an humble, virtuous home. They are, in a word, *too* civilized and have lived too long in ease and comfort, to go back and stay again with kith and kin in all the discomforts of an uncivilized, or at best, semi-civilized state. Or, were they to return and live among them, their conduct would likely prove an obstacle, instead of a help to others.

But the other day in the Congress of the United States, Mr. Holman, who in 1885 was Chairman of a special Committee sent out by the House of Representatives for the purpose of investigating the results of this system of Indian education, made the following statement: "The results of this class (Indian schools off the reservation) are unsatisfactory. We did not find in our observations *a single instance* where the children who had gone from these schools back to the reservations, unless supported in some form or other by the Government, had not relapsed into barbarism, and this applies to the girls as well as to the boys—and *in many cases they had become more vicious than the body of the tribe.*"* What more explicit, more emphatic and weightier testimony could be adduced in condemnation of the system?

Reason, then, is again supported by experience and authority; and we therefore conclude that, whatever its merits in some isolated cases, the plan is unsuitable. Its advantages, if it has any, are only for the few; whereas its disadvantages are real, serious, and manifold. When, therefore, the Hon. George G. Vest declared in the U. S. Senate, "I would not take these children to the States, where they would acquire ideas which are alien to Indian life," he expressed in a short, pithy sentence the substance of our argument.

The system of training Indian children in boarding schools off the reservation has advantages, however, if not for the

* Italics ours. *Congressional Record.*

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Indians themselves, at least for the teachers and managers of the schools. And who knows, but this, at bottom, is the very reason why the system is adopted, commended and made to appear satisfactory, notwithstanding the fact that its results prove it to be the very reverse?

IV. The Health of the Children.

Thus far, nothing has been said about the health of the children, surely a very necessary consideration in every educational system.

Now, it is well known that the roving disposition of the Indian can ill brook restraint. Hence school discipline and confinement must be tempered and regulated with great discretion, if they are not to impair seriously the health of the Indian youth. It is a general law of life, whether in animal or plant, that one thrives only in surroundings that are congenial. Birds and other animals accustomed to unlimited freedom in nature, if placed in confinement, though it be in a golden cage, will suffer, pine away and die. So also many a plant will thrive, grow vigorous and strong in poorer soil and rougher climate, because native and congenial, but when transplanted to richer soil and milder clime, will grow sickly, wither and die.

Even so with Indian children. To snatch them away from their native habitat and transport them thousands of miles away from their mountains and prairies, from the scenes of their youth, their cherished fishing streams and hunting grounds, and throw them utter strangers among strangers, where everything round them is not only new and bewildering, but uncongenial; where for months and for years they are deprived of all intercourse and communication with their kindred, and where they have nothing to remind them of their home and people, except fellow Indians as forlorn and miserable as themselves, all this cannot but have a serious, depressing effect upon them and prove injurious to their health.

There can be no doubt that because of its confinement the boarding school is at a disadvantage with the day school. But this disadvantage, while unavoidable, is reduced to its minimum in the school established in the Indian country; whereas in the

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boarding school off the reservation it is intensified to its maximum, and without sufficient cause. In the former, the confinement is greatly modified by the environs; whereas all the surroundings of the latter do but aggravate it. It is to be noted that the confinement of a boarding school, albeit within the reservation, may prove harmful to the health of the children, if it be not regulated and tempered, as already said, by much practical sense and discretion.

Mischief in man's doings lies neither entirely nor always on the side of the *less;* it frequently arises from the *too much;* so to *overdo* things may prove at times even more faulty and mischievous than to do them poorly. It is our candid belief that this applies in a special manner to the case before us. To those who have seen the physical wrecks among the few young Indians who have returned to us from far-away schools, the system appears scarcely better than an improved, refined, and more expedite method of killing off the Indian.

Nostalgia or homesickness is a disease well known to medical science, and not a few of the Indian youth who are thus transported for their education die victims of the effects of this malady. We venture the assertion, based on facts of our own observations, that if a thorough investigation were made into the matter, it would be discovered that a large percentage of Indians so educated die before reaching maturity. If this be to civilize the Indian by teaching him "ideas alien to Indian life;" if this be to "bring him in touch with civilized American life," then it is civilization with a vengeance, besides being an utter defiance of the old Scriptural saw that "A live dog is better than a dead lion."

We know, however, that with people who think no Indian good, except a dead one, our plea for the red man will be of little avail. To all such, a system of Indian schools that will educate and civilize the Indian out of existence will always be preferable to any other.

V. The Morals of the Children.

However, we are far from maintaining that all boarding schools will answer the purpose, and we do not deny that there are serious difficulties and grave dangers to be guarded against

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in conducting such institutions. In human affairs it is hardly possible to secure an advantage in one direction without suffering some disadvantage in another. Hence, while the boarding school offers advantages, on the one hand, it never is without its drawbacks, on the other. We need not exaggerate the dark side nor overdraw the picture. With regard to moral dangers, for instance, met with in boarding schools where either the discipline is lax, or proper vigilance and supervision are wanting, we simply assert that such dangers do exist and are too well known to practical and experienced educators, to call for any proof. Nor are they fewer or less serious among Indian children.

For ourselves—and this we say with all candor—we much doubt whether it would not be preferable to let the savage live and die in his native barbarism than to have him brought up in a boarding school, where the corrective and restraining elements of Christianity, its principles, its doctrines and its helps are excluded; where his education, while increasing his capacity for physical and mental activity, quickens, stimulates, and sharpens also the passions and appetites of his nature. Such a school, in our opinion, is utterly incapable of supplying him with adequate means to keep his nature under control. In his native barbarism the Indian is very miserable, it is true, but less guilty, perhaps, before his Maker, for the offences which he commits.

We know that non-sectarianism has no such scruples, and that its advocates will dismiss our reasoning with a smile on their lips. But, then, are they any the wiser for that? They may laugh at our scruples, but are we not cautioned by the "Father of the country," George Washington himself, in his Farewell Address, "not to indulge in the supposition that morality without religion can be maintained"? Does not experience proclaim daily, and everywhere, that mortality without religion is but a phantom of the imagination? Smiles cannot destroy the testimony of stubborn fact which is that many an Indian was far less immoral when a savage in the woods than after years of tutelage in a non-sectarian school.

When Mr. Call in the United States Senate declared emphati-

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cally: *"The safety of the morals of these people requires that they should be put under the guardianship of religion,"* he touched the kernel of the whole question, and the experience of a quarter of a century makes us subscribe unconditionally to the Senator's words.*

* *Congressional Record,* July 25, 1890.

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CHAPTER XVII.

NON-SECTARIANISM IN INDIAN EDUCATION AND INDIAN CONTRACT SCHOOLS.

IN a recent issue of a leading Montana paper, a writer under the pseudonym "Constitution" has come forth to champion the non-sectarian system of Indian education inaugurated by the Harrison administration. As a rule, the only attention anonymous writers deserve is to be left unnoticed. But as the article in question bears the ear-marks of inspiration from higher quarters than a newspaper office, and is, besides, a fair exposition of the grounds on which the system is advocated by its authors, we call our readers' attention to it, that they may consider and judge for themselves of the real merits of the case.

EDUCATION FOR INDIANS.

IMPORTANT IDEAS AND HISTORICAL FACTS BEARING ON QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Sir:—In the *Daily Independent* of December 14th appeared an article signed by Rev. Palladino, S. J., which, as voicing the persistent attitude of the sect to which he belongs, occasions no surprise; but as it is one move only in an open warfare upon the faithful Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and, through him a menace to the Administration, which has thus far withstood their demand for his removal (it would be the same with a Democratic administration), this article has much political significance; and it is well for the people to consider the real merits of the case.

It does not follow that because Senator Vest ostentatiously subscribes himself as an enemy of Jesuitism, all he says must be taken as unbiased. He is quoted in one part of Rev. Palladino's article as saying, "It is impossible to educate an Indian if you let him go back to his family each day," and again, with absurd inconsistency, "I would not take them off to the States where they could acquire ideas which are alien to Indian life."

These sentences have a dogmatic ring, and, in fact, the entire attitude of the Senator may well be considered a bit of special pleading. Over against it are the testimonies of many reliable witnesses, whose

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knowledge is not confined to one junketing tour or season, including no inconsiderable part of the Indians themselves.

Few people, of whatever belief, are disposed to belittle the heroism and devotion of those Fathers, like De Smet and his contemporaries, who sacrificed their lives in the wilderness at the behest of their religion and to benefit mankind; but what monument is left of their work other than their fame—and valuable church property? Where are the Indians they have lifted from barbarism? (It is to be observed that there is no parallel between their surroundings and work and those of their successors of to-day.)

To those who question religious authority it may well appear that the Rev. Palladino is of the opinion that if they "go to mass regularly," it is not desirable that the Indians "should acquire ideas which are alien to Indian life," but we submit that the Government appropriates large sums of money for Indian education for the express purpose of having them acquire such ideas, to the end that "Indian life," as distinguished from the life of the other people of these United States, should disappear entirely, and as speedily as may be.

That the Jesuits disapprove of the non-sectarian Indian schools, and attack with scorn the plans of Commissioner Morgan, need cause no surprise; they have done the same with the whole free school system, calling them "Godless," "irreligious," etc., and yet it is well known to all people that the religious standard (I speak not of profession, but of practical religion, manifest in action) is as high among their teachers as in the parochial schools, and that the attendants of the free schools bear honorable comparison with those of the others, not only in walk and conversation, but in the averages which the criminal statistics of the country show.

Let it not be forgotten that among the sectarian contract schools the co-religionists of Rev. Palladino have had, heretofore, near or quite three-fourths of the appropriations and less than half of the Indians also; that the issue is not whether teachers who happen to be Catholics shall be employed, but whether the Commissioner shall run his department and oversee the expenditure of the appropriations with the responsibility for which he is charged, or turn it over to a self-appointed religious bureau in Washington to dispose of at their own sweet will.

The Commissioner is right. Let the Indians learn "ideas alien to Indian life," that they may learn to be in touch with, and no menace to, the civilized American life which is fast closing in about them. If they choose also to learn any religion, let them choose it, and let not those who would do sacrifice to teach it, stultify their charity by making it depend upon Government bounty.

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As a fair commentary on Senator Vest's rhapsodies, let those interested in the subject read the history of the rise and fall, within this century, of the "Missions of California" with their thousands of "Christianized Indians," and how gladly they went back to their mountains and wild life when the Government in Mexico compelled the disbanding of the standing army which had led them in peonage and "Christianity."*

Then look for any civilized tribes under control of, or in the wake of, teaching which makes obedient (?) children rather than self-contained citizens, and you cannot find them in America. The following extracts are from a dispassionate sketch, and exhibit the mission system and its achievements with Indians when given the most favorable opportunities:

"The mission was from one standpoint missionary and ecclesiastical; from another it was industrial and political; Christianized natives meant laborers and vassals. The California Indians, of whom in 1721 Collier wrote, 'Every family hath an entire Legislature and Governors at discretion,' were brought into a subjection only paralleled in Paraguay.

"In July, 1769, Father Serra, a man of singular zeal, piety, asceticism and administrative ability, founded San Diego and began the mission system in Alta California. His success completed its ecclesiastical conquest and brought the coast tribes into full subjection.

"The missions in their prime were little more than Indian reservations, managed, it is true, with great zeal and marked industrial success, but entirely incapable of making citizens of their Indian occupants. From the days of the good Las Casas, Spain and Mexico have honestly tried to do their best by the Indians. The laws of Mexico gave them many rights which in practice they were utterly unable to obtain. Later Spanish laws created additional safeguards against the loss of their common or other lands, but in California, as in Mexico, the actual rights possessed by the Indians were less than their legal rights even during the sixty years of the missions' undisputed control.

If the condition of vassalage in which mission Indians were kept be considered entirely justifiable, their treatment was on the whole satisfactory. Few whites besides priests and soldiers were allowed to live at the missions. The Indians were fed and clothed, taught trades, simple mechanical arts and the system of agriculture practiced in Spain, passing their uneventful lives as humble servants of the

* See *Mining Camps:* a Study in American Frontier Life, by Charles Howard Shinn, A.B., Baltimore, 1884.

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Church, which was virtually independent of Mexico, owner of the soil, and master of the country.

"One might fill a volume with incidents of life in these quaint and curious missions before their hour of doom came. The people rose at sunrise, spent an hour at chapel, marched singing to the fields, returned when the evening Angelus rang, spent the evening in games and amusements and retired to their huts. They planted gardens, vineries and orange groves—gardens in which the choicest fruits of Granada and Andalusia were grown. They tended the fast-multiplying herds of the missions, the broad valleys and fertile foothills. . . . De Courcey says that the Franciscan Fathers had 75,000 California Indians civilized and converted before 1813. . . .

"When the missions were first established a tract of about fifteen acres was allotted to each one, but their lands were never surveyed, and they gradually extended their bounds until they laid claim to nearly the entire region. The term "mission" that once meant only the church town with the gardens and orchards near it, soon came to include the extensive tracts over which the cattle, horses and sheep owned by the establishment roamed at will. The priests never received any formal acknowledgment from the Spanish Government of their land claims. The revolution of 1812 put the subject into the hands of the Mexican liberals, who, four years later, freed the Indian serfs from compulsory allegiance to the priesthood.

"The famous missions, with all their faults of theory and practice, had been planted by men possessed of the true missionary spirit; they had done much to civilize the natives and more to improve the country. They had often dispensed a genial and generous hospitality to strangers, and they ruled their servants with a firm and liberal hand. When the whole social fabric of the mission system went to ruin, the suddenness of its downfall shocked all thoughtful observers. Yet it was but an artificial system, and its intrinsic worthlessness was plainly revealed the moment the outside pressure and military coercion were removed. Moral suasion was futile to restrain the thousands of Indian converts, who would no longer be persuaded to make soap, mould bricks, weave wool, sing Latin hymns and mediæval prayers. They returned to their hillsides, their grasshoppers, their camas roots and their idleness, while many of the priests went back to Mexico. The missions' lack of economic success was by far the least part of its failure."*

As for the Flat Head Indians, it is sufficient to say, after the fifty years' teaching, they have in the past five years committed more

* From *Mining Camps: A Study in American Frontier Life*, by Charles Howard Shinn, A.B., Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, 1884.

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cowardly murders than an equal number of reservation Indians anywhere, and except for a few level-headed men among them, the whole tribe would have shielded and protected the murderers.

Reduced to a logical proposition, the claims of Rev. Palladino are simply and only:

The Government must civilize the Indians.

The only way to civilize the Indians is to teach them Christianity.

The Jesuits can teach Christianity better and cheaper than any other people.

Therefore the Government must employ the Jesuits to teach the Indians Christianity.

But everybody knows that Buddhists, Universalists and Baptists all could and would make the same claims, and a sufficient answer to all is:

The appropriation of public money for the purpose of teaching any religion is strictly and carefully prohibited by the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Montana as well, and attempts to override these will lead to continual dissensions—useless dissensions—for whether religion is good or otherwise the State can have nothing to do with it; and the end must be obedience to the

CONSTITUTION.*

Helena, December 20, 1891.

REPLY

We shall address our opponent by the pseudonym under which he bravely and patriotically hides himself, only adding, at the behest of civility and politeness, the prefix "Mr." to "Constitution," and we shall limit our reply to the salient points of his article.

We dismiss as rather "unconstitutional" the charge that the plain and impartial expression of our views on this important subject is of any, still less "much political significance." We are too little and too utterly insignificant to give anything we may say, do or write, any political significance; and are, besides, tolerably well known for the last twenty-five years to the people of Montana, for them to even dream of the contrary. Candidly, we never knew that there was any politics in us, until Mr. Constitution was kind enough to tell us. But, perhaps, the political

* We have been creditably informed that the above communication came to the office of our town paper, *The Journal,* from Commissioner Morgan's office, Washington, D. C., and that it was sent to *The Journal* already set up and ready for the press. If so, what of the date it carries?

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significance of this discussion will be found to be on the side of Mr. Constitution himself; it is certainly not on our side.

FATHER DE SMET AND HIS CO-LABORERS.

Mr. Constitution seems not to feel disposed to "belittle the heroism and devotion of those Fathers, like De Smet and his contemporaries, who sacrificed their lives in the wilderness at the behest of their religion and to benefit mankind. But," asks he, "what monument is left of their work other than their fame and valuable church property? Where are the Indians they have lifted from barbarism?" How a Father De Smet and others like him can be said to have benefited mankind, and yet left nothing of their work other than their fame; or how they could have obtained fame without accomplishing any work worthy of fame, is more than we can understand. "What monument is left of their work?" Is it disingenuousness or ignorance that prompts the question? We may point to one such monument. In the endless history of Indian wars that have cost the United States Treasury millions of dollars and the nation thousands of lives can Mr. Constitution tell us of a single one that was brought about by Catholic Indians? This monument of peace erected by Christianity and its ministers, by Father De Smet and his confrères, is equivalent to many, and in the minds of thinking people, it alone should suffice to show that non-sectarianism is a very poor substitute for Catholic Christianity in the work of Indian education.

CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA, ETC.—MORAL SUASION AND NON-SECTARIAN METHODS.

Mr. Constitution's disparaging reference to the mission system of Indian civilization, as exemplified in the rise and fall of the Catholic Indian missions in Paraguay, Mexico, and particularly in California, is a most unfortunate one for his cause. No one who is at all familiar with the history of those missions can hesitate to admit that the interference of the Government alone crushed and destroyed them. It was the non-sectarianism of the Mexican Government that brought about this work of ruin and desolation in California. The Catholic missionaries were driven away, the administration was secularized, and the poor, unfortunate Indians, who were Christians, industrious and happy under

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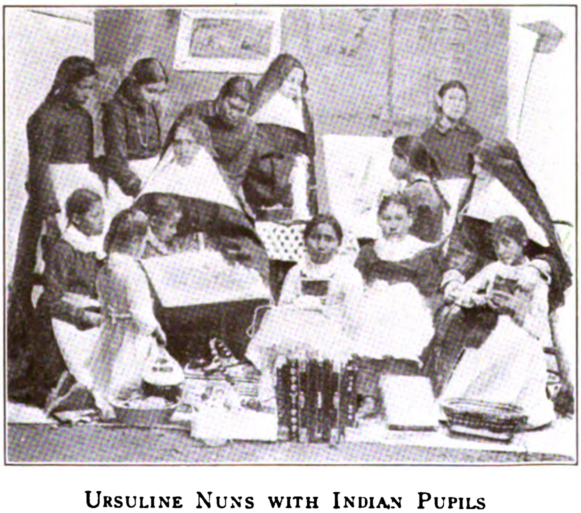
Class in Calisthenics, St. Paul's Mission

St. Xavier Church, Crow Indian Mission



Ursuline Nuns with Indian Pupils

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the mission system, were driven back by the anti-religious policy of the Mexican Government to a condition of poverty, wretchedness and barbarism even worse than that from which they had been rescued by Christianity.

"Catholic missionaries brought the tribes of Mexico and California under the most perfect control, and kept them so," says Bartlett, an authority above suspicion. "And how was this done? Not by the sword, nor by treaty, nor by presents, nor by unscrupulous Indian agents, prepared to sacrifice the poor creatures without remorse for their own sinister ends. The Indian was taught Christianity with many of the arts of civilized life, and how to sustain himself by his labor. By this means the Society of Jesus accomplished more toward ameliorating the condition of the Indians than the United States had done since the settlement of the country."*

"But moral suasion," says Mr. Constitution, "was futile to retain the thousands of Indian converts who would no longer be persuaded to make soap, mould bricks, weave wool, sing Latin hymns, and repeat mediæval prayers." But, dear Mr. Constitution, how would you have those poor, unfortunate Indians continue to be persuaded, when the one efficient cause of persuasion was no longer among them—when the ministers of Christianity, who had persuaded them from barbarism into an industrious Christian life, and who alone could persuade them to remain in it, were driven away? How innocent is Mr. Constitution's statement that "many of the priests went back to Mexico." You need not tell us, after this, that the Indians returned to their hillsides, to their grasshoppers, etc. It could not be otherwise; and it would be well for the authors and advocates of non-sectarianism in Indian education to bear in mind, that like causes must needs produce like effects.

"If those missions have come to nought,"† "if we must seek in vain for the results of their toil and sacrifices,"‡ the failure is not to be ascribed to the men who created them, nor to their system, any more than we can ascribe want of skill to an Apelles

* Bartlett, *Personal Narrative*, 2, 92, 432.
† Kip, *Jesuit Missions*, 3.
‡ Parkman, *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, 48.

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or a Zeusis, because their masterpieces of art have been destroyed.†

Scarcely a score of years ago a maddened commune in Paris pulled down, burned and destroyed some of the finest monuments ever erected by the genius of man, real treasures of everything noble, beautiful and grand. But because today the wayfarer's foot treads on the vacant lots where the noble piles were reared and stood and were inspected and admired every day of the year by thousands of visitors from every corner of the earth, will Mr. Constitution argue that those magnificent monuments of architecture and art have never existed, or that they were not what they were, simply because they are no more, having been made to disappear in smoke by the incendiary torch of the anti-religious and non-sectarian rabble of Paris?

"Those missions," says an eminent historian, "were among the noblest works of men; in the degree that we admire the zealous men who filled Florida, Texas and California with Christian villages must we stamp with every brand of ignominy and disgrace the men and the policy which destroyed them and drove their inmates back into barbarism."†

INDIAN NATURE AND THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

But "the United States Government," we are told, "appropriates large sums of money for Indian education for the express purpose and to the end that 'Indian life,' as distinguished from the life of the other people of the United States, should disappear entirely and as speedily as may be." We simply reply that all the millions in the United States Treasury are insufficient to bring this about, and that so long as there is an Indian alive, he will live more or less according to his Indian nature. Scarcely a week ago, chief Charlot, now on the Jocko, insisted with the authorities on the reservation that none of the boys of his band should attend school if their hair is to be shorn. You may talk "High School" to these people to your heart's content; you may talk patriotism; you may seek as much as you please to "initiate them into the laws of the great natural forces," etc., but they are Indians, they have the Indian nature, and even an old-time

† Shea, *Catholic American Missions*, 120.

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pagan tells you that: *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* And certainly the white man's conduct in general, and that of some Government officials in particular, in their dealings with the Indians, has never been such as to make the red men fall in love with our ways and manners.

CATHOLICS AND CONTRACT SCHOOLS.

To the charge that the Catholics have had nearly three-fourths of the contract school appropriation, we answer in the words of Senator Teller: "There has been," says the Senator, "a good deal of complaint in the country that the Catholic Church had monopolized a large portion of the educational facilities for the Indians. I have no affinity with the Catholic Church; all my connections, all my teachings and associations have been the other way. I have observed, though, that the Catholics have been the most successful educators of the Indians of any people in the country."*

In the testimony, then, of Senator Teller, the Catholics have had more contract schools because they have been more successful in educating the Indians. But not only have Catholics been more successful, they have been so at less cost to the Government. "They have sent men to the Indians," says Senator Jones, of Arkansas, "who were willing to devote their lives and go among these wild people for the purpose of doing good; and I respectfully submit that they will more earnestly and devotedly put in their days and their nights in this work than any class of mere hirelings who go there for the salary. A large majority of these people go practically without salaries. This thing ought not to be overlooked, and it ought not to be neglected; and when we are making provision for these schools if we intend this civilizing shall be effective and shall accomplish something substantial, I think these cheap schools, the contract schools that have done so much to build up not only the intelligence of the Indians, but their morals, ought to be cordially and heartily sustained by the Government, and ought not to be criticised, and we ought not to allow any mere feelings of partisan bias and sectarian prejudice to influence us to legislate against one denomination simply because it has shown a disposition to go further and spend more money and more labor, and exercise more thought and diligence

* *Congressional Record,* July 25, 1890.

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in the development of this great work than any other denomination has done." Thus Senator Jones, of Arkansas.

"And again," says the same Senator, "the point I was endeavoring to get the Senators' attention to was this—that this, it seems to me, cannot in any sense be called a Government aid to these schools. If the Government spent money as economically and as judiciously as it is expended in these contract schools (for these contract schools educate the Indians for less money than the Government can do it) so far from being a benefit conferred by the Government upon the schools, it is a benefit conferred by the schools upon the Government by that much money saved. The reports which I have called attention to here this morning, covering ten pages, will show that the average expense of the Government schools is about twice as much as the cost to the Government of the same work done by these people under contract."*

Mr. Constitution, of course, condemns all contract schools. But, suppose that such were not the case, would he approve of Indian schools being assigned to this or that denomination regardless of their success? Would he give "the largest school facilities for the Indians" to the less successful Indian educators? We are satisfied that he would never conduct his own private business or his family affairs on such principles. Why should he, then, approve of the Government doing so? "These Catholic people," says Senator Call, "in the matter of Indian education have, perhaps, taken the lead in respect to numbers. But whatever they have done they have come honestly by, and they have done a work which neither the Government nor any other people would have done. Now, is it to be said," continues the Senator, "that because the Catholics have educated more of the Indians, have established more stations for education, therefore, they shall be deprived of the work because they have an undue share of what?—of the performance of a duty of the Government, which the Government asked them to perform, and which the morality and Christianity of the day demand should be performed by somebody."*

* *Congressional Record,* July 25, 1890.

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CONTRACT SCHOOLS AND THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

But particular stress is laid by the anonymous writer on the fact that "the appropriation of public money for the purpose of teaching any religion is strictly and carefully prohibited by the Constitution of the United States and by the laws of Montana as well." We know it, and heartily approve of it; but we must emphatically deny that to put breeches on *sans culottes,* to shelter them, to feed them; to teach people to be farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters; to instruct and enable them to make a living by honest toil, is to teach religion. Who in the world, except he be out of his wits, can or will say that to teach these things is to teach religion? And if to teach these matters is not to teach religion, how, in the name of plain, common sense, can it be asserted that the Government cannot contract to have them taught; or if it contracts to have them taught, that it appropriates, against the Constitution, public money to teach religion? Why, then, may not the Government employ me, like any one else, to teach them, if I do the teaching equally as well? And if my religion be a help to me to fill the task better and more successfully, what folly is it not to bid me lay aside that which helps me render better and more efficient service? Has, then, non-sectarianism or the hatred of religion and Christianity in this enlightened age of humanitarianism, philanthropy, progress, civilization and freedom of conscience, come to this—that because I happen to be a Christian, a Catholic, a priest or a Religious, and, in spite of the better and more efficient service that because of my religious belief and practice I am able to render, I should be disqualified as an employee of the Government? What could be narrower, more bigoted, more unjust?

"I have no patience with this sectarian talk," said Senator Davis on the floor of the United States Senate, July 25, 1890. "This Government is not making itself a party to any denomination in this business. This is a business, and a business of a serious character. The Government, taking advantage in the wilderness of the facilities which these pioneers of Christianity have created for it, proposes merely to allow the Indian children to enjoy the hospitality and nurture of these men and women."*

* *Congressional Record,* July 25, 1890.

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"I insist," said Senator Call on the same occasion, "that there is no kind of foundation for the proposition that because the Government contracts with a Religious Order to educate children, to teach them arithmetic, their letters, writing, and to give them, if necessary an education in the different trades and pursuits, that because the Government contracts with a religious organization, therefore, they are maintaining an established religion."*

But, then, ask we, was it not the Government itself that under the Peace Policy of President Grant proclaimed the necessity of religion in the cause of Indian education and sought its help, by calling upon the different churches to assist the Government in the work? "This proclamation," says Senator Call, "has been made by the Government in the very legislation of the country and in the policy which has been pursued for years by the Interior Department, with the approval of each Congress that has met." Now, contract schools are, or are not against the United States Constitution. If you say they are, you must admit that the legislation and policy of the country has been in opposition to the Federal Constitution for years. If you say they are not, then your plea for non-sectarianism in Indian education is a fraud, since it rests on a falsehood.

And further, were there in these contract schools and like institutions anything contrary to the letter or spirit of the United States Constitution, would the Know-nothings of the day be so busy, as they seem just now to be, to have Congress pass an amendment to the Federal Constitution for no other purpose than to make these schools and similar institutions "unconstitutional?" But why not advocate as well an amendment to abolish the Constitution itself? If more radical and more un-American, these anti-Catholic organizations are at least less inconsistent.

THE FLAT HEADS.

Mr. Constitution charges the Flat Heads with having "committed in the last five years more cowardly murders than an equal number of reservation Indians anywhere." We brand the assertion as an atrocious slander on that much maligned tribe of peaceful Indians, and challenge Mr. Constitution to substantiate the charge that any Flat Head was implicated in or connected

* *Congressional Record,* same date.

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with the murders referred to. It has been the proud, and we believe also truthful boast, of these Indians that none of their tribe has ever spilled the blood of a white man. Were the murderers Flat Heads because the crimes were committed within the limits of the reservation of that name? Are there not on that reservation Kootenays, Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles, Spokanes, and Nez Percés?

This charge, however, has been anticipated above, where we mentioned these very crimes, the names of their authors and some of the extenuating circumstances under which the crimes were perpetrated. We simply add here to our own statement about those Indian criminals, that all four were non-Christians, having spurned all the influences of religion until the gallows and the hangman were in sight.

Mr. Constitution concludes by saying: "The claims of Rev. Palladino are simply and only, 'The Government must civilize the Indians.'"

We never committed ourselves to such an assertion. On the contrary, we say that the Government must not civilize them, for the simple reason that the Government cannot do it. What we asserted, or what naturally follows from our argument is this: If these wards of the nations are to be civilized, the necessary means to that end must be adopted; but Christianity is necessary; therefore, the Government must not seek to exclude it. To seek the end and exclude at the same time the means necessary to the end, is not the work of reason, but of madness. And since Christianity's necessary means to civilize the Indians cannot be had outside of Christianity itself, the Government must either enlist in the cause the services of Christianity, or be doomed to utter failure in its attempt to civilize the Indian. "The alternative is here," declared Senator Call in the United States Senate, July 25, 1890, "you must either employ these churches or you cannot educate these Indians."

"The only way to civilize the Indians," continues Mr. Constitution," is to teach them Christianity." That is, to civilize them morally and intellectually, yes; to civilize them also materially, the means and instruments of material civilization are also required. This is evident, as the means must be proportionate to the end. What we maintain is, that you cannot civilize the

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Indian independently of Christianity. Show us that you can; point to one solitary instance to the contrary, and we give in.

"But the Jesuits," says Mr. Constitution, "can teach Christianity better and cheaper than any other people." Not exactly, sir. The Jesuits have never pretended to teach Christianity better than any other duly authorized preachers of Christianity. As to the cheaper part, we almost feel inclined to say, yes, for the simple reason that the Jesuit binds himself by most sacred vows to receive no salary, no compensation or remuneration of any kind whatever for the exercise of the Christian ministry. But the question here is not exactly of Jesuits, it is of the Catholic Church; and, therefore, for the sake of argument, suppose, Mr. Constitution, that the Catholic Church were the only one that could really civilize these Indians; or that it could do it as well as anybody else and at less cost and expense to the Government, what would economy, sound policy, true statesmanship and plain common sense suggest? To throw the people's money away, and pay more for what you can secure at less cost? What becomes, then, of the principle that underlies all American legislation with regard to the expenditure of public funds?

"But the Government of the United States, now one of the richest on the face of the earth, with an overflowing treasury," says Commissioner Morgan in his official Report of 1890," has at its command unlimited means and can undertake and complete this work (the non-sectarian civilization and education of the Indians according to the gentleman's plans) without feeling it in any degree a burden" . . . "The Commissioner," comments Senator Jones, of Arkansas, "seems to have been impressed with the thought that the Government has an overflowing treasury which is absolutely inexhaustible, and that one of his duties was to get as much money out of it as possible."*

If the aim, then, of the non-sectarian system of Indian education devised by Commissioner Morgan and so warmly advocated by Mr. Constitution, is simply to spend money, we have nothing more to say. But we submit that the millions could be spent less unprofitably and less inconsistently in chasing a wild goose, than in futile attempts to civilize the Indians independently of Christianity.

* *Congressional Record,* July 25, 1890.

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But enough of this. Let us return to our narrative and see exemplified the system of educating the red men which we advocate. Its acknowledged success will be the best commendation of its merits. We resume, then, the local history of St. Ignatius and pass on to speak of its schools, the first Industrial Boarding Schools for Indians established in the Northwest.

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Chapter XVIII.

THE FIRST SISTERS IN MONTANA AND THE FIRST INDIAN BOARDING SCHOOL IN THE NORTHWEST.

WE have already mentioned that as early as 1863 the first steps had been taken by Father J. Giorda and Father U. Grassi toward opening an Indian Boarding School at St. Ignatius, and that some Sisters of Providence from Montreal had been obtained for the purpose. We must now follow this little band of heroic women, these pioneer Sisters of Montana, and briefly summarize their long journey to the Rocky Mountains.

The little colony consisted of four, namely, Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus, the head of the band, Sister Mary Edward, Sister Paul Miki and Sister Remi. They left the motherhouse, in Montreal, June 1, 1864, and going by the way of New York, the Isthmus of Panama and San Francisco, Cal., arrived at Vancouver, Wash., on July 11, where they spent some time, heartily welcomed by the members of their own community, who had a foundation there since December, 1856. Father Giorda, the Superior of the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains, soon after came to meet them with Father G. Gazzoli. Arrangements were now made for the Sisters' band to proceed to Walla Walla, which was at this time the outfitting and starting point for all travel to the upper country. The Sisters of Providence had already founded an establishment here.

By the 17th of September all preparations for the journey had been made. The day happened to be the eve of the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, the principal festival of the Order of Providence, and both our travelers and their Walla Walla Sisters would have much preferred to postpone the departure at least another day. But Father Giorda was of a different mind: "Everything is now ready," said he, "and if we put off making a start today, we shall have to go through our long preparations once more; let us go." Little sweets could not detain brave

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souls prepared for big crosses. Father Giorda made the sign of the Cross and set out, leading the way.

The party consisted of the four Sisters, Fathers J. Giorda, G. Gazzoli and F. X. Kuppens, the rear being brought up by two good Irishmen, who were in charge of a large prairie schooner, a kind of Noah's ark on wheels, loaded with luggage and other effects for the caravan, as well as with provisions for the Cœur d'Alenes Mission. They had gone but a short distance when "the big thing" stood, stuck fast in a mud hole, whence it proved no easy task to release it. Some six miles from town the party went into camp, and after pitching their tents, partook of a rustic meal served on the ground. Sister Paul Miki, being rather delicate, was the only one whose appetite had not been sharpened by the outing and exercise of the day. She felt fatigued and, without eating a morsel, retired to rest her weary frame on a blanket spread on the ground, and her aching head on a saddle, which in miner's style was now doing her service as a pillow.

The next morning the Sisters were happy; the delicate one felt better, and Father Giorda had told them that they would celebrate their great festival in the woods with Mass and Holy Communion. The devotions over, they had their second camp meal and, again mounting their horses, set out for a somewhat longer ride than the one of the previous day.

Riding horseback and camping out were now, day after day, the Sisters' occupations for a whole month. They were fatigued at first, being entirely unused to this manner of traveling, but they soon became accustomed to it, and the more they traveled, the better they liked it. Thus, by a benevolent law of compensation, while the difficulties and hardships increased with the journey, determination and courage were augmented in the same proportion, and the Sisters were really more fatigued and jaded at the beginning than at the end of their course.

On the morning of the third day their mounts were to be seen nowhere around. Father Kuppens and the two Irishmen started out to look for the strays, and did not return till late in the evening. The animals had made their way back toward the town, and were only overtaken in its vicinity. To be left afoot by the horses running off during the night was a very common occurrence to travelers in this part of the country. We passed over

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the same trail just three years after and were left in the same predicament several times. No one but those who have experienced it, can realize how annoying, and how full of anxiety it is to be left on foot, sometimes a hundred and more miles away from every habitation. This was often the case late in the fall, when good camping places along the beaten trail were not to be found, owing to scarcity of grass or lack of water. As the animals could neither be picketed nor hobbled on such grounds, they would, naturally, stray and strike out for some better pasture.

On the following day our party had to draw rather heavily on their store of good humor to keep up their spirits. One of the Sisters when about to get on the saddle, was severely kicked by one of the horses. However, notwithstanding the brute's vicious compliment, she was soon able to resume her journey, and kept up with the rest, though not without considerable suffering through the whole day. It was late that evening when they went into camp and pitched their tents for the night. The place was a sandy desert with no grass for the horses, and the scanty meal of our travelers had been spoiled by over-seasoning, that is, a sudden gust of wind had salted and peppered everything with sand, dust, and all manner of unpalatable ingredients. To add to their discomfort they found it hard work to stay their tents against the wind, and keep them from being blown down over their heads. As a consequence, they had little if any sleep at all that night, the wind blowing a furious gale the whole time.

On reaching the banks of the Spokane river they were met by Seltis, the chief of the Cœur d'Alenes Indians. He joined the party and accompanied them, as their escort, the entire day. On the 29th they came to the shores of Lake Cœur d'Alenes, and here the clouds commenced to pour down rain upon our travelers. But they were not greatly inconvenienced, as they soon found their tents a timely shelter from the storm.

There now lay before the pilgrims thirty-five miles of rough mountain road, or sixty miles by water, to reach the Cœur d'Alenes Mission. As the big prairie schooner could not be taken any further than their present camping place, it had been previously arranged that the Mission's raft or flat boat, and a number of pack animals for the transportation of persons,

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baggage, and provisions, would meet the caravan at this point. The boat not being large enough to take both persons and cargo, the Sisters were to go by water, while the goods could be freighted on pack horses over the mountain trail.

To perfect these arrangements Father Gazzoli had left the party a few days before. It was, therefore, expected that by the time our travelers would arrive at the lake, the transportation would also be there. But they were disappointed, nothing of the kind being in sight. While the rest of the party were to remain in their present camping place, Father Giorda himself set out for the Mission and arrived there before Father Gazzoli. For the latter had been left afoot because of his horse running away from him. He had to walk two whole days to reach the Mission, and when he arrived he seemed more than half starved and utterly exhausted. His mishap explained the disappointment.

Boat and pack animals for the party at the lake were soon in readiness. Father Caruana, with several Indians, took the horses over the trail, arriving at the camp the first of October in the evening; while chief Edward and two French Canadians, who manned the boat down the river, came in sight on the morning of the next day. Before long, all were on the move toward the Mission. Father Caruana, with the goods, returning by the trail, and Father Kuppens and the Sisters going by water. The latter had scarcely left the shore to cross the lake when a strong breeze sprang up and for awhile boat, passengers and crew seemed in danger. They crossed safely, however, and pursued the rest of their course up the river without accident. On October 5 they landed at the Mission, the river bank lined with Indians, who were eager to see the "lady black robes."

After two days' rest the Sisters and their escort set out again and began the second part of their journey. A couple of Indians, Joseph and Adelaide, his wife, sent by Father Grassi from St. Ignatius, had come to meet our travelers, and proved very serviceable, as the road now lay through thick forests over the Cœur d'Alene Mountains. Steep ascents, deep ravines, fallen timber, streams and gulches, lay in their path, and the difficulties and inconveniences of the travel before them were greater than any they had so far encountered. But the brave Sisters were inured by this time to all manner of discomfort, and bore these troubles

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as they had done the others, not only without complaint, but with a buoyant and sparkling cheerfulness. They prayed, they sang, they chatted as they went along, and had many a hearty laugh over the incidents of the road. Father Giorda enjoyed listening to them from without, when all by themselves under their tent they seemed to overflow with good humor and merriment at the happenings of the day; and equally as good-humored himself, he would say to his companions with reference to the Sisters: "Birds chirping in the evening bring fair weather in the morning."

Whenever they happened to pass the night near an Indian camp, Father Giorda's zeal was remarkable and most edifying. He assembled the Indians and held evening devotions with them; he taught them their catechism; heard their confessions, and in the morning at Mass all received Holy Communion. On one of these occasions he showed himself not unversed in the ways of the saints. Though the party had replenished their "commissary" or larder, at the Cœur d'Alene Mission, traveling as they did very slowly, their provisions were growing light, and Father Giorda feared they might run short of them before the end of the journey. Having found in an Indian camp an old man extremely poor, and totally blind, he brought him his own share of the evening's repast, and lest his charity should entail the least privation upon the others, he went that night without eating a morsel himself.

Every evening he gave the Sisters the points for their morning meditation, the exercise being preceded by a pious canticle and the subject of the meditation drawn from the Sorrows of Our Blessed Lady. Thus their journey to the Rocky Mountains had some of the advantages of a pilgrimage.

In the afternoon of October 15 they arrived at Frenchtown, the first white settlement they had seen since leaving Walla Walla, a distance of 400 miles. The heartiest hospitality was here tendered to them by Louis Brun, more commonly known as Louis Brown, a French Canadian, and his wife, a fairly civilized Indian woman. The couple had been married by Father De Smet, and were the first settlers in this locality. Words cannot describe the surprise and pleasure of this couple at meeting the Sisters, the first white women who had ever crossed the Cœur

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d'Alene Mountains. A month later Emily and Eliza, the old pioneer's daughters, were among the first pupils of the Sisters at St. Ignatius.

The following day, October 16, being Sunday, they had Mass in the little log church, which the Fathers had recently erected in the settlement. In the afternoon, taking leave of their kind hosts, our pilgrims went to pitch their tents at the mouth of what is known today as O'Keeffe's Canyon, some seven miles northeast of Frenchtown. This was the last time they were to camp on the road. "We are nearing the end of our journey," remarked Father Giorda to the Sisters; "the trials and crosses you have thus far encountered and endured are not to be compared with those that await you."

During the latter part of the journey the Sisters met occasionally small bands of prospectors whose amazement at their presence in the wilderness reached its climax when they heard from the Sisters whither they were going, and for what purpose: "No," these miners would tell them, "you will never stay there. No white woman could ever endure living in such surroundings."

About noon on the 17th they arrived at the Agency, where a most unexpected reception was in store for them. The surly agent treated both Fathers and Sisters with worse than the coldest indifference. They soon withdrew from the presence of the inhospitable and ungentlemanly Government official, and continuing on their way, by evening they were at the end of their pilgrimage, reaching St. Ignatius just one month from the day they had left Walla Walla.

A few miles from the Mission, Joseph and Adelaide, with their two sons, Batiste and Lomé, whom they had taken along on the trip, leaving the rest of the party, went ahead to give the news to the camp. When the Sisters arrived, they found all the Indians assembled to bid them welcome.*

The large building planned by Father Grassi for the new school was still under construction, and it would take some months yet before it could be made ready for occupancy. But this caused no delay; nor was there any time lost on the part of

* The particulars of their journey, as given in the foregoing part of this chapter were kindly furnished to the writer by the Sisters themselves.

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the Sisters in beginning active work, instructing the Indians. They opened a school upon their arrival on the place.

In fact, they had scarcely set foot inside their temporary quarters, when they were already engaged in educational work of various kinds, that is, sweeping, cleaning, washing, scrubbing and setting to rights, generally, what little furniture there was in their poorly furnished abode. These were the first object-lessons given by those valiant women to the crowd of Indians, who stood round in open-eyed wonderment. Where all had to be learned, all also needed to be taught, and the Sisters began their work, truly, from the beginning.

The Sisters' daily conduct, while furnishing example of a superior degree of refinement and of every virtue, became also the most persuasive means of bringing home to their pupils' minds the knowledge of whatever makes for the proper formation of character. Is there a better system of educating youth than to train and instruct their heads, their hearts, no less than their hands by the force of example?

The preliminary work was gradually supplemented by the common branches in English, reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic, class-room exercises being made to go hand-in-hand with all kinds of household occupations, laundry and dairy work, baking, cooking, hand sewing, mending and making garments, quilting, darning, etc. To these were added practical gardening, and such other kinds of manual labor as conditions rendered necessary or useful. Thus, while some of their pupils became proficient and even expert in all manner of domestic industries, in the mysteries of the needle, in cutting and fitting garments, etc., they could likewise handle the hoe, the shovel and rake, and even swing an axe with almost the ease of a woodman.

Indian children are quick to learn, quicker, in fact, than many a white child, not exactly because of brighter minds, but because of fewer things to distract them. A Government official who had come one day to inspect the school, on examining the class-work of the pupils, could scarcely believe his eyes, as he told the writer. He bethought himself that some clever trick was being played on him by those in charge, and concluded to make there and then a test that should expose the imposition. Calling up one of the Indian girls, whose copy books he had been admiring,

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"Miss," said he to her, "will you write me a letter right here, which I may take along with me, as an evidence of your own proficiency and of the merit of the school?" "Certainly, sir," answered the girl; and seating herself at the same table, wrote down her composition on her slate and handed it to the gentleman. He was, indeed, surprised at the promptness, ease and accuracy with which the Indian girl did the work. But one word had been mispelled. The inspector had the composition put on paper in the girl's own hand and forwarded it to Washington, D. C., with his official report.

Though both sexes of the Indian race appear to possess some liking for music, only the women are capable of learning how to sing. Many of these have a correct ear, and will pick up an air without great difficulty. Their voices, though rather weak and slender, are clear and pleasing, whilst a note of plaintive sweetness gives their singing a special charm. We doubt whether any white girls' choir anywhere could surpass the Sisters' choir of Indian girls at St. Ignatius.

The Right Rev. James O'Connor, Bishop of Omaha, who visited the Mission in the summer of 1877, writes of the Indian school at St. Ignatius as follows: "In this school the ordinary branches of a plain education are taught. Thank goodness, the 'ologies are excluded. All the pupils are taught household work and gardening, and to each is allotted a piece of ground to till. They took great pride in showing me these little gardens and insisted on my tasting their strawberries, which were the largest and most luscious I had ever tasted. Everyone who visits convents knows the neatness with which they are kept, but the order and cleanliness of this house surpassed anything of the kind I have ever seen."

With the opening of the boarding school for Indian girls, a school was also provided for the Indian boys. But as the Mission had not the means to house, feed and clothe all the children, the facilities provided for the boys were only those of a day school. The venture was not a success, for the reasons set forth above. Day schools are practically useless when there is question of the Indian.

The gratifying success that attended the boarding school for the Indian girls emphasized more and more every day the neces-

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sity of a similar school for Indian boys. But whence were the means to come, when the maintenance of the girls' school alone was already proving more of a burden than the limited resources of the Mission could carry? This, in fact, had now become a serious problem, so much so that the Superiors were confronted with the alternative of closing the school, or of making an appeal to public charity for its support.

The latter was the plan resolved upon by Father Giorda. Accordingly he himself now started out with two of the Sisters to solicit contributions from the ever-generous miners of Montana. The begging party went from one mining camp to another, throughout the whole Territory, the good-hearted pioneers responding generously to the appeal. This soliciting was kept up for several years, two of the Sisters, during the mining season, going out to beg for their own, and their pupils' sustenance. Had it not been for this, the school would have had to be closed.

Later on, as we shall see when speaking of the boys' school, the U. S. Government made a small allowance for a specified number of pupils. From that date the institution ceased to be a burden to the general public, and its capacity for usefulness was also considerably widened; as substantial improvements became now possible, the school continued to advance year by year.

The present faculty of the school consists of fourteen members of the Order of Providence, and the girls in their keeping have ranged in numbers from 120 to 140.

Besides teaching and caring for their pupils, these good Sisters do much charitable work among the Indians in the camp. They visit the sick, prepare medicine and proper nourishment for them, and teach the Indian women to tend and care for any sick of the family.

After several years of toil and patient endurance in the cause of Indian education, two of the four pioneer Sisters of Montana and co-founders of the school went to their rest. Sister Paul Miki passed to the Lord on December 19, 1880, from her post of duty, and her saintly remains repose in the cemetery of St. Ignatius among the Indians whom she loved so dearly.

Sister Remi, whose health had been seriously impaired by long and arduous school work on the Mission, was recalled to

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Montreal for medical treatment. But she had run her course and won the crown, and there, shortly after her arrival, the Heavenly Bridegroom, April 25, 1885, summoned her to Himself.

Sister Mary Edward returned to the motherhouse several years ago. Hence of the four founders of the school the only one still remaining in Montana is Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus, whose present residence is at Missoula.

The departed ones, as well as those called to other fields have been succeeded by other members of the Order. Thus, the Sisters of Providence, the pioneer Sisters of Montana, and the first women to devote themselves to the uplifting of the Indian female sex in our State, have been at their work with unflagging earnestness now over a quarter of a century. And what has been the result? The barbarism of the Indian woman of forty years ago, thanks to the enduring and persistent efforts of the Sisters, is in great measure a thing of the past. Therefore, as it can no longer be contrasted with present conditions, neither can these be rightly understood, still less fully appreciated by most people of our day. The difference between the past and the present in this regard is as between the brightness of day and the darkness of night, and, perhaps, even greater if things be considered aright. All we can say is that the present Indian woman, owing to her having been formed in the Sisters' school, is moral, cleanly, well-bred, becomingly clad, industrious, as well as God-fearing; and that as no more could be done in her behalf, neither need anything further be said in commendation of the Sisters' educational work.

It will be seen in the course of our narrative that the example of the Sisters of Providence was followed some time later on by another noble and brave Sisterhood, the Ursulines, who also have come to Montana to devote themselves to the cause of Indian education. The first colony arrived in our mountains in 1884, and though but seven years at work in the thorny field, they have achieved real wonders. They are conducting today seven Indian schools in our state, to each of which due and timely reference will be made as we proceed with our subject.*

* Both the school of the Sisters and that of the Ursulines have been destroyed by fire within the past few years. At the present time (September, 1922,) the former community are conducting a hospital at the Mission, whilst the latter are rebuilding their school.

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Chapter XIX.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF INDIAN MISSIONARY LIFE. A SINGULAR CONFESSION. A BEAR STORY.

OUR personal experience of Indian missionary life dates from the fall of 1867, and was gained at St. Ignatius, where we resided for nearly ten years. It being thus associated with, and part of the local history of the subject in hand, we need not apologize to the reader if we devote to it here most of the present chapter.

In the spring of 1867, Father Grassi had gone from St. Ignatius to California, the object of his journey being to consult with Father J. B. Ponte, who had been sent thither as Visitor, and to obtain some new recruits for the Rocky Mountain Missions, of which he was now in charge as Vice-Superior. It fell to our lot to be one of the recruits; and with two other confrères, Father J. Bandini and Brother R. Terragno, we left for the Rockies early in September, being led by Father Grassi himself and going by the way of Portland, Oregon, the Dalles and Walla Walla. Nearly four weeks were spent in this first part of our journey.

During the summer, two Sisters of Providence from Fort Vancouver had gone to Montana, on a begging tour through the mines, whence they were expected to return to Walla Walla toward the end of September. Arrangements had been made by Father Grassi to give the Sisters an escort of Indians from St. Ignatius to Walla Walla, and the same Indians were to be, in turn, the guides and escort of our party to the mountains. We reached Walla Walla a few days ahead of them, so that when they arrived our preparations for the journey had been completed. It being necessary, however, to give the guides and their animals some rest, our departure had to be delayed for a few days.

The Rev. R. De Ryckere, the priest in charge of the Mission of Deer Lodge, who had accompanied the Sisters on their return to Walla Walla from Montana, joined our band to return to his

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post. There was, besides, a small elephant in the party. This was a young child, a little miss of ten, by name Annie McMurray, whom the Sisters at Walla Walla, at the request of the child's parents who live in Montana, entrusted to the care of Father Grassi. A somewhat difficult charge under the circumstances. Our two Indian guides were Louis Saxá, a younger son of Old Ignace, the famed Iroquois who brought the faith to the Flat Heads; and Atól or Adolph, the Kalispel hero of the cabbage romance related in a previous chapter.

Our travelling outfit included, besides our riding horses, several pack animals which carried among other necessaries three tents, one for the Fathers and Brother; another for the Indians, and a third one for little Annie. The commissary consisted of flour, hard-tack, coffee, sugar, and bacon; while a kettle and a frying pan, together with some tin plates, tin cups, tin spoons, and a few forks, made up our kitchen utensils and the dining-room furniture. We had almost forgotten the axe, the most indispensable of all the articles needed on the road.

The first night the tents were pitched on Cow Creek, only a few miles from Walla Walla. Yet to the writer the distance appeared considerable, as his whole previous experience in horseback riding had not extended beyond a first attempt to mount a donkey, and that, too, had abruptly culminated rather ludicrously. But we had started on our long mountain journey at the opening of October, the month of the Holy Angels, and felt confident that our good Guardians would lead us safe to our destination.

The next day we were left afoot, our mounts having started back for civilization during the night. This straying of the animals occurred time and again, and on one occasion two whole days were spent in hunting up the truants. It was annoying no doubt; but to tell the truth, the writer did not dislike it so much, as it afforded some rest to his weary bones.

A couple of days after, we were jogging along by the side of Father Grassi, who usually led the way, when all at once he began to whip and spur his mount into a wild, furious run. Horse and rider soon disappeared from sight at a turn in the trail; and we last saw the Father in the air, flying over the head of his horse. We ran up to where he lay, and found him unconscious and bleeding from several cuts on the head. The spot

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was a desert, with no water to bathe the Father's face. We stood round him, as if paralyzed by the shock; and all thought him dead. But his Angel Guardian had preserved him from serious hurt; he soon regained consciousness, and after some rest he was again leading the party.

There are things stranger than fiction, and one such had just occurred under our eyes. Father Grassi had been on the go from early spring, and had lost much sleep in consequence. Has not nature its limits of endurance? As we soon learned from him, he had fallen asleep on his horse, and dreamt that he was flying over the hills on a fiery steed. The dream became strangely confused with the reality; while fast asleep and riding a phantom horse, he whipped and spurred the cayuse he actually sat upon into that breakneck run.

On Rosary Sunday we broke camp somewhat earlier than on the previous days, and after a few miles, reached a spot near the woods—the country so far being open—where two trails came together. The Indians driving the pack horses took one, while Father Grassi led the rest of the party, who were close to him, by the other, with which he was familiar, as he had traveled over it before. On discovering that we were not on the same path, "it makes no difference," said Father Grassi, "the two trails meet a little farther ahead;" and we kept on.

In the meanwhile, the lowering clouds above began to shower down a drizzling rain that kept us drenched through the whole day, until late at night. It was a Kneipp treatment with a vengeance, and rendered the day's travel most disagreeable. Darkness overtook us, and the two trails, so far as we knew, had not yet come together. To all appearances we were lost in the woods, about half way between Walla Walla and the Cœur d'Alene Mission. In the rain and without food the whole day from early morning, there was now no hope of food or shelter for the night. The party sought some protection under a large tree, and after many attempts succeeded at last in building up a good fire, which had a cheering effect on our drooping spirits.

But despite his efforts to keep himself and us in a happy mood, it was plain that Father Grassi was worried over the situation. And we were not a little startled when, after debating things with him for a good while, he laid before us the conclusion he

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had arrived at. We were to kill one of our horses, to have something to eat, and make our way to the Cœur d'Alene Mission as best we could, partly afoot and partly on horseback, taking turns about. The writer thought the walking preferable to being racked on the back of a beast; and as to horse-meat, hunger might make it not only palatable, but dainty and delicious. The butchering of the horse, however, presented the most difficult part of the problem. No one could suggest a practical way of going about it, nothing being at hand to do it with, not even a penknife.

During the day we had strained our eyes for a sight of our missing companions, and now, at night, our ears were eagerly intent on catching some sound of tramping hoofs, the tinkling of the bell on the neck of one of the pack animals, or of a human voice other than that of one of our party. And strange as it may seem, in the stillness of the night we caught now one, now another of these signs, that is, we thought we did, time and again. But they were all mere fancies, which our imagination worked out of moving branches, the tramping of our own horses, the screeching of owls, and the howlings of wolves and coyotes. Halloo after halloo brought back no response but the empty echo of the woods.

At last, one of the party, Father J. Bandini, who had ascended perhaps for the ninth or tenth time during the night the ridge under which we were camped, thought he really heard the bell that hung on the neck of the leading pack horse. In a few moments we all stood on the ridge in breathless attention, while the stillness of the night was now rent by a stentorian "Halloo" from the powerful lungs of Father Grassi. To our great joy, it was directly caught up and responded to, and we felt sure that the response was not an echo. Gradually the answering voice came closer and closer. Before long the whole caravan was again united, and we camped out by the fire the rest of that trying night, the remembrance of which still lingers quite vividly in our mind.

As a matter of fact, in our anxiety to make the point where we were to meet and camp for the night, we had gone considerably beyond it, and in the dusk we had also passed unawares the junction of the two trails. The Indians who followed with the

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tents and provisions, not finding us where we should have been, strove to join us where we might be. We need not state that henceforth we were more chary of losing sight of our travelling companions.

The day before arriving at the Cœur d'Alene Mission, and while nearing the St. Joe, we emerged from the heart of the woods into an open space on top of the hill that overhangs the river from the west. The sun shone brightly from near the horizon, standing seemingly on a level with our head; and now, as with our back turned to it, we looked directly before us and straight across the St. Joe, an enchanting scene burst upon our view. A beautiful city, a city, mark you, perfectly laid out, with streets, houses, porches, verandas, squares, parks, etc., lay before us, as if built on and covering more than half the mountain side beyond. It was a mirage, and a most perfect one. We gazed upon it in the greatest bewilderment, and but for the wildness of all the surroundings, we could not have helped taking the fairy vision for an objective reality.

Ten long days after setting out from Walla Walla, we arrived at the Cœur d'Alene Mission. We shall never forget the warm and hearty reception tendered the travelers by Father J. Caruana, the Superior of the Mission, and Father Gazzoli, his companion.

After a day's rest, with a relay of fresh mounts and pack animals and a replenished commissary, we again set out on our journey. Our party, however, was now minus two, Father J. Bandini and Brother Terragno, who were to follow later on. We were at last nearing Frenchtown, when to our right, at a point between Nine Mile Creek and the lower end of the valley, we noticed signs of a camping party. Father Grassi headed in that direction, and no sooner had he recognized the campers, and they him, than a shout of gladness went up on both sides. The campers were Fathers J. Cataldo and J. Menetrey, with Brother Carfagno, who in obedience to previous orders, issued by Father Grassi himself, were on their way to the lower country. All previous orders were now countermanded by Father Grassi, the *primum movens,* or head Superior. As a consequence, the two traveling parties were now to unite in one, and go together to Frenchtown, whence the writer, escorted by the two Indians, would continue on his journey to St. Ignatius; while

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the other confrères were to accompany Father Grassi to Hell's Gate on a visit to Father Ravalli, for consultation on sundry matters concerning the Missions. In this latter direction lay likewise the Rev. R. De Ryckere's road to his Deer Lodge Mission.

Little Annie McMurray, the young miss of ten who, heroine-like, had stood the hardships of the long journey with marvelous courage, she too had here her surprise. This she found in the arms of her father and sister, who had no sooner heard that she was in our party than they hastened to the camp to meet and take her home.

The occurrences of the last two hours, together with the nearness of the village, appeared to put everybody in a happy frame of mind. Even the writer, despite the damage to his under-garments—we mean those spun by Mother Eve—seemed to share, at least for a while, in the general feeling of buoyant cheerfulness that prevailed. Candidly, however, his blithesomeness was neither over-exuberant nor very substantial. And what a rude shock did it not receive right here, when everybody except himself and the Indians driving the pack animals, started out on a race toward the village!

The rear detachment reached the town when the others were leaving it for Hell's Gate. We had a little rest, and then moved on toward the mouth of O'Keeffe's Canyon, where our tent was pitched for the night. The next day's ride proved the longest and most trying of all previous ones; but thanks to God and our Angel Guardian, the evening saw us at last at St. Ignatius. How to sit, stand, walk, now occupied our attention for several days.

Father James Vanzina and two Brothers, J. Specht, better known simply as Brother Joseph, and Vincent Magri, made up at this time the number of our brethren at St. Ignatius. With the addition of our poor selves and the arrival, a few days later, of our traveling companion, Father J. Bandini, the membership was increased to five. Father Grassi, whose headquarters were at this Mission, spent a few weeks with us on his return from Hell's Gate and St. Mary's. He then went to Helena and other places east of the mountains, whence he returned early in the spring, but only to leave again, soon after, for the lower country.

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Father Vanzina had been our "guardian angel" in the novitiate, and now, a veteran of some years' experience on the Missions, was to initiate us also in the work of an Indian missionary, while in Brothers Joseph and Magri we were to have for companions two of the first missionaries in Montana. To their companionship, which extended over several years, we owe no small part of the Missions' early history contained in these pages.

As previously remarked, these Indians have no sound of "r," which they replace by "l;" hence, our Christian name being Lawrence, we soon became with them, Loló, which is the French Laurent. We were in this one of the exceptions, as Indians are wont to call people, even Fathers and Brothers, by this or that exterior peculiarity, which they are exceeding quick to notice in persons. Thus, with them, Father Giorda was *Milkokan* (Round Head); Father Grassi, *Chizikue* (Left-Handed); Father Cataldo, *Kaoshín* (Broken Leg); Father Van Goro, *Kutenalko* (Tall Man); Brother Magri, *Chitás* (Lean or Skinny), etc.

We resided at St. Ignatius from the end of October, 1867, to the beginning of November, 1873; and again, from the latter part of December of 1883, to the spring of 1887. The happenings of this period of twenty years are recorded throughout the book. We here mention only a few incidents which are part of the local history of St. Ignatius, or closely connected with it, and which seem best recounted in the present chapter.

A couple of weeks after arriving at the Mission, while sitting beside Father Grassi, who was informing us about things in general, an elderly Indian entered the room without knocking. Father Grassi asked the man: "Stem?" or, "What do you want?" The Indian answered, "Ta stem," that is, "Nothing;" and advancing toward the middle of the room, he squatted on the floor, near the stove. "I have asked him what he wants, and he answered, 'I want nothing.' But you will see," said the Father to the writer, "that he wants something, though it may take an hour to bring it out." Paying no further attention to the Indian, the Father went on with his instructions. After a long while, the Indian made known to Father Grassi that he wanted to go to confession. We rose to leave the room. "Remain," said Father Grassi, "you will not be in the way." The Father moved his chair to where the Indian was squatting

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and seated himself beside him. The penitent produced from under his blanket a bunch of little sticks, held together by a bit of buckskin. He untied the bunch and placed the sticks, which were of different lengths and sizes, on the floor, one by one, under the Father's eyes.

The sticks represented his sins in thought, word, deed and according to number and species. The confession was gone through rather expeditiously, and mostly by signs, hardly a word being spoken by either of the two. Having gathered the sticks and thrown them into the stove, our good man left the room looking very happy. Father Grassi made the remark that probably many whites could not examine their conscience half so well as that Indian did his.

It is not known whence these Indians got the idea of thus keeping an account of their failings; but their contrivance has often reminded us of the practical method of recording one's faults proposed by St. Ignatius, the Founder of the Society of Jesus, in his Particular Examen.

The Indians had another device for the special remembrance of certain days in the years. It was a wooden stick, from twelve to eighteen inches long and about half an inch thick, on which they would cut a number of notches, one for every day. The Sundays were indicated by a double notch, cut crosswise in the form of an X. At the close of each day, the proper cut on the stick would be whittled smooth. They used this especially to recall the coming of the three principal feasts in the year, Christmas, Easter, and that of St. Ignatius, the Patron of the Mission. Before going to the chase, they never failed to ask the missionaries the exact number of days before the feast, and would nick their sticks accordingly, to make sure of not missing the celebration.

Some such device would have been very serviceable to the missionaries in their wild surroundings and isolation. Father Giorda set out one year from St. Ignatius to visit the Cœur d'Alene Mission after Easter, and on reaching the place found our good folk there still keeping Lent. He threw up his arms in surprise, and broke the spell with a joyous and strongly accented: "He is risen; Alleluia." To cap the climax, he found that they had placed Easter on a weekday.

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Whatever the cause, some very peculiar cases of absent-mindedness call for a word of comment. Father Van Gorp started from the Mission one day for the Indian Agency, about eighteen miles away. After half an hour or so, he was seen returning. The writer stood in front of the residence, and, somewhat surprised, asked the Father what had brought him back so soon. "I forgot my pipe," was the answer. Innocently and as a matter of course, we asked him whether the pipe he had forgotten was like the one in his mouth. We saw his face flush, and a smile play on his lips, as, turning his horse, he galloped off somewhat faster than he had come. We need not add that Father Van Gorp was thoroughly wide-awake, as the business men of Missoula can testify.

Owing to their small number and the distances and difficulties of travel, it was rare that several Fathers could meet together. One summer, however, the following found themselves gathered under the same roof, namely, Fathers Giorda, Imoda, Menetrey, Ravalli, and the writer. While sitting in a room 12 x 13 feet, Father Ravalli happened to miss his glasses, and we all began to look for them, the search continuing for some time. There occurred a little mishap, a slight collision of our right temple with the aggressive nose of Father Ravalli. And lo! the Father had on two pairs of spectacles: one pair at his eyes, and the other across his forehead! It seems hardly credible; yet it is true.

But lest all our tales be told about others, here is one on ourselves. One bright summer morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, a couple of Sisters from across the way, called on the writer about some urgent matter. Being bidden in, they were considerably surprised to see the writer at his desk with the lamp burning and the shades drawn. "Father, are you sick?" they inquired somewhat timidly. The query brought us back to our wits. Mechanically in the morning we had gone through what we ordinarily did in the evening; and but for the visitors, it is likely that we would have remained under the spell and gone to bed, to wake up all bewildered at seeing creation upset, with the sun rising no longer in the east, but in the west.

We close the chapter with a bear story, a rather novel and peculiar incident belonging to our first year's residence at St.

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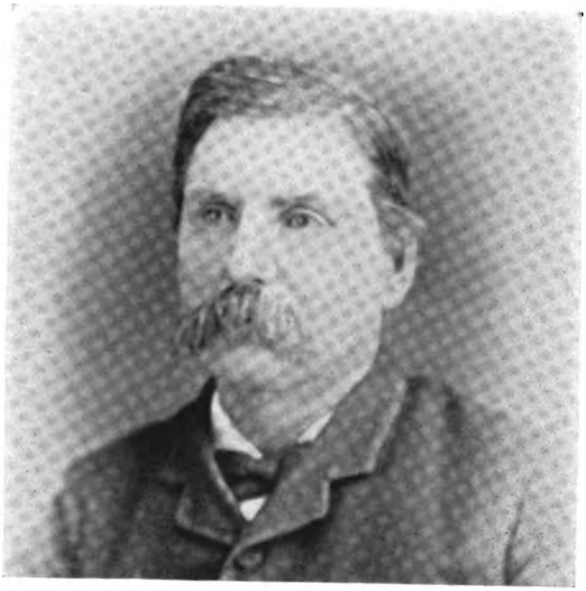

Major Peter Ronan
A FAMOUS INDIAN AGENT

Governor Joseph Toole
WHO IS STILL WITH US

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Ignatius. One evening, a little before dusk, Father J. Bandini, who had already become quite proficient in the language, was called to the church to hear a confession. He promptly answered the summons, and while drawing the curtain of his box, was confronted with a most unlooked-for object, a live, black bear, which had found its way into the church, and was in possession of the priest's side of the confessional. The writer was the first whom the Father met as he rushed out to give the alarm; for which, however, there was no real cause. The bear had been a familiar object about the place for a couple of years, having been brought up in the camp from a cub. But the strangeness of the encounter had caused the Father to forget this fact for the moment. Still, the beast had to be shot within the year, as it was growing vicious with age.

But enough of stories. Let us proceed to more important parts of our subject.

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Chapter XX.

INDIAN BOYS' SCHOOL.

THE necessity of providing the Indian boys with the same school facilities that had been secured for the girls, became every day more apparent. What good results could be expected by educating the girls and leaving the boys barbarians?

As soon therefore as the required arrangements could be perfected, the Indians boys' school that had been started in 1864, as a day school, and which, as such, had proved a total failure, was reorganized as a boarding school under the direct management of the Fathers. Four boys, namely, Camille, Ignace, Andrew, the latter's brother, and Peter, after a good scrubbing, were put in pants or, as the expression goes with Government officials, in "citizen's clothes." They were the first to be admitted, and Brother L. D'Agostino had them in charge as prefect and guardian. To these firstlings a couple more, Batiste and Lomé, the sons of Joseph and Adelaide, were added shortly after; and thus the school for Indian boys was started with six Indian youths as its first boarders.

With the girls' department already in operation and depending on the Mission for its upkeep, only a few boys could be admitted at the beginning. For, though a subsidy of $1,800 toward the education of Indian children had been received from the Government in 1863-4, no further aid was extended to the Mission Schools for the next ten years, that is, until 1874. Consequently, during this period public charity had to be appealed to, in order to keep the schools in existence. Obviously, no great headway could be made under the circumstances. Still, the boarders gradually increased in numbers, and new and larger buildings had to be erected for their accommodation.

The first contract subsidy from the Government came in 1874, a sum of $2,100 being then allowed our schools for that year and the next three years, that is, up to 1878. At this latter date the contract allowance was raised to $4,000, and remained the

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same till 1890, when a more liberal policy toward the schools at St. Ignatius was adopted by the Government.

First, however, it must be observed that Indian school contracts were usually awarded by the Government on a certain monthly per capita rate for a specified number of Indian children, who were to be supported and educated on the subsidy allowed. Accordingly, the subsidies just spoken of and granted the schools at St. Ignatius, were at the rate of $100 per pupil for a full year of twelve months, giving a monthly per capita of eight dollars and a fraction for each Indian pupil. This amount was considerably less than that which the Government allowed for the maintenance of Indian children in its own schools and others under the care of non-Catholic denominations. Moreover, in these latter schools, buildings, equipments, etc., as well as the salary of principals and teachers, were provided by the Government outside the per capita allowance for the maintenance of pupils. Whereas, at St. Ignatius, everything, buildings, equipment and all had to be supplied by the Mission. Hence, the contract subsidy received from the Government did not cover actual expenses; and this notwithstanding the fact that the Fathers and the Sisters drew no salary of any kind for their services, and that, further, their personal wants as to food and clothing were the very minimum. Was there not unfair discrimination in the matter? No doubt of it. Hence the more equitable arrangement effected by act of Congress, according to which the monthly per capita for each Indian pupil, beginning with the fiscal year of 1890-91, was raised to $12.50, and the number of contract pupils increased to an even three hundred.

The credit for this change is due, principally, to the Hon. Geo. G. Vest, United States Senator from Missouri; to His Excellency, Jos. K. Toole, our Governor, and formerly Montana's Delegate to Congress, who are both non-Catholic; and to the Hon. T. H. Carter, who was Mr. Toole's successor in the House of Representatives.*

Senator Vest supported the Mission Schools in the Senate; while Mr. Toole did the same in the House. On assuming Mr. Toole's place, Mr. T. H. Carter took up the measure which the former had framed in favor of the Mission Schools, and he not

* Mr. Carter was afterwards United States Senator from Montana.

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only brought it before the House, but ably defended it against the attacks of the A. P. A., and pressed it to a successful issue.

We said above, when speaking of the Indian girls, that classroom work went hand-in-hand with manual training. This was even more so with the Indian boys. The school has become a little village, and affords the Indian youth every opportunity of being formed in the habits of civilized life. Some three hours of the day are given to book learning, that is, reading, spelling, writing and ciphering; and the rest, apart from the time for religious exercises and recreation, is devoted to varied industrial occupations, farming, gardening, haying, tending and feeding stock, milking cows, shop work, etc. Thus, while some of the boys are cutting and splitting wood, others are teaming and hauling logs. Some are helping in the grist mill, others at the saw mill, the planer, the shingle-cutting machine. Boy tailors running sewing machines, or mending torn clothing, cobblers with last and awl, blacksmiths, carpenters, painters and tinsmiths, all are to be found at work in the shops.

But what possesses a special charm for Indian boys, is harness- and saddle-making; and the reason is not far to seek. Here everything has reference to the horse, and the horse is an Indian's first and best love. As a proof of their marked proficiency in this handicraft we may mention the fact that a couple of saddles of their own making have been taken abroad and, becoming as they did, one the possession of a prelate in Rome, and the other of a grandee in Portugal, brought no little credit to the Indian boys of this department. The prelate referred to was Monsignor John B. Guidi, later on, His Grace, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, who came to the United States in the summer of 1886, as the bearer of the *zucchetto* to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. Wishing to see his elder brother, our Father Joseph Guidi, so well known all over this country and often mentioned in these pages, Monsignor Guidi, before returning to Rome, came to Montana in the fall of that year, and visited Helena, Missoula, and the Mission of St. Ignatius. While inspecting the Mission schools he was so taken with a couple of saddles made by the Indian boys that he secured them both, one for his own use, and the other for a friend of his at the royal court of Portugal,

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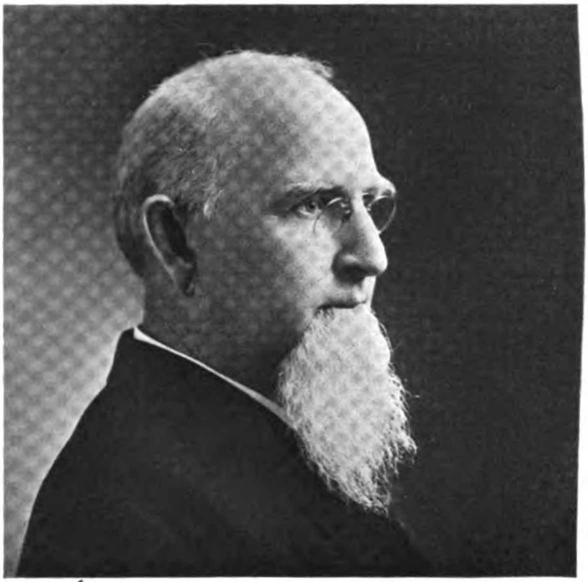

SENATOR THOMAS H. CARTER

SENATOR GEORGE G. VEST

BRILLIANT MEMBERS OF THE U. S. SENATE, WARM FRIENDS AND DEFENDERS OF THE MISSION SCHOOLS

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where Monsignor Guidi had become well known in his capacity of Secretary to the Papal Nuncio.

The School has a brass band of twenty pieces, a proof that the musical talent of the Indian boys is not a whit inferior to that of their sisters. Some of the players are youngsters, mere "kids" under twelve. Worth mentioning, and much to their credit, is the fact that the music for the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, the Bishop of Helena, was furnished by the Indian Boys' Band of St. Ignatius. Their playing was a marked feature of the day, and a great surprise to all who heard them.

At St. Ignatius there is also a well-equipped printing plant of which the School has reason to be proud, especially since here was brought out an octavo of 1,100 pages. The appearance of the book, if somewhat inferior to its intrinsic worth, is creditable, and will appear the more so when it is borne in mind that it is the work of Indian missionaries, gotten up in an Indian country and, to a great extent, also by Indian labor. The volume is a complete dictionary of the Selish or Kalispel language spoken by the Flat Heads and several other Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, and is divided into two parts, Indian-English and English-Indian.

It took from 1876 to 1879 to print the work. The press was bought in St. Louis, Mo., at an outlay of $500, the freight more than doubling the original cost. Father A. Diomedi was the first to initiate our Indian school boys at St. Ignatius in type-setting and the other details of the printer's art.

Here may also be mentioned two other publications in Selish or Kalispel, issued by the Mission press and both the work of Father Giorda. The first is a little manual of prayer and Christian doctrine, with several Indian canticles; the other, *Narratives from the Scriptures,* contains the Gospels of every Sunday and the principal feasts of the year, together with stories from the Old Testament. The latter came out in 1876 and numbers 140 pages; whilst the former had seen the light before, and is somewhat smaller in size. In point of Indian scholarship they are both excellent productions.

To the above may be added *May Blossoms,* a small devotional work in English, somewhat original in conception if not of much

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intrinsic merit. It consists of very short readings, on many tiny slips, one inch by three in size and of different colors. Each slip is complete in itself, and presents no more than a thought to be reflected upon, or a practical suggestion to be complied with, as an act of devotion toward the Blessed Mother of God. The eagerness with which people were often noticed to seize a bit of candy for the line of reading that went with it, suggested the idea of *May Blossoms*. These little papers or May Slips take well, and do much good. They were first issued at St. Ignatius in 1866, the type-setting and press work being done by the Indian boys of the School.

The larger Catechism of Christian Doctrine by Father Philip Canestrelli is another publication in Kelispel and a most valuable addition to Indian literature. This work, however, cannot be credited to the Mission press, since it was issued at Woodstock, Md., by the Woodstock College Press in 1890-91. Still, we mention it here from the fact of its being in Kalispel, and prepared by Father Canestrelli whilst doing missionary duty at St. Ignatius.

We stated above that a well-conducted industrial boarding school when located among them, is not only the best means to civilize the young Indian generation, who are directly benefited by it, but also the best way to improve the condition of the grown-ups, so far at least, as this can be ameliorated. St. Ignatius Mission gives us a clear and striking proof of this, since the older Indians, men and women, can here be seen striving to follow, as best they can, the examples of civilized, industrious life daily set before them. Food, dress, and manners show this. Likewise, their dwellings, their little dairies, their orchards, strawberry patches, kitchen gardens, fields, meadows, etc., are so many proofs of what we assert. Their practical knowledge of all these industries has come to them from what they saw others do. Twenty-five years ago, and for a good while thereafter, we never saw a single Indian mother who did not more or less torture into shapelessness the feet and toes of her little babe by carrying him about, tied up in a kind of purse or small buckskin sack attached to a board, and this, in turn, strapped to her own back. Today the Indian mother who clings to the savage custom is the exception.

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A little incident of a serio-comic kind that happened some twenty years ago may still further illustrate the point. Excessive droughty weather had dried up the water supply of the Mission farm, and as a result the crops failed two years in succession. To prevent the recurrence of a like misfortune, it became necessary to look for another water source. A rough survey of the ground convinced the writer that the needed supply could be brought to the fields from the main stream that runs through the Mission. The water course was surveyed and staked out, and as many Indians, men and women, as were willing to work, were put to do the digging. Old Chief Atelee* was made foreman, with directions to keep order among the workers. One day the old chief went up to the head of the ditch, and on coming back noticed a line of stakes driven along the bank, some distance above the level of the stream. After looking steadily for some time, he came up to the writer: "Loló," said he gruffly, "all this work is *itenemus* (useless, to no purpose); water does not run up-hill;" and he ordered all hands to quit.

Fortunately, but little work remained to be done to bring the water over the bank; and by coaxing, some of the Indians were induced to resume digging and open, at least partially, the remainder of the water course. This done, the old man was invited up to the head of the ditch. When the water was let in, Atelee kept walking a little ahead, now and then looking back to see whether the water still followed him. When he saw it run just as fast where he thought it would never reach, the old chief began to shout, dance and skip about as if beside himself. Coming up to me in his joy, and taking both my hands in his, he shook them with considerable warmth and vigor, repeating all the while: "Loló, you are a man, *skaltemióu,* not a woman, *tas smee'm.*" After this, there were several calls from Indian farmers to be shown how to make water "walk" into their fields; and several of them dug out ditches to irrigate their little farms. For, imitation, after all, has ever been and ever will be a characteristic of man, whether the color of his skin be white, red or black.

Some two years ago a new department was added to the Indian boarding schools at the Mission. It is a nursery school

* The Indian of Andrew or French André.

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or Kindergarten for little papooses between two and four years of age.

This departure is beyond doubt another step in the right direction and perhaps the most important. Screened from the blighting influence of their savage environment, nurtured and reared in the lap of civilization from their babyhood, the young Indians are thus placed on the same level with favored members of the human family. Trained and formed in such surroundings, there should be little of the Indian left in them, except skin and color. But, then skin and color are not special signs of either civilization or barbarism.

Because of the painstaking care demanded, this nursery school was started by way of experiment and not without misgiving. However, the experience of two years has dispelled all doubts about the matter, proving the measure to be practical and wise. The little papooses are healthier, the average mortality among them being considerably less than among other Indian children of the same age, who are without the same care. The Indian mothers are delighted to see their wee tots the object of the thousand and one attentions bestowed upon them by the good Sisters; and from what they observe are themselves taught how to look after the cleanliness, health and comfort of their children.

The Ursuline Nuns have been given the charge of this department; and well indeed do they acquit themselves of their task. We know that some have questioned the wisdom of bringing a new Sisterhood into so small a place as St. Ignatius. But the good done by the new Community appears to have more than justified its introduction. In the Kindergarten, both boys and girls are cared for. The boys, however, on reaching a certain age pass over to the Boys' School conducted by the Fathers. As the Government makes no provision for Indian pupils under four years, the little ones between two and four in this institution are supported by the Mission.

Grouping now together the three educational departments, the Boys' School, with 120 boarders; the Girls' School, conducted by the Sisters of Providence, with a few more girl boarders than the number of boys kept by the Fathers, and the Kindergarten, managed by the Ursulines, with seventy boys and girls in their keeping, we have a total of more than 320 Indian children being

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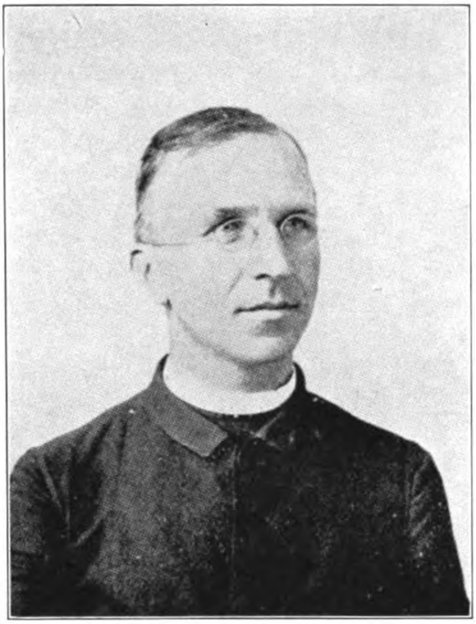
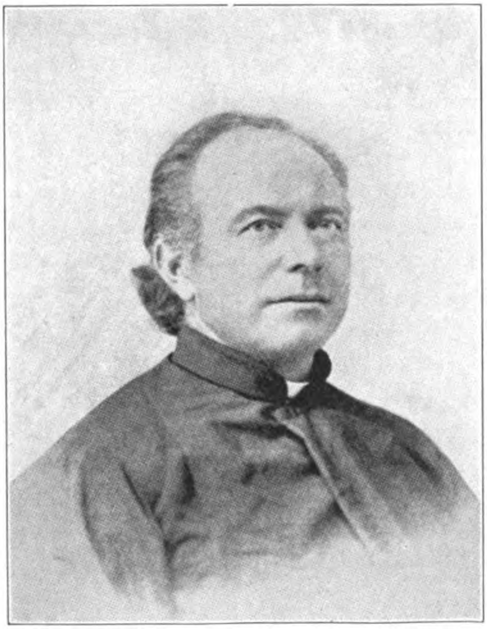


The Rev. James Rebmann, S.J.



The Rev. A. Van der Velden, S.J.

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educated today at St. Ignatius. Should the non-sectarian policy of Commissioner Morgan prevail, no great stretch of the imagination is needed to forecast unfortunate consequences for these poor Indian children. Most of them will be thrust back into far more bitter barbarism than that in which they were born. For savagery is doubly deplorable for such as fall back into it from the lap of civilization.

Father James Rebmann, the present Superior of the Mission, is the Principal of the Boys' School, as well as the general Superintendent of the Girls' and Kindergarten departments. He is well qualified for the task and ably seconded, besides, by a corps of efficient and devoted teachers.

Let us add a few words from outsiders concerning the Mission Schools of St. Ignatius.

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CHAPTER XXI.

HON. GEORGE G. VEST, UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND CATHOLIC METHODS OF EDUCATING THE INDIANS AS EXEMPLIFIED AT THE ST. IGNATIUS INDUSTRIAL BOARDING SCHOOLS.

THE Honorable gentleman whose name heads this chapter served on a special committee appointed at the wish of the House of Representatives of the United States in 1883, to visit the Indian reservations of the West. During the month of September of the same year he came to the Mission of St. Ignatius. His appreciation of the methods followed by the Fathers and the Sisters in educating the Indians, will best appear from his own words, spoken in the United States Senate on May 12, 1884:

> In all my wanderings in Montana last summer I saw but one ray of light on the subject of Indian education. I am a Protestant —born one, educated one, and expect to die one—but I say now that the system adopted by the Jesuits is the only practical system for the education of the Indian, and the only one that has resulted in anything at all.

Here, making his own the words of another Senator (Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts), who had said that the reason of the success of the Jesuits with the Indian was that they devoted their whole lives to the work, he confirms the statement by referring to Father A. Ravalli, whom he had visited "at his little room" at St. Mary's, and who, "though bed-ridden for some years, was still administering to the wants of the Indians."

> This man's whole life was given up to the work, and what is the result? Today the Flat Heads are one hundred per cent in advance of any other Indians in point of civilization, at least in Montana. Fifty years ago the Jesuits were among them, and today you see the result.

The Senator enters here into the details of the industrial and school-room training given in their respective departments by the

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Fathers and Sisters to the boys and girls in their keeping, then he continues: "We had a school examination there, lasting through two days. I undertake to say now that never in the States was there a better examination than I heard at that Mission of children of the same ages with those I saw there."

After referring to the different industries in which the Indian children were being trained:

I asked the Father in charge [adds Senator Vest] to give me his experience as an Indian teacher and to state what had given the school its remarkable success. He said it resulted from the fact that they trained both the boys and the girls. Here is the whole of it in a single sentence. I call the attention of the Senators, who are interested in the question, to this singular point—when a class graduates in the male school, a class also graduates in the female school. From the fact that the boys and girls are both educated, by their similarity of tastes and by their advance in civilization, they become husband and wife, and as soon as that took place the Jesuits and the Agent would build them a little house, break up a piece of ground, and the single couple became a nucleus of civilization and Christianity. You must educate both sexes in order that the one shall support the other, in order that they may go out to battle against barbarism hand in hand; and until you do it, it is absolutely money thrown away to take either sex and undertake to educate them separately. The Jesuits have the key to the whole problem. They have learned it by actual experience, and the result is shown to-day. Let any Senator take the Northern Pacific Railroad and get off at Arlee and go to these missions, and he will see farms with cattle upon them, he will see Indians cutting logs, carrying them to saw-mills, getting out planks, and putting them up into houses with their own hands. He will see them attend mass regularly.

Touching upon the subject of day-schools for Indians, Senator Vest makes the following declaration:

I saw not one day-school in the eleven tribes that we visited in Montana where the Indians had learned a solitary thing. As the Senator from Kansas said here to-day, and that part of his speech I heartily approve, "the attendance at such schools is on ration day." It is utterly impossible to educate the Indian if you let him go back to his family each day. Indians are utterly averse to the idea that a boy should work. It is right for women to work. They are made to work. Old Arlee, the second chief of the Flatheads, abused the school to me and denounced it, and I found his objection to it was

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that he sent his boy over there and the Fathers put him to work in the field. In other words, as he said to me, "I did not send my boy there to be a squaw." He did not intend him to be degraded by any manual exercise at all. It is perfectly evident, that with all such prejudices, such feeling in regard to sustaining oneself with actual labor, it is impossible to do anything for these people, or to advance them one single degree until you take their children away.

And what is the Senator's opinion about taking the Indian youth thousands of miles off their country in order to civilize and educate them?

I would not take them off to the States [he declares] where they would acquire ideas which are alien to Indian life. The Jesuits, I repeat, have found the secret of the whole system, and that is the boarding schools and industrial schools upon the Reservations, where the children are taken, and where the parents are permitted to see them.

Subsequently, in the same debate Senator Vest expressed himself as follows:

In regard to educating both sexes, and in boarding schools, let me say a word to the Senator of Massachusetts. I do not speak with any sort of denominational prejudices in favor of the Jesuits. I was taught to abhor the whole sect. I was raised in that good old-school Presbyterian Church that looked upon the Jesuits as very much akin to the devil. But I say now, that if the Senator from Massachusetts, the Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, will find me any tribe of Indians on the continent of North America, that approximates in civilization to the Flat Heads, who have been under the control of the Jesuits for fifty years, I will abandon my entire theory on the subject. I say that out of the eleven tribes that I saw—and I say this as a Protestant—where they had Protestant missionaries they had not made a single solitary advance toward civilization, not one; and yet among the Flat Heads, where there were two Indian Missions, you find farms, you find civilization, you find Christianity, you find the relation of husband and wife, and of father and child scrupulously observed. I say that one ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory at any time, and this I say, and I know it.

Six years later, July, 1890, when the Indian Appropriation Bill was under discussion in the Senate, Senator Vest spoke again in the same strain and said (we quote from the *Congressional Record* of July 25, 1890):

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My opinions, from personal observation, and not theory, are fixed upon this question. I say that the Jesuits have succeeded better than any other persons living in the education of these people, and I say this with every prejudice, if that be the proper word, against the Jesuits' organization, against the Society of Jesus; I say this as a Protestant, an educated Protestant, and I trust as a representative Protestant, and I know what I say to be true. I have seen the system which is denounced by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in operation. I simply accept results.

The words of Senator Vest need no comment; they speak for themselves. Perhaps no question of the present day has been more muddled and perverted by misrepresentation, hypocrisy and downright dishonesty than that of Indian education. Hence it is indeed refreshing to hear a man of the standing of Senator Vest speak as he does on the subject of Catholic Indian Schools, and this after looking into them officially, and notwithstanding all the prejudices in which he declares he was born and reared. We cannot but feel grateful to, and heartily thank the Hon. Senator for his appreciation of our work among the Indians, no less than for his brave, frank and manly way of expressing it.

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Chapter XXII.

THE REV. JAMES RAZZINI VISITS THE INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. BRIEF OF HIS HOLINESS, PIUS IX.

IN 1873, the Very Rev. P. Beckx, the Father-General of the Society of Jesus, bestowed on the missionaries in the Rocky Mountains a mark of his special affection. He appointed Father James Razzini to visit this part of the Lord's vineyard, with a view to encourage the missionaries and to devise, after a personal inspection of the field, such means as might best conduce to the furtherance of the work. He visited first the Missions in Idaho and Washington, and reached St. Ignatius by the close of July. He was favorably impressed with the country and with the work of the Fathers, and soon after his return to Europe our missionaries in the Rocky Mountains were comforted by encouraging words from the Father-General himself. New laborers were also sent to their assistance at the suggestion of Father Razzini.

This favor bestowed by the Father-General on the Indian Missions was followed two years later by another, a most special one, conferred on the Indians and Mission of St. Ignatius by His Holiness, our Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX.

Having been told by the Fathers how the Great Chief of the Black Robes, the Vicar of Christ on earth, was the object of persecution at the hands of the revolutionists of Europe and in particular of Italy, the Indians conceived the idea of conveying to the Holy Father an expression of their sympathy, their loyalty and devotion to him and to his teachings. They accompanied their letter with presents of skins and curios. The Holy Father was delighted at this manifestation of fidelity and love from these rude children of the forest, and deigned to express his gratification and pleasure by addressing to them under date of March 8, 1875, a brief, of which the following is a faithful translation:

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BELOVED SONS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

While reading your letter we seemed to be carried back to the Apostolic times of the Church, when faith and charity were so flourishing, as to unite the faithful in one heart and one soul. Nothing, indeed, could have given us greater pleasure, intensely grieved as we are every day by the defection of many, who, infatuated by the love of novelties in things and opinions, turn their attention from the truth, and fond of fables, go in search of teachers for their *itching ears*. But if these unhappy mortals wander away from the path of truth, you in very deed do seek after and follow it, clinging with so much fidelity and affection unto this Chair of Truth, whence the light of the Gospel goes forth to you. Yet the falling away of some among your brethren from their vocation, which you deplore, shows that you also are subject to temptation. But it is necessary that it should be so, since man's life upon earth is a warfare, and the fidelity of the just is not proven, except by the ordeal of temptation. Be firm, therefore, in the faith which you have received, and turn the very temptation into a source of profit and merit, a task which certainly will not be difficult for you, if with a willing ear you listen to the teaching and faithfully follow the advice of your missionaries, who are united with our Apostolic Vicar, and through him also with us, by the closest bond of faith and charity. The constancy maintained by you, despite the example of erring brethren, renders the manifestations of your good will the more acceptable to us, and makes truly precious those gifts, the fruit of your industry, which you were pleased to send us, in token of your filial affection.

We have been especially delighted with the help of your prayers, which, in union with the supplications of all the faithful, can alone obtain that Divine aid so much needed by the Church, everywhere harassed by persecution, and not less demanded by the disturbed condition of the nations throughout the world. Continue, therefore, in your prayers, beloved sons, that you may escape the dangers of perversion; pray perseveringly for us and the whole Catholic community, that propitiated by your supplications and those of all His people, the most merciful God may, at last, grant us peace in these our days of so much trouble. We implore in your behalf the manifold gifts of the Holy Ghost, in token of which and as a mark of our paternal love, we most affectionately impart to you all, beloved sons, and to each missionary in particular, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, on the 8th day of March, 1875; in the twenty-ninth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.

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Words fail to express the joy of these poor people when they were told that the Holy Father had received their letter and little presents, and had answered them and sent them his blessing. Runners were at once dispatched in every direction to broadcast the good tidings and gather the Indians at the Mission, for the day on which the great *Kaimin,* or epistle, the Apostolic Brief, would be read to them from the altar. They hastened to St. Ignatius in large numbers. The Papal Brief was read in Flat Head, Kootenay, and English, the words of the Holy Father being listened to with profound reverence and breathless attention and sinking deep into their hearts. The event was one never to be forgotten, and may be said to have marked a new era for our work among the Indians.

Four years later another event of importance took place. Archbishop Charles J. Seghers visited the place in the summer of 1879, and on August 3, he conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on one hundred and six people, and two days after on seven more. We find a number of priests doing honor to the Archbishop on the occasion: they were the Rev. L. Conrardi, of the secular clergy, and the following Jesuit Fathers, J. Giorda, J. M. Cataldo, L. Van Gorp, P. Tosi, J. Bandini, A. Parodi, and S. Lattanzi.

His Grace visited the Mission in July, 1882, and on this second visit forty more neophytes received Confirmation at his hands the last day of the month, the feast of St. Ignatius.

We cannot forbear mentioning a little occurrence that filled the genial soul of the Archbishop with mirth on this latter occasion. While examining some Indians for Confirmation with the help of Father Cataldo, His Grace noticed in the group before him an elderly Kalispel, whom he felt sure he had confirmed on a previous occasion. "But you, my son, have received the Holy Ghost already," said the Archbishop to the Indian. "Yes, great Black Robe," answered the Indian; "but I lost Him; He got drowned crossing the river." The poor fellow was far from jesting or being irreverent: he only expressed himself as best he knew. The Archbishop was wont to give a little medal to each Indian he confirmed, as a remembrance of Confirmation; and the old man had lost his while swimming across the Pend d'Oreille River. He wanted another medal.

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Chapter XXIII.

RAPACITY OF INDIAN AGENTS. AGRICULTURE AND MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF THE INDIANS ON THE JOCKO RESERVATION.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor speaks of the "heartless and inventive rapacity of Indian Agents," and we might confirm the truthfulness of his words by many an example drawn from our Indian missionary life. We shall mention only one or two wherein both "the heartless and the inventive" elements show forth rather conspicuously.

When boats commenced to run on the Upper Missouri, the annual supplies for the Missions in Montana were shipped from St. Louis to Fort Benton, free transportation being generously offered by the steamboat men, personal friends of Father De Smet. The goods were then transported over the mountain roads to their respective destinations by Mission teams. One year at St. Ignatius we had no wagons that could be sent on such a long rough trip without much repairing, and the Brother who might have repaired them being laid up by sickness, we applied to the Indian Agent for the loan of two government wagons, which he could easily spare, as they were not in use.

Our request was promptly granted, and in due time good Brother Magri, with some Indians and the Mission teams, started for the Agency, which lay on his course. He there found the wagons ready; but to his surprise he found them also heavily laden. Having asked the meaning of this, he was told by the official that, "since the teams had no load on their way out and were to pass through Deer Lodge, he had concluded to have them haul to that place some freight for him, on the presumption, of course, that the Fathers could have no objection to his doing so."

This proceeding nettled and perplexed the Brother considerably; the more so that he had no way of consulting his Superior on the matter. Hence, there being no other alternative,

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he took the Agent's freight to Deer Lodge, the man himself managing to reach there about the same time, to dispose of it.

We must note here that from their brand the ox-teams were recognized as the Mission's all along the road, while the wagons, as everybody could see from the letters painted on them, were Government property.

A year or so later, while on the way to Helena to purchase supplies for the Mission, the writer fell in with a friend, a well-known Montana gentleman, by whom he was taunted as follows: "Why, Father, heretofore no one would have dreamed that you Fathers at the Mission were in with the rest to rob the poor Indians." Being as yet somewhat "green" about the ways of Indian Agents, we did not understand the gentleman's allusion. A few words of explanation, however, soon threw light on the subject, and we could not but marvel at the "inventive and heartless rapacity" that had so cleverly turned the Cross, the Mission brand, to its own advantage.

The freight which the Indian Agent had thus shipped to Deer Lodge was a quantity of flour and shorts ground at the Agency mill, from wheat which the Government had appropriated for the relief of the Indians, who, owing to the failure of their crops, were in danger of starving. The worthy had the stuff hauled to the mines by the Brother, simply as a blind to cover up the dishonesty of the shipment, feeling quite sure that nobody would ever suspect a transaction wherein a Jesuit Brother and the Mission teams had taken such a conspicuous part.

On another occasion, it being an intensely cold winter, we applied to the Indian Agent for material for clothing for our school children. We received *two bolts of prints and two of unbleached muslin*, and felt thankful for the bounty. Some three years later, our attention was called to an item in the Agent's Official Report which ran as follows: *"By domestics furnished the Sisters' school at St. Ignatius, $1,600.66; sixteen hundred dollars and sixty-six cents;* this being the actual amount which that honest official charged the Government for those few yards of unbleached cotton and calico! After such an experience, we felt loath to ask any further assistance from those gentlemen, lest by doing so we should furnish occasion

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of practising their "heartless and inventive rapacity." But to return to our Indians.

Besides the three nations designated in the Hell's Gate treaty of 1855, as the Confederated tribes of Flat Heads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenays, the Indian community of St. Ignatius includes also representatives of other tribes. These are a number of Lower Pend d'Oreilles, as they are called, several Colville Indians, some Spokanes, a few Nez Percés and also some Blackfeet and Crees. The four languages spoken by these people, namely, the Kalispel or Selish, the Kootenay, the Nez Percés and the Blackfeet, have no more affinity or resemblance with one another than Greek or Hebrew with English.

How the Indian tribes in the Rocky Mountains, despite their comparative proximity and notwithstanding their being so much alike in other respects, can still be so different in tongue is a problem that ethnologists, so far as we know, have not yet been able to solve satisfactorily. Nor need we emphasize the fact that this language difficulty has ever been a most serious impediment in the way of efficient missionary work among the various tribes, and is one of many obstacles that render the Indian Mission in this part of the Northwest very hazardous.

The natives on this Reservation are grouped into several small centers or villages, the principal one being the Mission proper, which we have already described. At the southern end of the reserve, near and around the Agency, are located the Flat Heads, both those who went thither at the time of the Garfield treaty, and the rest of their brethren, under the leadership of Charlot, who until quite recently had refused to leave their homes in the Bitter Root Valley.

For the special benefit of these and some few other Indians living in that vicinity, a chapel was built in the locality by the Fathers a few years ago. It is a frame structure, 28 x 75 feet, and was dedicated by the Ordinary, August 4, 1889, under the title of St. John Berchmans. The corner-stone had been blessed by His Grace Archbishop Seghers, on his second visitation of western Montana in 1882; but as a matter of fact, the chapel was not erected until some years after.

Quite recently, a branch school was opened in this settlement for the accommodation of a number of Indian children unable

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or unwilling to attend the central school at St. Ignatius. Three Ursulines do the teaching, and Father Canestrelli is in charge of the dependency. The simple-minded Flat Heads and others more intelligent, are far from even dreaming that their spiritual guide who works so zealously to instruct them in the rudiments of Christian doctrine, had been singled out as worthy to replace a renowned master of Divinity in Rome, Cardinal Franzelin.

Another Indian village, having also a chapel, but no resident priest, lies at the northern extremity of the Reservation, and occupies the little valley of Dayton Creek, on the west side of Flat Head Lake. This Indian village is composed chiefly of Kootenays, called also Scalzé, a band of thriftless redskins, considerably addicted to drinking and gambling, and of an unsavory record otherwise. Some of these poor creatures spend their time lounging round white settlements where whiskey can be found in plenty; thus bringing all the others of the tribe into disrepute. Ignace, their chief, is a good, upright, steady man, esteemed by all who know him, but his authority is disregarded by many of his wards.*

Father Philip Canestrelli and other missionaries before him. namely, Fathers Menetrey, Grassi, Tosi, Bandini, have labored hard to lift this wretched band of Indians from barbarism. But, all in all, the result has been rather discouraging.

These Dayton Creek Kootenays are a branch of a large tribe of Kootenays or Scalzé who live on what are called Tobacco Plains and from whom they separated, or by whom, rather, they were driven off as castaways for misbehavior. The Tobacco Plains Kootenays or Scalzé are a much better class of Indians, and they too were attended from St. Ignatius prior to the drawing of the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia. They are now looked after by the Oblates M. I. under whose jurisdiction lies the section across the line, while the Kootenays on the Dayton Creek continue to be visited by the Jesuit Fathers from St. Ignatius Mission. In the baptismal records kept at the Mission we find one hundred and sixty-one Scalzé or Kootenay adults baptized by Father U. Grassi in 1863, within three days, that is, between October 25 and 28.

* P. Ronan, *Historical Sketch of the Flat Head Indian Nation.*

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Clusters of Indian cabins can also be seen at Crow Creek, at the foot of the lake, at the mouth of the Jocko, and in other parts of the Reservation. All told and including the following of Charlot, the Indians number about 1,900 souls, a few more perhaps than less.

The Mission records of baptisms and burials for the last eight years, that is, from 1884 to 1891, give 521 births as against 467 deaths. Whence it would appear that there has been a slight increase in their numbers.

The following additional items which we have taken from the official reports sent in to the Indian Department, will give the reader some further information as to the actual condition of these Indians and their advance in civilization.

In 1886 sixteen Indian families purchased from the Geneva Nursery, New York, at their own expense, a number of young fruit trees, such as plum, apple and cherry, and laid out small orchards. In the spring of the following year, 1887, an Agent of the House of L. L. Man and Co., nursery men of St. Paul, Minn., delivered to thirty more families on this reservation invoices of young fruit trees to the aggregate amount of $932, the orders having been filled for cash on delivery.*

According to the official report of 1890, there are in the reservation some two hundred farms, from eight to one hundred and sixty acres each, enclosed and cultivated, making an aggregate of over 9,000 acres of land under cultivation.

The Indians own severally some 10,000 head of cattle; 5,000 head of horses; 1,200 head of swine, and from 5,000 to 6,000 fowl. The crop raised by them the same year was estimated at 45,000 bushels of oats, and 40,000 bushels of wheat. They also raised a good vegetable crop, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, onions, etc. A number of these Indians live in comfortable houses, and some have good barns and outbuildings for the care of agricultural implements.†

The live-stock owned by the Indians includes a herd of comparatively tame buffalo, which can be seen grazing in the Mission or Sinie'lemen Valley. The herd numbers some fifty

* Report Commissioner Indian Affairs, 1887. It may be well to add here that the first orchard of this reservation, and perhaps the first in Montana, had been planted at St. Ignatius by the Fathers some twenty years before.

† Indian Commissioner's Report, 1890.

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head, all sprung from two calves captured on the buffalo plains and brought to St. Ignatius in our first days on the place by Indian Samuel. But for the head occasionally butchered and sold for beef by the owner, the herd would be today considerably larger.*

The official items and figures here presented speak for themselves and show unmistakably the progress made by the Indians in civilization. Prior to the Fathers coming among them, fifty years ago, not one sod had been turned in what is now the state of Montana, and sowing for crops was utterly unknown to the natives. Today these children of the forest compare favorably with our thrifty farming communities.

* The herd was sold some years ago by its original owner and became first the joint property of Charlie Allard and Michel Pablo, but the latter some time after bought out his partner's share and acquired the whole band himself. Quite recently the buffalo, now some two hundred head, were sold by Michel Pablo to the Canadian Government, but a few of them that could not be rounded up for delivery are still roaming over the Mission Valley.

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Chapter XXIV.

DEATH OF FATHER J. MENETREY. A NOTABLE INDIAN. BRO. VINCENT MAGRI. THE REV. ANTON KUHLS.

WE SHALL now briefly refer to some of the missioners who, at one time or another within the period embraced by our chronicle, have been engaged in advancing the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Indians at St. Ignatius.

Fathers Adrian Hoecken and Joseph Menetrey were the founders of the Mission. The former is not only still among the living but on active duty, being one of the Fathers attached to St. Gall's Church, Milwaukee, Wis. We have before us a letter from him, dated November 14, 1891, wherein the veteran Indian missioner gives us a number of references for our work. The letter is written in a legible, clear, even hand that is surprising for a man of his age. Father Hoecken was in charge of the Mission at its founding and for some time afterward.

Father Menetrey was head of the Mission for several years, at different periods; and there his earthly remains now repose, buried among the Indians, waiting for the sound of the Last Trumpet. He was born in Freiburg, Switzerland, November 28, 1812, and entered the Society of Jesus, September 29, 1836. Some ten years later he offered himself for the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains, and sailing round Cape Horn for America, he landed in Oregon, August 13, 1847. From St. Francis Xavier on the Willamette he passed successively to other Missions in Idaho, Washington and Montana, toiling zealously and with marked success among the Colville, the Blackfeet, and Flat Head Indians. Although in every Indian Mission where he did missionary duty can be seen proofs of his zeal, industry and patient endurance, Judgment Day alone will reveal how much Father Menetrey has done, borne and suffered for the glory of God and the well-being of the red man.

As we shall see in our second part, Father Menetrey was the first pastor of Frenchtown, and for several years ministered to

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the spiritual wants of our Catholic people in the Hell's Gate Valley. In the fall of 1874, he came to Helena and was for three years one of the Fathers who had the care of this missionary district. He attended the outside stations and settlements in the Missouri and Boulder Valleys, Crow Creek, the two Gallatins and other places.

The last years of his missionary life were devoted to the people of Missoula and its surroundings, where he built up a flourishing congregation. Here his health began to fail, but he kept on working until his exhausted strength compelled him to retire from all active duty. The worn-out veteran now betook himself to St. Ignatius, with the one object before him of quietly preparing himself and waiting for the summons that should bid him enter into the joy of the Master, in whose vineyard he had, in all truth, borne the burden of the day and the heats for almost half a century. The summons came and the good and faithful servant went to the Lord, April 27, 1891.

It may be well to note that on April 27, the closing day of the Father's pilgrimage on earth, occurs the feast of Blessed Peter Canisius, whom the departed had chosen, cherished and venerated through his whole life as his special patron. As the Blessed never fail to requite the homage tendered them by their clients, we may well read in the occurrence something more than mere coincidence. His obsequies were attended by a large concourse of Indians, nearly one thousand of them receiving Holy Communion that morning for the repose of his soul.

He went with the Indians by the name of Pel Lemené. As previously stated, these people have no "r," which they replace by "l." Hence the Père they make Pel, and Menetrey became Lemené.

Others who at one time or another within the period covered by our narrative labored in this field, were the following: Fathers Louis Vercrysse, Gregory Gazzoli, Joseph Giorda, Jos. Caruana, Urban Grassi, James Vanzina, Anthony Ravalli, Pascal Tosi, Jos. M. Cataldo, Jos. Bandini, and the writer. Also, Fathers Jos. Guidi, Alexander Diomedi, Aloysius Folchi, Leopold Van

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Gorp, Aloysius Parodi, Jerome d'Aste, Phil. Canestrelli, and James Rebmann.*

Of the Coadjutor Brothers who took an efficient part in founding or carrying on this and other Missions in Montana, two, William Claessens and Joseph Specht, have already been mentioned. To these we must now add Brother Vincent Magri, who, as we stated elsewhere, came to St. Mary's in 1844. He was a skilled mechanic and spent a considerable part of his missionary life here at St. Ignatius, where he had charge of the saw and flour mills, and where he became quite a favorite with the Indians. An occurrence connected with his death and quite out of the ordinary is well-worth recording.

There lived at St. Ignatius an old Kalispel Indian by name Quilquilzo'm, which means "white bones," and who most likely had been called so because of his complexion, which was as fair as a white man's. We never saw a nobler mien and a more prepossessing appearance than this venerable old Indian's. He had been baptized Venantius, rendered into Pinasso. He wore a few straggling hairs on his chin, the only pretence to a beard ever seen on an Indian by the writer. He spoke his native tongue with unwonted grace and clearness, and precisely because of that he had been of much help to all our missionaries whilst learning the language.

He was a man of singular piety, for he measured the distance between places by the number of Rosaries he could recite in going from one to the other, and never pitched his tepee, save close to the church, if this were possible. "The House of Prayer" was ever uppermost in his mind. The Fathers employed him in the capacity of catechist, to lead in prayer, watch over the children at church and the like, tasks which he dearly loved to perform.

While fishing one day at the foot of Flat Head Lake he saw an unusual sight. It burst on him all of a sudden, and as he expressed himself, it seemed to take, together with his breath, his very soul away from him. He dropped his line and hastened to the Mission. "I saw Sinze Chitás," said he

* We give the names in their chronological order, and as our narrative ends with the close of 1891, we mention none but those who have done mission or school work at St. Ignatius prior to that date.

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abruptly and with great emphasis on entering the room where the writer and Father J. Bandini happened to be sitting together. He raised his eyes and both his arms toward the sky, and all aglow with animation; "I saw him," he continued, "riding in a most beautiful thing."

The only description he could give of the "beautiful thing" in which he had seen the Brother ride through the skies, was that it resembled a two-wheel vehicle, the like of which he had never seen before, and that it was all resplendent and of surpassing beauty.

We may note here first that Sinze is the Indian for Brother, while *Chitás* means thin, spare, wanting in flesh or skinny, which is exactly the meaning of the Italian word *magro;* and as Brother Magri was uncommonly lean, his name and appearance were strikingly in keeping with each other. This good Brother whom the Indians, as just said, called *Sinze Chitás,* had been transferred to the Cœur d'Alenes Mission the year before. Hence we did not know what to think or make of our good Indian's story until several days after, that is, until we received due notice of the Brother's death, which had occurred June 18, at Lewiston, Idaho, some four hundred miles away from St. Ignatius. Upon comparing dates, we were forced to conclude that the Master of the vineyard had rewarded His faithful servant's many and wearisome journeys across these mountains by giving him a glorious chariot ride to the realm above.

We shall now bring the local history of this Mission to a close with the following, which is from the pen of the Rev. Anton Kuhls, a well known and highly esteemed ecclesiastic from Kansas, who visited St. Ignatius in company with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel in 1887.

Traveling on the Northern Pacific Railroad, about 150 miles west of Helena, the capital of Montana, you reach a small station named after one of the great missionaries of this region, Father Ravalli. You travel through one of the most picturesque sections of the Rocky Mountains, crossing the famous iron trestle 226 feet high and several hundred feet in length. Being in the company of Bishop Brondel, of Helena, I was favored with a novel sight. Arriving at the station as early as 6 A. M., crowds of Indians on horseback were found awaiting the arrival of the Bishop, and immediately escorted him, in their peculiar fashion, to the Mission. The inexpressible

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happiness which beamed from their faces told more plainly than words their devotion to the church and their love for her representative. The country around the Mission is one of the most beautiful to be found in America. Had we a Dante or a Virgil, there he would live, to gather inspiration for his epic. It must be seen to be appreciated, and I will not attempt a description, through fear of marring the picture's sublime beauty.

When the Bishop arrived at the church, though it was still early in the morning, nearly the whole tribe had gathered there to greet him. They had erected an arbor of evergreens extending some distance from the entrance of the church. In this arbor they knelt in files on each side of the pathway, and received the Bishop's blessing as he passed on to celebrate mass for his dear and simple children of the forest. The mass being ended, the Fathers prepared to hear confessions. All day the church was crowded to overflowing with brown forms, wrapped in blankets, patiently waiting their turns at the confessionals, and three Fathers were kept constantly busy until eleven o'clock at night. The next day being Sunday and the Feast of St. Ignatius, from five o'clock A. M. until seven at night the church was almost constantly crowded with Indians. The whole tribe partook of the Bread of Angels. Never and on no occasion during the twenty-five years of my priesthood have I witnessed devotion so pure and simple as I did on this Feast of St. Ignatius.

During the afternoon the Indian children, nearly 200 in number, gave an exhibition in the open air in the presence of the whole tribe and a great number of white visitors. Their exhibition would have been a credit to any white school in the States. Besides mere book-learning these boys and girls learn useful trades and all domestic duties. The girls' school is conducted by the Sisters of Providence, and never I have seen a school where the heart and the spirit of the teachers is so visibly and tangibly imprinted upon the whole being of their pupils as in this one.

We were given a most touching proof of Indian generosity. During the celebration of High Mass, Bishop Brondel stated that the Holy Father would celebrate this year his Golden Jubilee and that all his children would offer him presents as tokens of their love. He made use of three sentences which were made known to the Indians through an interpreter, the Rev. Father Cataldo, and a scene followed that my pen can never describe. As soon as the mass was over and during the greater part of the afternoon the poor Indians wrapped in their blankets, as poor as the poorest of God's creatures, came one after another into the Bishop's presence, placing at his feet offerings so various, so numerous, so unique, and with such child-like

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simplicity, love and hearty affection, as to move us to tears. One poor old woman brought a string of wild carrots and bitter roots, gathered for her own support, volunteering to fast herself, that the Holy Father might enjoy a meal. Another pulled off her ear-rings; still another her breast-pin. A young girl of eighteen sacrificed her only ornament, a beautiful belt. Pipes, knives, fancy cases, and a hundred other things continued to swell the pile before the Bishop. Besides all this they brought $800 in cash as a final offering. Considering all the articles, and the value the Indians placed on them, I doubt whether a single congregation of Americans will ever bring such a sacrifice as these children of the woods. May God bless Saint Ignatius.

Thus the Rev. Anton Kuhls; and we may add in parentheses, that, with the exception of the Jubilee offering, all the rest described by the Rev. visitor takes place each year on the feast of the Mission Patron Saint.

By way of complement, as well as in compliance with the express wish of our Superiors, we here subjoin in chronological order the names of those who have been in charge of the Mission from the closing years of our narrative, namely, 1891. They were Fathers John B. René; Paul Muset; George de la Motte; Francis X. Dillon; Jerome D'Aste; Leopold Van Gorp; Ludovic Taelman; again, George de la Motte; Joseph Bruckert and the present incumbent, Ambrose Sullivan.

We may add further, that two white settlements have since sprung up in the Mission Valley, Polson at the foot of Flat Head Lake, where a church costing some $3,000, has been erected by Fr. Taelman; and Ronan, which lies about halfway between the former place and Saint Ignatius, and where also a neat church has been built by Father E. Griva, an indefatigable worker on this field. It is all some progress, beyond doubt; but it also spells the rapid passing of the red man.

These churches are now taken care of by resident secular priests of the Helena Diocese.

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Chapter XXV.

ST. PETER'S MISSION—THE BLACKFEET INDIANS. FIRST MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THEM. THE FATHERS O. M. I. FATHER NICHOLAS POINT, S. J.

THE object of this Mission was to bring the truths of Christianity to the Blackfeet Indians, who were in the early days one of the most numerous and most powerful tribes in the Rocky Mountains. Their country lay to the east of the main Rockies, from the 46th to the 59th parallel, and within the 29th and 30th degrees of longitude west from Washington.

The region is an immense expanse of rolling prairies, with scarcely any timber. It has but a few insignificant clusters of mountains, the principal ones being the Bear Paw, the Belt and the Judith Mountains, the Little Rockies, so-called, and further north, the Sweet Grass Hills. Here and there can be seen detached elevations rising abruptly from the general level of the surrounding plains. These straggling mounds or isolated elevations of different form and shape—some oblong, some round and others square (called Buttes in Montana), are natural curiosities, and a puzzle to geologists.

The country is watered by the Missouri, the Milk River, the Marias, the Teton and a number of smaller streams. It was the home of the buffalo where, as late as the early sixties, they roamed and swarmed in countless herds. Within the last twenty years, however, the greed and wantonness of modern civilization have almost utterly exterminated this once noble king of the prairies.

The Blackfeet nation is composed of three principal groups or families, having different names, but all speaking the same language. They are the Blackfeet proper, named in their tongue *Siksikána;* the Piegans or *Pikani,* and the *Bloods,* whose Indian name is *Kaenna.* The Siksikána or Blackfeet proper, had their home on the borderland between British America and the

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United States. When the boundaries were defined they found themselves on British soil; there they have remained.

This portion of the Blackfoot nation is now under the spiritual care of the Oblates M. I. who are engaged in missionary work over a great part of British America. By their zeal these men of God have brought into the fold and formed into fervent Christian communities a large number of wild Indian tribes along the Saskatchewan and the Mackenzie rivers, and throughout the northwestern Territory of British Columbia. Father A. Lacombe, O. M. I., the apostle of that country, has been at work among the nortrern tribes nearly half a century, and in the whole of British America there is today no missionary more famed and more revered.

We leave the Siksikána where they belong, in the good hands of the Oblate Fathers; and from this on whenever the name Blackfeet occurs in these pages, it is to be understood as applying principally and almost exclusively to that branch of the nation living in Montana, namely, to the South Piegans.

Two other tribes should here also be mentioned, the Gros Ventres and the Assiniboines, who occupy the central part of the country described above, lying mostly between the banks of the Milk River and the Little Rockies. Though sometimes spoken of as Blackfeet, they spring from independent stocks, as clearly shown by their language, their tongues having nothing in common with each other, nor with the Blackfoot. There seems to be no doubt that the Gros Ventres have come from the race of Rapahoes, who were roaming over the plains of New Mexico and along the Platte and the Nebraska rivers, "whence," says Father De Smet, "a century and a half ago they migrated to their present home."

The Assiniboines are a branch of the Sioux or Dakotas, whose language they also speak. They are the Sioux of the "Mountains," *Assini* in their tongue standing for mountains or rocks, and *Boines* for Sioux. As related by Father De Smet, they separated themselves from the rest because of a squabble between two women, the wives of the two great chiefs. A buffalo had been killed, and each of the two women insisted upon having the whole heart of the animal for herself. From words they came to blows. The two great chiefs were foolish enough

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to take the part of their respective better halves, and separated with their followers. From that time the two tribes have been at war.

Father Nicholas Point, who spent the winter of 1846-47 among the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, gives some interesting details about them. "The Gros Ventres of the plains," he tells us, "have an advantage over the others in being more adroit, more docile and more courageous, but they are more strongly attached to their superstitions." And again: "If the Gros Ventres were less importunate, I would willingly call them the Flat Heads of the Missouri. They have something of their simplicity and their bravery."

Of the Pikani or Piegans he speaks as follows: "They are the most civilized, but the most noted thieves. If they can rob adroitly and in large value from an enemy of their nation, they never fail to do so. Not seldom even friendly tribes were the victims of the thieving propensities of these Indians.

"The Bloods," as we learn from the same Father, "are well formed, and generally less dirty; while the Blackfeet proper are said to be the most hospitable. Such," adds Father Point, "are the most prominent traits of these four nations so long at war with almost all their neighbors, and sometimes among themselves."

Notwithstanding the fact that they are addicted to the grossest polygamy, these savages visited the faithlessness of a married woman with a very peculiar and lasting retribution. A wife, if found untrue to her liege lord, is forthwith and inexorably dismissed minus her nose, which the man strikes off with a knife in the act of dismissal, as an evidence to the whole tribe of her guilt and repudiation, and as a punishment of her misconduct.

Here it may be observed that with the red man of the Northwest the nose is the expression of one's whole personality or his *Ego,* an Indian always touching significantly the tip of his nose when speaking of himself. Whence it would seem that among them such nasal amputation carries much more than whites would attach to it.

Should the unfortunate creature be taken by another man and again prove untrue, her second dismissal is marked by cut-

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ting off one or both her ears. The custom was indeed harsh and even barbarous, but does it not show in its own way how much marital fidelity is respected and valued even by savages? Though occasionally a deformed, mutilated beauty could be seen among these Indians, as we learn from the missionaries, the case was of rare occurrence. The sanction proved effective; and though directly aimed at checking the wantonness of the wild woman, it restrained indirectly the lust and lewd cravings of the wild man.

God forbid, that we should advocate savage methods for civilized people. Still, it might be questioned whether the system of these barbarians would not be preferable to the divorce courts of many of our so-called cultured communities, and prove in the end more beneficial to the human family. In the Old Dispensation God's own Law stoned to death the offence, a punishment surely greater than the loss of one's nose and ears.

Father Point estimated the number of these Indians at about one thousand lodges, or nearly 10,000 souls; and he tells us that : "This is not half of what they were before the smallpox was introduced among them." He says, further on: "The women constitute two-thirds if not three-fourths of the whole number," adding at the same time: "This inequality, so baneful to morals, is the result of the continuous warfare of these people with neighboring tribes."

The greatest obstacle in the way of their conversion to Christianity was polygamy, to which these Indians were grossly addicted. The chiefs, wrote Father Point, "would listen willingly to us, could we but make terms with them on the article of plurality of wives." Nevertheless, they were all anxious to have the Black Robes remain in their midst, "and every returning spring," says Father De Smet, "they send pressing invitations to that effect." But no permanent Mission was founded among them till 1859, though its establishment had been in contemplation for several years.

Missionary work among a few of these Indians was first done by Father De Smet in 1840, on his return to St. Louis, when he met them along the Missouri. On Christmas day of the following year, as related in the history of that Mission, he baptized at St. Mary's one of the head men of

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the tribe with his whole family. Some three years later he visited the Blackfeet in their own country and baptized a number of their children. On this occasion he had a novel experience, a little adventure tinged with romance, no less amusing than surprising.

He had addressed through his interpreter a gathering of Indians who sat on the side of a hill, the chiefs and notables above and the common crowd below. As soon as he had finished his instruction, one of the chiefs came down to shake hands with him, saluting him in very good English and telling him, besides, that he had a rather poor interpreter. "These people," said the Blackfoot chief, "are deeply interested in what you have preached to them, but your interpreter did not put it before them in the proper way." "But you, please, sir, where did you learn English?" asked Father De Smet in amazement. "Faith! in Ireland," replied the Blackfoot chief. The Irishman, for such he was, went on with his story telling how he had wandered to the border settlements of the Northwest, where he had become too fond of drink; how he fell in with an old friend, a trader in the Indian country, who took him along, to save him from whiskey. He conceived a liking for the redskins and had lived among them ever since. In a war with some hostile tribe he had distinguished himself, and they had made him a chief. "After that," said he, "I married a squaw as well as I could, where no sight of a priest was to be had, and I have five papooses whom I have baptized myself, as well as I knew how. But I'd like your Reverence to do it all over for me and do it right this time."

The next missionary to visit the Blackfeet was Father N. Point, who spent a whole winter among them. He made his headquarters at Fort Louis, a trading-post of the American Fur Company, which was located a few miles below Fort Benton. While in their midst, he examined their dispositions with regard to a permanent Mission, and on this subject he wrote as follows to Father De Smet: "Among the different camps there is a species of emulation as to who will have the Black Robes on their lands. Concerning this I have decided nothing; I have only stated that in case a Reduction were formed, the Mission

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would be built in the locality which would afford the greatest advantages to all the tribes taken collectively."

Father Point was recalled to the Indian Missions of Upper Canada, but he left behind him proofs of great efficiency and remarkable zeal. He visited the different bands, spending with each several weeks; and being a skilful artist he won the good will and esteem of the chiefs by painting their portraits. He gave daily three instructions in Christian doctrine, one to the men, another to the women, and a third to the young folk. Having translated the ordinary prayers into Blackfoot by means of an interpreter, he taught them to young and old, all being most eager to memorize and recite the prayers in common.

But what seemed to specially impress these wild children of the prairies was the sign of the Cross: "There is scarcely any camp among the Blackfeet," says Father Point, "in which the sign of the Cross is not held in veneration and practised." Indeed, such was their reverence for the sign of our Redemption, that they would harm no one, not even a deadly foe, if he had a cross about him or if he knew how to bless himself. This became so well known among the whites that even non-Catholics and men of no religion, if they had to travel over the Blackfoot country, where at this time no white man's life was safe, would learn to make the sign of the Cross, and not fail, besides, to carry with them a little cross, were it but in the form of a breast-pin or a watch-charm. The sign or emblem would most likely prove their best protection from attack.

As one of many instances of the kind, we may cite that of Captain J. Cooke, of Whitehall, Montana, and a couple of companions, all three non-Catholics. They had come to our Territory by way of Fort Benton, to go to the gold mines of Alder Gulch, just when the Blackfeet Indians were most hostile to the whites. While in camp near Sun River they were surprised by a large party of savages, and having no chance of escape, they expected any moment to be slain. Suddenly a few of the Indians by the faint light of the campfire caught sight of something like a cross, hanging from Captain Cooke's watch-guard. They looked carefully at the thing; glanced at one another; made some more signs and muttered a few words, as though undecided what they would do. Upon this, Captain

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Cooke bethought himself of the sign of the Cross which Mat Carroll, one of the fur-traders at Fort Benton, had taught him as a probable safeguard in such an emergency. He blessed himself with great solemnity before the crowd of redskins. At once, the whole scene was changed as if by magic. The savages, who up to that moment had blood in their eyes and murder in their hearts, became friendly: they shook hands with him and his companions and bade them to go their way unmolested. Other whites who did not know or made no use of the secret, had been massacred without mercy in that same vicinity a short time before. The writer learned these details from Captain Cooke himself.

While among these Indians, Father Point performed and recorded in due form, 667 baptisms. All were in such dispositions, he tells us, that only one word on his part would have been necessary to enable him to baptize with their consent all the children, from the oldest down to those of only one day, the mothers bringing the little ones to him of their own free will. "I could have baptized a number of adults," he further declares; "they seemed to desire it ardently; but these desires did not spring as yet from the true principles of religion." There seemed to exist among them a persuasion that when they had received baptism they could conquer any enemy. The courage and happiness of the Flat Heads appeared to have given the Blackfeet this belief; "which explains," says Father Point, "why some of these wretches, who seek only to kill their neighbors, were the first to ask to be baptized."

Many of these people appeared also to be under the impression that the Black Robe could heal all bodily diseases, and make the earth quake and the thunder roll at pleasure. One day the Gros Ventres brought to the Father a hunchback and another individual who was very short-sighted, that he might cure them. It proved no easy task to make the Indians understand that to work such cures was not in the power of the Black Robe, who could heal the soul, but not always the body. About this time there occurred in the country of the Gros Ventres a severe earthquake, and the rumor went abroad that the missionary was the cause of the earth's illness, and that, in consequence, the dread smallpox would soon stalk again through their land.

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Several signs of what seemed Divine Justice against some who belittled the counsels of the priest contributed noticeably to change the minds and the heart of many of the Indians and dispose them to receive the faith. Father Point refers to at least twelve individuals suddenly struck down by death, one way or another, and just when they were straying most widely from the right path.

But what a loss did not these poor children of the forest sustain with the departure from among them of Father Point! Assigned to the Missions of Upper Canada, he left Fort Louis in the spring of 1847, and from that date until several years later the Blackfeet Indians remained entirely abandoned.

Some Protestant missionaries in the meanwhile sought to occupy the field by starting a Mission of their own at Fort Benton, but the undertaking proved a failure. The men who were given the charge became aware before very long that the Indians did not want them. Hence, after disposing of their books and other effects, some of which were purchased by Father A. Hoecken, the preachers pulled up stakes and left for other pastures.

It has been reliably stated that in 1858, at the suggestion of Father De Smet, Mr. Vaughn, the U. S. Agent over these tribes, forwarded to the Father General of the Society of Jesus a petition from these people entreating that Black Robes might be sent to them to instruct them in the teachings of Christianity. It was most likely in consequence of such an appeal that the first steps were now taken toward establishing a permanent Mission among them, and that Father A. Hoecken and Brother Magri were assigned by Father Congiato, the general Superior of the Indian Missions in this part of the Northwest, to look up a suitable location.

The two missionaries arrived among the Blackfeet in April of 1859, and spent the whole summer following the Indians from place to place, keeping their eyes open for a convenient site whereon the new Mission could be located. The first spot they chose was on the banks of the Teton River, close to where Choteau stands today.* Hence the name Priest's Butte given

* The name is so written in Montana, though its correct spelling is likely Chouteau, that is, with a "u" after the "o."

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to the straggling peak some distance off, and by which that towering landmark has been known ever since. On this first site three cabins were erected by Father Hoecken and Brother Magri. The two missionaries were the first white settlers in that part of the country. In October they were joined by Father C. Imoda, he too having been assigned by the Superiors to the same Mission. The Fathers spent the winter here, learning the language and teaching the rudiments of Christianity to a few Indian children.

The location, however, did not seem to be very desirable. Hence another had to be found, and on March 13, 1860, on the banks of Sun River, close to what afterward became Fort Shaw, a couple of cabins were constructed. But soon after, on August 9, a suspension of building was ordered by the Superior, Father Congiato. What may have been the cause we have never heard. Father Imoda and the Brother were directed to report to St. Ignatius; while Father Hoecken returned to the States.

The following year, 1861, Fathers Giorda and C. Imoda, with Brother Francis De Kock, were assigned to the Blackfoot Mission. They were directed to proceed to Fort Benton, and pass the winter there. They were further instructed to look up a suitable location for a permanent Mission for the Indians. Once located the new Mission was to be called after St. Peter, the Head of the Apostolic College, the name having been chosen by the Superior, Father Congiato, out of respect for the Very Rev. Peter Beckx, the Father General of the Society of Jesus, who had approved and took much interest in the work. The new missionary band arrived at Fort Benton on the 25th of October.

The following spring, 1862, Fathers Giorda and Imoda, with Brothers F. De Kock and Lucian D'Agostino, the last mentioned a new arrival, scoured the country in search of a suitable location. They found, at last, a desirable site along the banks of the Marias; but several of the chiefs strongly objected to having the Mission located there, and insisted with Father Giorda that it be established elsewhere. As the Father discovered before long, the Indians were quite diplomatic about the matter. The Marias region teemed with buffalo which, the Indians

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feared, would be all exterminated by the whites who were sure to follow in the wake of the Mission. Hence they did not want it located in that section.

Lest they should become alienated, Father Giorda thought it advisable to yield to their wishes. Accordingly, he and Father Menetrey, who a few months before had been called to work in this new field, started out again in search of a suitable Mission site. Finally they struck a place along the north bank of the Missouri, some six miles above the mouth of Sun River, which seemed to answer every purpose. There the new Mission was located on Febraury 14, and received the name of St. Peter. Log cabins were soon constructed; a number of Indians came around and, taking up places to their liking, pitched their tepees here and there in the vicinity.

It was here that Father Giorda came near losing his life by drowning. One day toward evening whilst he was crossing the Missouri over the ice, the crust gave way. He spread out his arms instinctively, and catching hold of the ice beyond the break, kept himself from going under. But how long could he withstand the strain and keep from being drawn down and carried off by the current? A more critical situation could hardly be imagined.

Most providentially, Brothers D'Agostino and De Kock, with an Indian, happened to be within hailing distance. They heard the Father's cry for help and hastened to his rescue; but found it impossible to reach him, the ice breaking under their feet as they attempted to go toward him. Upon this, the Indian, advancing carefully as far as the ice would carry him, threw round the Father the noose of a long lariat, and by a quick and dexterous twist fastened it. This done, he drew him out of the water safely. A marvelous feat, which amazed the two Brothers who, unable to lend any assistance, stood watching the performance in silent prayer and with bated breath.

Realizing that, after God, he owed his life to the Blackfoot, Father Giorda there and then made a vow to devote the rest of his days to the salvation of the tribe, should his Superiors approve of his doing so. From what we are told of him by Father Kuppens the Indian was a pagan.

Scarcely a couple of weeks after his narrow escape from

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drowning, the same Father met with another experience no less trying, though of an entirely different kind. About the close of the same month, February, 1862, he set out with his interpreter to visit the Gros Ventres, and fell in with a war party belonging to the camp of Bull Lodge, one of the chiefs of the tribe. Both he and his companion were made prisoners, but the latter managed, somehow, to escape. The marauders took from the missioner his mount and packhorse, provisions and all; and not content with this, they stripped him of the clothes on his back, to his very undergarments. Having relieved him of the cassock, the red flannel shirt he wore caught their fancy, and this, too, he had to surrender to his captors. No sooner had one of the band gotten it, than he put it on himself; but he was considerate enough to offer his own habiliment, a vermin-infested something without name, in exchange. It is stated that the thermometer at the Fort marked at this time forty degrees below zero; and how, under such conditions, Father Giorda did not perish with cold is truly remarkable.

He managed, however, to make his way into the presence of Bull Lodge, who handed him a buffalo skin for a covering. The chief could hardly believe that he who stood naked before him and half frozen was a Black Robe. Not long after, horses, saddle, and some personal effects, namely, breviary, cassock and a pair of blankets, were returned to the missionary, but he was not permitted to remain in the camp. Father Giorda is our authority for the story which we have also in his own handwriting before us.*

* In some MS. notes, also before us, but not in Father Giorda's own hand, we find it stated that the leader of the war party who so ill-treated the Missionary, "died, as he had lived, like a devil;" but we have not come upon any particulars on this point.

It is likewise stated in the same notes that the Father, besides being made a captive, was held nearly a month as a hostage for some horses which the Gros Ventres believed had been stolen from them by the whites, whereas they had been taken by some of their Indian enemies, a war party of Pend d'Oreilles. Further, that whilst in the hands of his captors, he was nearly eaten up by vermin. Lastly, that Father Giorda gave the Gros Ventres a letter directed to the officials at Fort Benton, wherein he pleaded in behalf of the Indians, and deprecated any harsh measures being adopted against them, because some of their wild young men had mistreated him. All this, though not alluded to by Father Giorda in the account written by himself, is most

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The rest of the Indians, on becoming aware of the ill-usage of the Black Robe at the hands of some of their people, sent apologies to the Fort, sincerely regretting the occurrence. They expressed also a desire to be visited by the missionary. Father Giorda had been praying for some such favorable turn, and was soon again on his way to the Indians, who were camped on the banks of the Milk River. He arrived among them on the 10th of April; but several of the chiefs and influential men of the tribe appeared anything but well disposed, and would not consent that any of their children should be baptized. Soon, however, a change for the better became noticeable. Father Giorda said the first Mass in their camp on April 13, which was Palm Sunday, and on the same day baptized 134 children.

It is made clear that, whilst St. Peter's Mission on the banks of the Missouri was being established in the material sense, it already was reaping, amidst trials and crosses, a goodly harvest of souls.

likely the truth, with the exception of the length of his captivity. It would appear that he could hardly have been in the hands of his captors more than twelve or fourteen days at the most.

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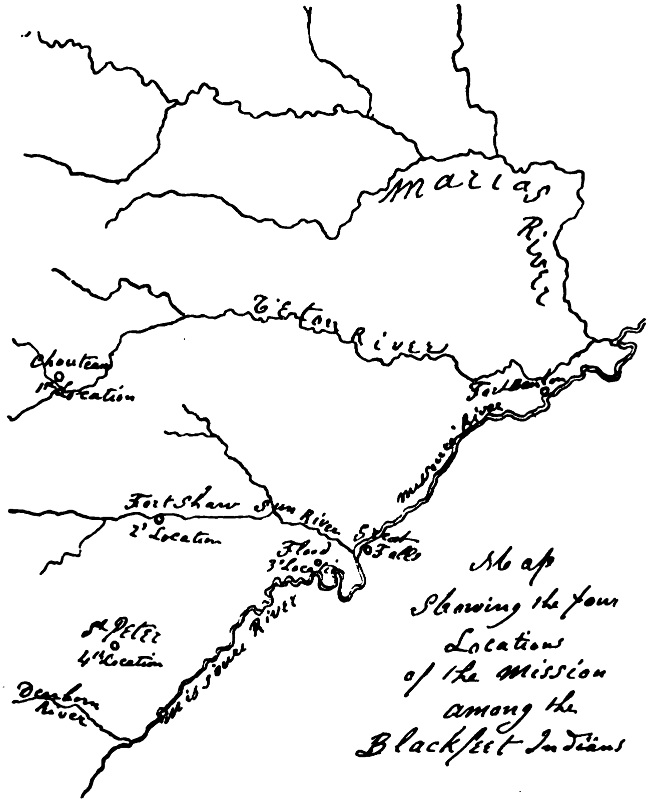
Chapter XXVI.

NEW LABORERS. FATHER F. X. KUPPENS AND OTHERS.

IN 1864 two new missionaries were assigned to this portion of the Lord's vineyard, Father A. Ravalli, who arrived in the month of August, and Father Francis X. Kuppens, who joined that small band of zealous workers in November. We have just been kindly favored by the latter with some notes on the subject now before us. It is indeed fortunate that we are able to avail ourselves of them and incorporate them where



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they properly belong in our narrative. They make interesting and valuable history.

Father Kuppens accompanies his notes with three small maps or diagrams which illustrate the subject matter. The first diagram gives the general lay of the country, marking out at the same time various points that have special reference to the Mission.

I have lived at the Mission [writes Father Kuppens] from November, 1864, to its close in the spring of 1866. Three of the first founders lived there at the same time, and the Mission was located on the north bank of the Missouri, about six miles above the mouth of Sun River. This was the third location of the Mission among the Blackfeet Indians. The second had been on Sun River where Fort Shaw was afterwards built; and the first on the Teton, near Chouteau. (That is, near the spot where now stands the town of that name. As to the spelling of Choteau, see footnote above, Chap. XXV.)

From the years 1862-63-64-65, and the first three months of 1866, St. Peter's Mission was the only Catholic establishment in the present Diocese of Great Falls. From 1864 to the close of the Mission there lived at St. Peter's three resident priests and two lay Brothers, who had care of all the Catholic interests of the whole of Montana lying on the eastern slope of the main range of the Rockies. At times a fourth Father would celebrate the holy mysteries there.

As to his arrival at the Mission, Father Kuppens speaks of it thus:

I recollect well the evening of my arrival and the first days I spent at the Mission. The reception which the Indians gave me; the view of the Belt Mountains; the immense plain; the majestic Missouri River, which nearly encircled our place, remain vividly depicted in my mind; and in the evening, I recollect, my attention was called to the roar of the waters of the Missouri at the Great Falls.

Perhaps a short description of the Mission houses and their immediate surroundings will not be amiss. Here he presents his diagram No. 2, which shows clearly the Mission site.

When the location of the Mission had been determined in a general way [we are told by Father Kuppens], the Fathers pre-empted a small peninsula, formed by a prolonged bend in the river. It contained about 175 or 200 acres of land. The neck was no more

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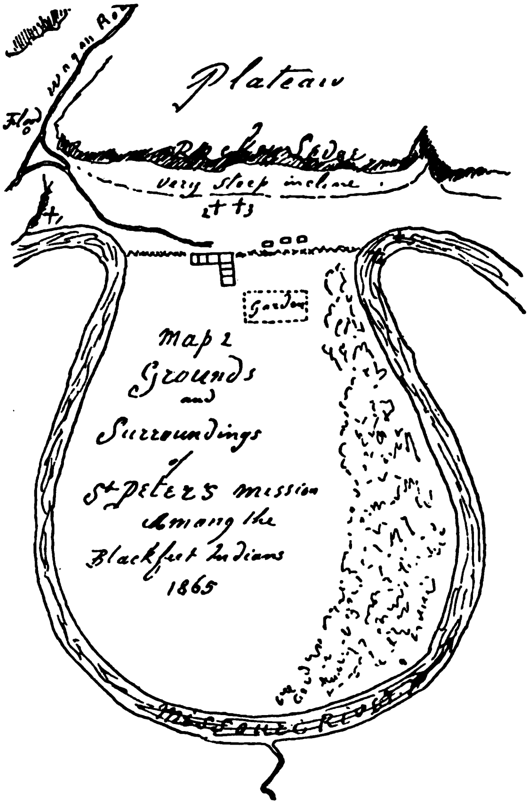
than a fourth of a mile wide, and a short fence at this place would enclose the whole property. On the east, a wide fringe of heavy cottonwood trees occupied about four acres. The remaining, about



150 acres, were level, good loam, sufficiently high to be safe from spring floods, and very good for farming or for pasture; and it seems to me that at the extreme southern end of the peninsula a small creek flowed into the river.

At the north, just outside of our fence, the ground rose gently, at first, then steeper and steeper, until, at a height of about a hundred feet, it terminated in a heavy layer of rock. This was the edge of a high plateau. To the west, perhaps half a mile beyond our pre-empted claim, a dry ravine with a gentle ascent, offered an excellent wagon road to the top of the plateau. This we used to go to Fort Benton or to Helena. I see by a recent map that the town of Flood is marked a trifle to the northwest of our property.

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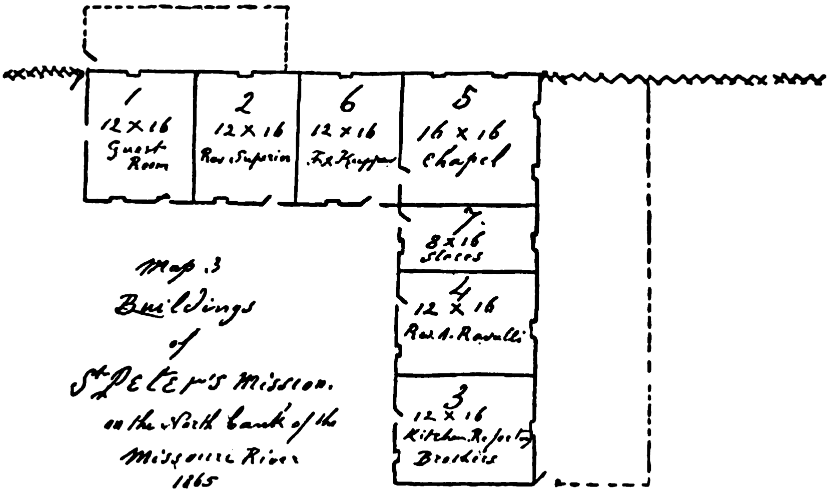
A small X, in a dry coulee, a quarter of a mile west of our fence, marks the spot where John Fitzgerald, our herder, was killed, April 6, 1866. Cross (X) No. 2, on the incline north of the Mission, marks his grave. R. I. P. Cross (X) No. 3, marks the grave of Mr. Johnston, who was brought to the Mission sick, and after a few days asked for baptism and died a Catholic. His grave was the first on the hill. R. I. P.

Three small cabins outside of our place toward the east were occupied as follows: in the one nearest to the Mission lived a Flathead Indian with his old spouse. Both were good Catholics; and their children were married and lived in the camp. The middle cabin was occupied by a Blackfoot Indian, with his two wives and six children. He had rescued Father Giorda from the river, and took good care that every guest at the Mission should be acquainted with all the details; he never forgot them. The farthest cabin toward the east was the home of Mr. Viel, a French Canadian married to a daughter of a Blackfoot chief. He had four children and all practised the duties of religion. They were a happy family.

Cross (X) and cross (X) 5 in the river mark the place where Father Giorda broke through the ice, and where he was rescued. (The spot is indicated by the space between the two crosses.)



The accompanying map [continues Father Kuppens] may perhaps give a faint idea of the buildings of St. Peter's Mission on the banks of the Missouri. The first glance at the houses should convince a person that the inmates were not cave-dwellers, nor should they be ranked among the cliff-dwellers either. We sometime had a dis-

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cussion as to the style of architecture that had been adopted: it was neither Greek nor Roman nor Byzantine nor Gothic; nor either an imitation of California Mission. It was Montana pioneer style.

Rooms Nos. 1 and 2, and Nos. 3 and 4, had been erected at the first beginning of the Mission, in February, 1862. Rooms Nos. 5, 6, 7, were built during November and December, 1864. All the buildings are well matched; all of the same material, green cottonwood logs, the same degree of finish; they were not squared and the bark had not been removed. The walls were about seven and a half feet high. The interstices and chinking were plastered with clay. The roof was made of rails laid close together, overlaid with a heavy layer of clay. There was no ceiling to any of the rooms; and as to floor, we had, when the buildings were new, a most delightful velvet carpet of very dense sod. When that carpet was worn out, as the very best will do in time, we walked on a clay floor.

There was a porch, about five feet wide, along the whole length of this incipient rectangle. In after life, I have often wondered that there could be so much interior peace and consolation in poor surroundings. These were all the accommodations at St. Peter's in 1864.

But I must not forget two useful adjuncts, a stockade coral, faced by the windows of room No. 1 and 2, for the ponies of our guests. These were borrowed sometimes during the night, to the great annoyance of ourselves and our guests. By this arrangement, each guest could have an eye to his pony whenever he awoke. Another stockade coral was along the east side of the building, for our cattle and horses. This saved a great amount of trouble.

The time of the accident to Father Giorda was at the very beginning, whilst they were preparing the foundations and laying the logs. At my arrival at the Mission, Father Giorda himself whilst showing me the points of interest about the place, pointed out to me where he had broken through the ice and was saved from the waters. He also introduced me to his rescuer. A week after the accident, Father Giorda set out for the Gros Ventres camp, where he had another adventure, narrated in the book (*Indian and White in the Northwest*).

The site and premises described and illustrated by Father Kuppens show us the Mission of St. Peter, as it stood on the banks of the Missouri. But it did not remain there long, hardly five years, since in the spring of 1866, as we shall see, it was removed to another location, the one it occupies today. Nevertheless, its short existence by the Missouri appears to have been spiced with incident.

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As Father Kuppens was returning one day from a missionary excursion, an Indian stopped him in the middle of the road, a few miles from the Mission. Somehow, the Father's mount had caught the eye of the redskin, and he offered to swap it for his own broncho. As the Father would not consent to the bargain, the Indian seized the horse by the bridle, as if determined to take it by force. Upon this, Father Kuppens gave the fellow a good whack across the face with his whip, and off he galloped as fast as the horse could take him. In the twinkling of an eye, the Indian had recovered from his surprise and with bow and arrow shot at the Father, hitting him in the calf of the right leg, where the missile stuck, till it was extracted by Father Ravalli at the Mission.

Father Kuppens makes no allusion whatever in his notes to the occurrence. In a personal letter to the writer he makes light of the whole thing and laughs it off, as not worth mentioning.

At first quite a number of Indians collected in the new place. But they did not, nor could they remain any length of time. So far, "the buffalo," as Father Kuppens tells us, "was their only support, and they moved their camp to the source of their food supply."

It also came to pass that unusual dry weather prevailed three years in succession at this period; and it did not tend to impress the Indians favorably with the locality. Hence they left "regretfully," according to some; "dissatisfied and in disgust," according to others.

Father Kuppens takes us to task for having stated in the first edition that the dry weather had destroyed "the crops three years in succession." "True, the Indians and the Mission had no crops for three successive years," says the Father, "but they had not planted anything"; for they had neither seed to plant, nor any means to plant it with. Accordingly, historical accuracy would have us say, not that the dry weather destroyed the crops, but that it would have done so had there been any to destroy. For, according to Brother L. D'Agostino, who also lived there at the time, hardly any green grass could be seen thereabout during the prolonged dry spell.

With 1862, had begun what may be called the gold-digging period of Montana, deposits of the precious metal being dis-

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covered at Bannack, Gold Creek, Alder Gulch, and shortly after at Silver City, Last Chance, and several other places. This brought many whites into the country and kept them also in a feverish state of mind, with constant expectation of new diggings being discovered. Crowds would rush or stampede, as goes the word, in this or that direction, at the first rumor of gold being struck. However, very often such rumored discoveries proved ill-founded, bringing nothing in their train save disappointment and hardship.

A wild stampede of the kind occurred in the winter of 1865, when somebody spread the news of a big find in the Sun River country. It was during a blizzard in one of the coldest winters ever experienced in Montana, and many a brave, but unfortunate miner had his ears, nose, hands or feet frozen. A number found their way to St. Peter's Mission, whose poor and scant accommodations were thrown open to them by the Fathers. Were it not for this, and the medical skill and unsparing devotedness of Father Ravalli, several would have surely perished.

"I remember the Sun River stampede," writes Father Kuppens, "and whilst the Sun River country received the brunt of the inundation, we on the Missouri received an overflow far above our capacity to accommodate."

But the discovery of gold in Montana had other aspects far more serious than stampeding, and none could be more serious than the strife which it brought about between the whites and the Indians, and which promised little good for the latter.

The natives had been from time immemorial the sole possessors of all these regions, and naturally enough they resented seeing them invaded and occupied by the pale faces. On the other hand, the discovery of gold was bringing in the whites by the thousands from every quarter. Nor could they be stopped in their rush any more than an avalanche can be stayed by means of a few straws. Yet, the Indians imagined that they could hold back the white man by force. Hence the state of guerilla warfare that prevailed, especially in the northern parts of Montana, at this time of our history.

Detached bands or war parties of Blackfeet would fall on groups of miners, prospectors, teamsters or travelers, and mercilessly rob and murder every one of them. The whites

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retaliated. Hence it came to pass that innocent persons were often made to suffer for some one else's misdoings; and many a harmless white man, and many a peaceful native perished during this lawless and bloody strife.

A reprisal of the kind occurred along the Marias about this time, when four peaceful Indians were murdered by whites. As a sequel and in revenge, some whites were killed by Indians shortly after. Matters grew rapidly worse, and from 1865 to 1869, the Blackfeet appeared to become desperate, and bent on exterminating every white man found in the country. The highway to Fort Benton, particularly, became so infested with marauding bands of Indians that the life of no white man traveling over that road was secure. It is asserted that in the summer of 1869 fifty-six white people were killed, either from ambush or in the open, along that road, by Indian war parties.

These disturbed conditions are referred to as follows by Father Kuppens:

> The summer of 1866 was full of excitement and rumors of Indian wars, and many lives of both whites and Indians were sacrificed, and the Mullan Road from Fort Benton became very unsafe. To protect this thoroughfare to the gold fields in Montana, Fort Shaw was established, late in the summer in the immediate vicinity of the second location of the Mission (on Sun River.)*

The murder of Malcom Clark, at the mouth of Prickly Pear Canyon, twenty-five miles from Helena, brought things to a climax. It led to what has been called the Piegan war of 1869-70, when Col. Baker and his command slaughtered two hundred and thirty-three Indians, fifty of whom were women and children.

And now, for the history of St. Peter's. We must retrace our steps, and return to the year 1865-66. In the fore part of that winter Father Kuppens went to visit the Indians, who were then camped on the right bank of the Missouri, some thirty miles

* Misled by the fact that the Military Department had made overtures for the Mission premises near the Missouri, and that U. S. soldiers did actually occupy those premises for a few months, the writer was led into error in his first edition, and identified with that place the site of Fort Shaw, whereas the Fort, as we are reminded by Father Kuppens, was built in the immediate vicinity of the second location of the Mission near the Sun River.

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Piegan Chiefs

Running Crane — White Grass — Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-The-Hill — Young Bear Chief

Four Horns — Little Dog — White Calf — Little Plume

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below Fort Benton. During his visit he found that they were bent on mischief against all white people in general, and even against the Mission and the Fathers. A number of the Indians were clearly under the false impression that every white man was an enemy. They had, therefore, resolved to treat as such even the Black Robes.

All this was communicated to Father Kuppens by a personal friend of his in the tribe. So far the missionaries had not had the slightest sign of any feeling against them on the part of the Indians. The information came as a surprise to the Father; and the more so as he could not doubt the veracity of his informant. He left the camp rather sadly, and as he was retracing his course toward the Mission he met with a very trying visitation, becoming snow-blind and totally helpless. Most providentially, there happened to come his way a kind-hearted miner, by name John Dougherty, who took care of him and led him safe to Old Agency, some eighteen miles from the Mission. Here, with rest and proper care, he gradually regained his sight, and had also for some time the company of a confrère, Brother L. D'Agostino, sent to his relief from the Mission.

There were several Indian lodges camped about Old Agency at the time, and when the Father began to see and move around, he went to visit and instruct them. He noticed, however, as did others, that the Indians had suddenly become strangely reticent and sulky. He wondered what the cause might be, and having inquired, they told him that four of their people had been hanged by the whites near Sun River Crossing, and that the bodies had been thrown into the river, through a hole cut in the ice. And there was only too much truth to the ghastly tale.

Near the locality mentioned by the Indians there lived one John B. Morgan, a squaw man, married to a Piegan woman. Some few days before, a party of Indians of the same tribe, numbering at least four, had come to his house and were his guests. He treated them well, making them feel quite at home, and having been assured that they were perfectly safe with him, they put aside their guns. Shortly after, there also arrived at his place a party of whites, led by one Charlie Carson. They were a squad of the volunteers who under the proclamation of the Acting Governor, General Thomas Francis Meagher, had

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been enlisted with the object of sending them against the Blackfeet Indians. But they were soon after disbanded, their organization having been disapproved by the Government at Washington, D. C.

Did Morgan send for his new visitors? Did he bring them to his home? We cannot say. But certain it is that he could not have behaved more treacherously than if he had been in entire collusion with them. As he afterward boasted of doing, he gave his Indian guests over to the Carson crowd, telling them: "Now, boys, right here is a chance for you: some of the redskins you are after are in this house."

The doomed Indians were in an adjoining room eating what Morgan had set before them. Suddenly attacked, they were quickly overpowered, and dragged out and hanged to a couple of trees near the premises. The bodies, still warm, were cast into the river, through an opening hastily cut in the ice. The tragic ending of these poor fellows was witnessed by two of their companions, who had remained hiding in the underbrush close by. Either they distrusted Morgan, or some other reason not known led to their hiding. They now stole away unperceived, and hastened to bring the news to their fellow Indians, camped near Old Agency. No wonder that these had become unusually sullen.

Nor were they slow in giving vent to their desire for revenge. They attacked the New Agency, a few miles from Morgan's, where they killed one of the men; whilst another owed his escape merely to the accidental explosion of some powder in the building, which frightened off the assailants. Simultaneously, another band fell upon a stopping place on the Dearborn. Here, too, they killed a white man, whom they caught outside; and but for the rest having fortified themselves within the premises, all would have fallen victims to Indian vengeance.

Notwithstanding his being married to an Indian woman of the same tribe, Morgan had good ground to fear for himself and his family. Hence, he hastened to the Mission, and sought to obtain there shelter for them, on the plea of the general insecurity of the country about, and because he had to go to Helena on most urgent business. The man was soon suspected by the Indians and believed to have had some part in the hanging of

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their people at his place. Hence his mere going to seek protection for his family at the Mission was apt to bring odium on the Fathers. We have seen above that distrust of the missionaries had already crept into the mind of some of them, and the tragedy at Morgan's could not but add to it.

This became more apparent day by day. Acts of hostility, such as wantonly shooting down the Mission stock, several head being killed or maimed, plainly showed the temper of the savages. But worse: about Easter, John Fitzgerald, whom the Fathers employed as herder, was shot dead, hardly a quarter of a mile from their premises. There was no telling what the next day might bring on.

Father Giorda, the general Superior, was at this time at Alder Gulch or Virginia City, whither he had gone to give the many Catholics in that large mining camp the opportunity to make their Easter duties. A messenger was dispatched to him; and without a moment's delay he set out for St. Peter's Mission. On reaching the place, he viewed the situation with no little concern, and tender-hearted as he was, broke into tears.

We shall see directly that a new site for the Mission had been selected a year before, and that preparation for the removal to the new place had been going on for several months. Hence, "Father Giorda felt considerably relieved," writes Father Kuppens, "when we told him that things in the new place were practically ready."

But of this in the next chapter.

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Chapter XXVII.

THE NEW LOCATION—TEMPORARY CLOSING OF THE MISSION.

IN the beginning of June, 1865," we quote from Father Kuppens' notes, "Father Giorda, who was at the time the Superior general of the Northwestern Missions, made his yearly visit to St. Peter's, at the end of which he invited Father Imoda and your humble servant to accompany him in search of a more suitable site. Under the guidance of our Blackfoot Indian, and Mr. Viel, a French Canadian, we took our course along the Missouri westward to the foothills, and examined the various valleys and little streams. We passed Bird Tail Rock, then up the Dearborn River, to its very source; then down from the headwaters of Sun River to its junction with the Missouri.

"A careful comparison of notes on the favorable points of the different sites resulted in the unanimous opinion that the place about two miles east of Bird Tail Rock, was the most suitable for durable mission work and school.

"Father Imoda received instructions to prepare the buildings, and fence in a field and garden, for the transfer of the Mission to this place, which Father Giorda hoped to effect the next year."

"When the fourth location of the Mission had been chosen," continues Father Kuppens, "the place was designated as two miles east of Bird Tail Rock." He then tells us that, later on, the Mission was marked on the map, St. Peter, and Bird Tail appeared a little west of it. And now he describes Bird Tail as a peculiar landmark near the Mullan Road, about midway between the Dearborn and Sun River. "It is a high, isolated and very steep hill, and the many fragments of rock, all about its sides, give it a formidable aspect. The top appears to be one solid mass of stone and at its very highest point there jut out bold against the sky, some seven monoliths of colossal size. The Indians in designating the hill would raise their open hand above their head, and extend the fingers. Very little effort of the imagination was required to find that the name *Bird Tail* was

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very appropriate. The first white settlers had for it no other name, and always designated it as Bird Tail, Bird Tail Rock, Bird Tail Hill. I have lived two years almost in sight of the place," adds Father Kuppens, "and I have never heard the name called in question."

Since a new Mission site had been resolved upon, it is evident that the one by the Missouri had not been found quite satisfactory. Why so, apart from the reasons indicated above in the narrative, the writer is unable to tell. Those reasons, however, were such as could have applied pretty much to any other location in that whole country. Hence it is but fair to surmise that, whilst there must have been special reasons rendering a change of location desirable, these did not become so well known.

In compliance with the directions Father Imoda established a camp at the new place, and a Brother or Father, with some workmen and a few Indians, prepared logs, stone and all the necessary material. "We had plans," says Father Kuppens, "that included all the different departments for chapel and community life; for school and industrial training. Lumber was hauled from Helena and civilization was advancing."

"The earliest visitor that I can remember," says the Father, "was General Thomas Francis Meagher, who strayed from the Mullan road in a blizzard, and landed in our camp, attracted by the barking of the dogs. Several Indian chiefs visited us, highly pleased with the new location, and promised to send their children to school. During the winter, the work had never been interrupted, and the houses were practically ready in the spring." This was what relieved Father Giorda on his arrival from Virginia; for he was thus able to order at once the transfer to the new place. "He told us in the evening," says Father Kuppens, "that we would move in the morning with all our belongings. We had a short but impressive exhortation in the chapel; and in the morning bade good bye to St. Peter's, on the Missouri. Father Giorda, as a last act, visited the place of his rescue from the waters; and thus this third location was abandoned."

"During our short journey to the new place," adds Father Kuppens, "we saw several parties of Indians and whites on the war path, and it was evident that whiskey had set their brains afire. We occupied the Mission houses only one night. The

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four Fathers said Mass in a new chapel and on a new altar; and all felt confident that the new Mission, on its fourth and last location, had found a permanent home. That very day we all received orders to close the Mission temporarily, and retire to St. Ignatius, across the mountains. On April 27, 1866, we abandoned St. Peter's Mission, on the Missouri; on the same day we opened the Mission at Bird Tail Rock. The next day we closed this Mission temporarily."

Father Kuppens' notes make quite clear this part of the history of St. Peter's Mission from its establishment by the bank of the Missouri, to its removal to its fourth site near Bird Tail Rock, where it was opened one day, to be closed again the next. It is not unlikely that this last step was resolved upon on reaching the new place if not on the way thither, and that the immediate cause were the war parties met by the missioners whilst moving to the new home. Thomas Moran, who was on the spot at the time, told the writer as much. He added, further, that soon after their arrival, the Fathers held a consultation, and resolved unanimously on closing the Mission for the time being. It was not safe for any of them to remain at his post. Hence the order of Father Giorda sending the members of the little community, some to St. Ignatius, some to Hell's Gate, whither also was to be transferred the stock and whatever else could be moved.

The hardships and strenuous duties of his position, especially in connection with the occurrences described above, told heavily on Father Giorda, and impaired his physical strength. This led higher Superiors to grant him some relief by appointing Father U. Grassi to fill his place in the capacity of Vice Superior. The appointment was made in the summer of the same year, 1866. As will be related more in detail in the second part of this work, yielding to the persistent requests of the many Catholics in the two mining districts of Alder Gulch and Last Chance, Father U. Grassi gave resident priests to those two places in the fall of that year. In other words, he opened a Mission in each of the two communities of whites, Virginia City and Helena. The move was a necessary one. But on the other hand, therefrom arose a new problem whose practical solution presented many serious difficulties, especially because of the scarcity of laborers

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in the field. How could both the Indians and the whites be attended to, when there were not men enough to care for either one or the other?

To encompass both ends, if no more than in part, St. Peter's Mission was now attached to the Mission of Helena, whence the Blackfeet Indians were to be occasionally visited by Father C. Imoda, who was specially charged with the task. This, however, was a temporary arrangement only. For the next few years the Mission had no resident priest. One or another of the Fathers residing in Helena visited it now and then. Father Imoda never failed to do so, when on his way to the Indians or when he returned from their camps. He would stop there, to see that things were kept in order, and also to comply with the requirements of the law, so as not to forfeit the title to the claim.

Whilst the reopening of the place was wished for somehow, the hope of its realization diminished as time went on. Nay, an interval now followed, when all thought of its restoration seemed to be given up, as is made clear by the fact that Father Menetrey received orders to close the Mission's affairs. He went to St. Peter's on this special business in the fall of 1867, and remained there till the following summer, and, during that time, disposed of whatever belonged to the Mission.

He had just completed the task assigned to him, when from headquarters arrived positive orders for the continuance of the Mission. The consequence of this was, that all former dispositions not in keeping therewith were reversed. As the first step toward the re-establishment of St. Peter's, Father G. Gazzoli was sent over there in the fall of 1868. His object was to look into matters and report on the expediency of re-opening the place. He stayed till the following summer, and having reported adversely, things continued in *statu quo,* a while longer.

During the whole interval from the closing of the Mission in 1866, to its re-opening in 1874, the premises and whatever else had not been disposed of by the Fathers, remained confided to the care of Thomas Moran, whose loyal and faithful stewardship proved deserving of all praise.

Father Imoda visited the Indians from Helena once a year, spending among them several months.

Journeying, however, through the Indian country was often

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beset by uncommon trials and the greatest hardships, as may be seen from the following. Thieving bands of redskins made away with the missioners' mounts and provisions three different times during one trip! Left thus on foot and without anything to eat, how they escaped being starved to death in those wild and desolate prairies seems marvelous.

But, indeed, there was no telling what vexations might overtake the missioner in his apostolic journeyings. In the earlier days of the Missions, some of the Fathers, for want of other material, wore unmentionables made of buckskin, and not unfrequently found it difficult to guard their tempting wardrobe from Indian dogs, prairie wolves, and other animals. Whilst returning from a missionary excursion, Father Menetrey woke up one morning to find himself in the strangest predicament. His trousers had been spirited away during the night, nothing of his apparel being left but two buttons and a buckle. And these told their own story. Either the Father's mount, this time a government mule that had fared poorly during the day, or some coyote, just as clever and no less hungry, had quietly nibbled from under the tent and made a meal of the garment. This left Father Menetrey a *sans-culottes,* in the strictest sense of the term.

Somehow, Father Menetrey's journeyings over this particular section appear to have been spiced above the common with adventure. As he returned to the Mission on one occasion, he was overtaken by a blinding snow storm somewhere in the vicinity of Square Butte, and traveled part of the day and the whole of the following night without advancing one single step toward his objective. He had been following his own tracks in a circle, and did not become aware of it till the next morning, when at the dawn of day the storm had partly subsided. He then discovered that he had lost his bearings and made no headway at all toward the Mission.

On another occasion he was summoned to marry a couple at Sun River. On arriving at the place, he tied his horse to a post near the premises, to have the mount ready for his return. After the ceremony, and when about to sit down to breakfast with his hosts and the newly married couple, somebody noticed that the Father's mount had worked itself loose, and as the man was going to tether it: "Never mind, I will go myself," said the

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Father to the man, "you may not be able to catch the rogue: I will be back directly."

Father Menetrey knew to perfection all the good points of a horse. He knew well also the tricky ways of his mount, a black, of mixed pedigree and of spirits quite independent. Once freed of the rider, the animal did not care to have him soon again on its back, and to dodge being pressed into service, the horse was certainly clever. On hearing its master approach, the beast trotted off a short distance ahead, and then stopped to nibble at the tempting bunchgrass. On Father Menetrey approaching again, off again went the rascal. The same performance was repeated the whole way to the Mission, a distance of some twenty miles. Needless to add, by the time of his arrival, Father Menetrey was considerably jaded by the long walk, and still more by the longer fast, as he had not had a morsel to eat from the evening before.

Since the Chapel Car is become a reality in apostolic work nowadays we confess—and hope the allusion will be pardoned—that we have not been able to refrain from contrasting occasionally in our mind its decided superiority over the old Indian missionary way of going about to preach the Gospel. But both ways of locomotion are from the Lord. And may He bless each and all, those who need the chapel car to get to Heaven, and those who strive to get there afoot, or on the back of a cayuse. None, after all, arrive, but they are carried thither by God Himself and His infinite mercy.

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Chapter XXVIII.

FATHER PHILIP RAPPAGLIOSI AND OTHERS.

IN the spring of 1874, St. Peter's Mission was re-opened, and naturally enough, the charge fell to Father C. Imoda. He had been most devoted to it, and had never ceased advocating its re-opening with higher Superiors.

At first he had as companions only two lay-Brothers, F. De Kock, and L. D'Agostino, both of them veterans, who had been attached to the Mission from its very start in the early sixties. In July he welcomed a zealous assistant in Father Philip Rappagliosi, and somewhat later Father J. Guidi, who came to labor in the same field.

The mention of Father Rappagliosi recalls a very peculiar incident, of a semi-serious nature, which occurred when the Father, who had just arrived from Europe, was passing through Helena on his way to one of the Indian Missions in Northern Montana. The story may as well be told as a relief from the dullness of these pages, and the writer, who had more than an agreeable share in the adventure, can vouch for the accuracy of every detail.

It was the first week in January, and Father Rappagliosi had to leave early in the morning for the coach to the west side, and wished before leaving to say good-bye to the writer, who had spent the night at St. John's Hospital, a few steps across from the Rectory, taking care of a patient. This was a person of distinction, who had been brought to the institution the evening before at the writer's own suggestion, to recover from a little too much conviviality. The difficulty was how to keep him in the place long enough. He was given the best room in the building, on the first floor and to the right of the front entrance. The case required some precautions, which were decided upon in a family council, as soon as the patient had been put to bed. His suit of clothes and shoes were placed beyond his reach. Moreover, the writer volunteered to sit up and care for his friend,

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and suggested the extra precaution of having the room locked from the outside, so that the patient willy-nilly would have to resign himself to his temporary confinement.

So far, so good. Still the best-laid plans occasionally do miscarry. Late in the night the patient became remarkably considerate and affable. More than once he expressed his regret that the Father should lose his rest on his account, and pleaded with him to lie down on the lounge which had been placed by the Sisters for his convenience in the room, and lay at the foot of the bed and beneath the window that opened on the front porch. The Father promised that he would do so, but only when the patient himself was asleep and resting comfortably.

Up to this our friend had been sitting on the bed. He now stretched himself under the covering, and hardly half an hour after he was snoring. Approaching him quietly to investigate conditions, the inexperienced orderly felt convinced that all was well. Thereupon removing his shoes, and with a blanket around him, he lay down on the lounge and soon fell into a sound sleep, the rest of the weary.

About daybreak he was aroused by a knock at the door, and answered with a sleepy "Come in." It was good Sister Bertha bringing Father Rappagliosi to say good-bye. She unlocked the door, and as this was swinging open, the Sister noticed instantly what the green nurse had not yet any knowledge of; and with a peculiar emphasis of voice, "Father," she asked, "where is your patient?" "There!" was the reply, the utterance being accompanied by a movement of the hand pointing to the patient's bed.

But the patient was not in the bed, nor under it, or anywhere within sight; he had simply vanished. What a strange situation, extremely puzzling and tantalizing, and supremely ridiculous! Father Rappagliosi enjoyed our chagrin, and laughing heartily hastily shook hands with the writer and hurried away to catch the coach.

Anxious to learn something about our runaway charge, we now approached the empty couch and partly turned up the covering, to see from the warmth of the blankets, about how long it had been vacated. This move only added to our predicament. For it was soon reported that we had turned over the bedding and shaken the blankets in a vain effort to find our patient.

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The room was about fourteen feet by twelve in size, and had two windows, one of which opened on the front porch, and was no more than three feet above the floor. Both windows were closed, and, as already mentioned, the door of the room had been locked from the outside and remained locked through the night. Nevertheless the patient was gone. At least that much was certain. But how? Where was he? What had become of him? The writer knew not, nor any one else in the building. But had one been on Catholic Hill between two and three o'clock that cold January morning, he might have met and been startled by the unwonted sight of a red-flanneled figure walking through the snow, and making for a home three blocks away, where the inmates were nearly frightened out of their wits by the apparition.

The church and the hospital stood on the opposite ends, east and west, of the same block, whilst the Rectory was on the brow of the hill, about half way between. It was now the hour for Mass; the writer had to go to the other end of the block to reach the church. Considerable snow had fallen during the night, and he had on no shoes, but a pair of very light slippers. He looked for his shoes which had been placed by the lounge. But they were no longer there; they, too, had disappeared as mysteriously as the patient. Kindly the Sisters came to his relief and loaned him a pair, which, though not quite a perfect fit, answered the purpose fairly well.

Shortly after Mass, the joint hero of the story, and Father Imoda, his companion, had to go down town on some urgent matter. As they reached the foot of Broadway, Col. C. D. Curtis, emerging from his junk shop just opposite, greeted them warmly and showed some surprise at seeing them out rather early that morning; and with a mischievous wink, asked whether we had not come down for some footwear. Then, with a roar, as was his wont when something unusually comical came to his notice: "You need not hide it, Reverend Fathers; it is a rich one and known all over the city by this time."

The telephone was as yet an unknown convenience, and we could not but wonder how things had leaked out and spread far and wide in so short a time. Moreover, it was circulated during the day that a patient had run off from the hospital in the priest's

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clothes, which would have to be reblessed before they could be used again. Nor could the news have been devoid of all public interest, as it found its way into the local papers.

About noon a very courteous colored gentleman called at the Rectory. He carried a parcel neatly done up, which he presented to the writer as coming from a personal friend. Its contents were soon revealed. They were the missing shoes, accompanied by a note expressing the thanks of the user. He had quietly appropriated the footgear, as soon as he became convinced that his guardian was fast asleep. Then he placed one foot on the edge of the lounge, and bending over the sleeper without touching him, he reached for the lower sash, which he carefully raised, and crawled through the window as stealthily as a professional burglar. And once on the porch, he was a free man, although he had nothing on, but his night clothes and a pair of borrowed shoes.

Evidently he had now his wits about him. He was, further, considerate enough, when out, to shut at once the window which he had opened, and this not so much to delay the discovery of his exit, as to save the sleeping orderly from contracting a serious cold from the air of that January night; which was, indeed, eminently charitable. Hence, since it is written that "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," let us dismiss any further reference to the incident and return to our chronicle.

Through his long intercourse with the Blackfeet, Father Imoda became quite familiar with their language, and compiled a small dictionary and grammar in it. But so far as the writer knows, the books were never published. The Father had taken from the very beginning of the Mission the greatest interest in its welfare and resumed with renewed zeal and fervor the work of the Indian's conversion. But new and serious difficulties had now to be confronted.

The rapid settling of the region by the whites had caused the U. S. Government to restrict the territory of the Blackfeet, and, as a consequence, the Indians were now placed on a reservation some sixty miles away from the Mission. The care of the reservation had been entrusted by the Indian Department to Protestant missionaries. The result of this arrangement was the development of great opposition to Catholic influences. In

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exactly the same condition were the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines.

However, earnest and faithful work among the tribes was done by Father C. Imoda and his companion, Father Philip Rappagliosi, and likewise by Father P. P. Prando, who sometime later on arrived to share their labors.

After several years of discouragement, a remarkable change for the better has become very noticeable, a change the more surprising, because rather unexpected. What is to account for it? We do not know; for God's ways and dealings with His creatures are beyond human ken. Still, who knows, but its real cause lies in the facts we shall now put on record?

On the 7th day of February, 1878, near Fort Belknap, in the Milk River country, died Father Philip Rappagliosi, who has been called deservedly the apostle of the Blackfeet. Though mysterious and untimely, his death was unquestionably natural. We say "unquestionably natural" advisably, to contradict the rumor that Father Rappagliosi had been foully dealt with by a certain individual, whose life appears to have been unworthy of his cloth. The person referred to had scandalized the Indians by his misbehavior and mercenary conduct. He became bitterly antagonistic to Father Rappagliosi, whose disinterested and holy life contrasted sharply with his own, and whom he traduced unscrupulously before the Indians and half-breeds of the neighborhood.

Henry Brooks, a personal friend of the writer for years, happened to be near the place where Father Rappagliosi fell sick. He became the Father's voluntary nurse and stood by him day and night to the last. A few days before Father Rappagliosi died, the man in question called to see him. He was refused admittance at first by the attendant, till Father Rappagliosi himself bade the latter to let him in. The visitor now prepared a medicine which, he said, would soon relieve the patient. It failed to do so, as may happen in any sickness, not every remedy proving helpful. The Father grew worse, and died a few days later.

Upon this, some Indians and half-breeds—and also some whites—started the rumor that the man had given the Father a poisonous preparation to kill him. The rumor gained ground and spread far and wide. It even crossed the Atlantic, and we

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know that the Father General of the Society of Jesus, who cherished in a special manner Father Rappagliosi, on hearing the rumor, expressed himself as follows: *"Mi scrissero che era morto, ma non mi scrissero che me lo hanno ammazzato"*; that is, "They wrote me that he (Father Rappagliosi) had died, but they did not write that they had killed him."

The Father's relatives in Rome also heard the rumor, and applied to the Italian authorities to have the case looked into. Hence, upon a request of the Italian Government addressed to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., the Secretary of War was directed by the latter to investigate the case. This he did by appointing for this special purpose a Military Commission, Col. Moale, U. S. A., being one of the members. The writer was called upon by the officer just mentioned, for any information that might help the Commission to a thorough investigation of the matter in question. Pursuant to instructions received from Washington, the members of the Commission visited the place where Father Rappagliosi had died, examined witnesses, whites, half-breeds and Indians, and looked into everything that could throw any light on the subject before them. As we learned afterward from Col. Moale himself, the investigation brought out nothing to substantiate the rumor.*

This youthful and saintly missionary had been advised to be more careful of his health. He would reply: "Someone's health has to be exposed, and even sacrificed for the conversion of these savages."

Before setting out on his last missionary tour among the Piegans and half-breeds along the Marias and in the Milk River country, he embraced all his religious brethren and said to one: "Dear Brother, should I return no more, pray, please, for the peace of my soul." He did not return. In a message to his brethren at St. Peter's Mission he expressed himself as if grief

* We may further add here in parenthesis, that the last letter written by Father Rappagliosi was addressed to us. It was written in pencil some eight days before his death. In that letter, after alluding to some of his trials, the heart-broken missionary asked, as a matter of conscience, that the Ordinary who had jurisdiction over that part of the country, might be made acquainted with the religious state of affairs thereabout, a lamentable state, which entailed the ruin of souls, and was hastening the Father to his grave. We complied with his dying request, transmitting his letter to the proper authorities.

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more than sickness would bring about his death; grief, that the people for whose welfare he was enduring so many hardships, showed themselves utterly indifferent. Living for them had not availed, apparently, to move their hearts; perhaps, dying for them would accomplish the object. He therefore resolved to offer up his life for their conversion; and God seemed to accept the offering. For the noticeable change in favor of Christianity, which we have mentioned above, dates from the very hour that his saintly soul passed to a better life. Hence our belief, that he died a voluntary martyr for the salvation of the Blackfeet.

We reproduce from the Helena *Herald* of February 18, 1878, the obituary notice of the departed missionary. It is well worth while, for it contains interesting particulars of the Father's life, of his last sickness and his obsequies. The obituary is from the pen of Major R. C. Walker, U. S. A., an esteemed citizen of Helena, who in the summer of 1875 had kindly given Father Rappagliosi lessons in the English language while the Father was spending a few days in the city.

The first sacred rites ever solemnized in Helena or Montana since its organization at the funeral of a Priest of God, were yesterday celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Hearts, in honor of the interment of the remains of the Rev. Philip Rappagliosi, S. J., a young priest only thirty-seven years of age. The occasion was rendered doubly affecting by the delivery of a touching sermon by the Rev. Father Palladino, on the Gospel of the day, which contained the parable of the householder who had gone out early in the morning and at the third, the sixth, the ninth and the eleventh hour, to provide laborers for his vineyard. He alluded to the deceased Father as one who had been called at the early age of fifteen, and who, after a devoted and zealous priesthood, had given up his life as a martyr for the salvation of souls, and as one of the few spoken of in the Gospel who had undoubtedly been chosen.

Philip Rappagliosi was born at Rome, September 14, 1841, of respectable parents. He entered the Society of Jesus on the 28th of September, 1856, and completed his studies in Divinity in the Roman College under Father (now Cardinal) Franzelin, and was afterwards Professor of Rhetoric in the same institution: was ordained Priest at thirty years of age, and soon afterwards was sent to the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains, and reached Helena about Christmas, 1873, where he remained a few days, and then continued his journey to St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley, where

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he mastered the Flat Head language, and was able to converse and preach in that tongue while exercising his ministerial duties among the Indians. From there he was sent in June, 1875, to St. Peter's Mission among the Blackfeet.

During his missionary labors among this nation he learned their language also, and in this field he was called to his reward from a rude hut in a camp of half-breeds on Milk River, Montana, about fifteen miles from Fort Belknap. During his last illness, which continued twenty days, he was attended by Father Decorby, O. M. I., who came down to visit him from the Cypress Hills, about eighty miles distant. From the hands of Father Decorby he received the last sacraments, and died about eight o'clock on the evening of February 7, 1878, surrounded by his faithful followers, whose care and kind attention to the dying priest were all that sorrowing friends could administer.

The remains were brought to Fort Benton by Henry Brooks, who had attended the Rev. Father with a parent's care throughout his illness, and were received by the citizens of Benton with every mark of respect, and Mass was said there for the repose of his soul by the Rev. Father Imoda at the residence of Mr. T. C. Power. Thence they were conveyed by private vehicle, under the charge of the Rev. Father Imoda, assisted by some other friends, to St. Peter's Mission, where a rest was had for the night and Mass said next morning. From thence the remains were transported by private conveyance by Mr. Thomas Moran to Helena, where they arrived under charge of the indefatigable Father Imoda at one o'clock yesterday morning. A number of Catholic gentlemen, supposing the remains would arrive by coach, and desiring to pay all possible honor and respect to the deceased Father, went out on the stage road on Saturday with a hearse and carriages for that purpose. No honor was deemed too great to be offered in respect to the honored dead.

The many sacrifices in the short life of this young priest, from the day he left a loving father and mother to the self-abnegation and compulsory fasts among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, would make an offering so acceptable in the sight of God that few would have the grace to emulate it, and so pure that the comprehension of the selfish worldling would fail to appreciate its worth.

After the High Mass at ten o'clock, celebrated by the Rev. Father Imoda, the remains were borne by six pall-bearers, preceded by priests and acolytes, from the sacristy, where they had been watched and viewed by the faithful from early morn, to the front of the main altar, where they were blessed, prayers said, the congregation rising and remaining standing until the ceremonies were concluded. They

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were then taken from the church, the whole congregation following in solemn procession, to the enduring vault prepared for them under the rear of the church. Here the prayers of the last sad rites were said and the casket containing all that was mortal of the deceased Father was slowly and solemnly consigned to its receptacle built in the rocks of mother earth, the ceremonies ending with the parting prayer, *Requiescat in pace.*

Philip Rappagliosi is the second priest to die in Montana. His life, written in Italian and published in Rome some time after his death, besides his biography, contains several of the letters written to relatives and friends. Together with these are also letters that were written to him while on the Indian Missions by his father, a gentleman held in the highest esteem for his singular piety and learning.

Looked at from a human point of view, Father Rappagliosi's death was a serious loss for the Indian Missions, especially with respect to the Blackfeet, Assiniboines and Gros Ventres. But God, as He alone could do, turned it into gain and a visible blessing, not only for the tribes just mentioned, but for all the Indians of the mountains. For, besides working a remarkable change in the disposition of the former toward the faith—a change attributed to his death by all our missionaries—it brought new and efficient laborers into the field. No sooner heard they the news of his death than several of his fellow-students and former companions in Rome offered themselves to go and take his place. They yearned to follow his example and to devote their own lives for the conversion of the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. Father Philip Canestrelli, whom we have already met hard at work among the Indians of St. Ignatius, as well as Father Joseph Damiani, who arrived with him in the spring of 1879, were two of these volunteers; while Father P. P. Prando, who shortly after came to join them, was another. Father Prando and Father Damiani were assigned to the Blackfoot Mission, where by their zeal and efficiency they soon proved themselves worthy successors of Father Rappagliosi. Thus the loss became profit.

About this time the missionaries at St. Peter's bent their efforts to provide educational facilities for the youth of the tribes under their spiritual charge. They erected a substantial stone building

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and a boys' school was opened with Brother Robert Hamilton in its immediate charge. A serious difficulty in the way of the success of the school was its distance from the new reservation. However, before long there was a fair attendance.

From 1855 to the period we are now treating of, that is, to the close of 1879, St. Peter's Mission had on its records 2,732 Indian baptisms.

While Father Damiani, who had now been placed at the head of the Mission, attended the Indians and half-breeds to the east, from Milk River to the Mussel-Shell and along the Missouri; Father Prando's field lay further up, to the north, and close to the Blackfoot reservation. We say "close to," for the intolerant Indian agent, the petty autocrat in charge, would not allow the Catholic missionary to reside within its limits. Unable to do better, the Father remained on the banks of Birch Creek, where he built a little hut for a dwelling, and also a small chapel for the Indians. Here they would meet occasionally for instruction, nothwithstanding the agent's opposition.

On his rounds among these people, and in the intervals he spent in his little cabin on Birch Creek, Father Prando, as it were by contraband, baptized 686 Blackfeet and united in matrimony fifty-five Indian couples.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

STARVATION AMONG THE PIEGANS. SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

THE year 1883-84, from fall to early summer, was a sad, melancholy one for the Piegans, more than one-third of the whole tribe perishing from starvation. That we do not exaggerate, is evident from the official report of David Urquhart, Jr., whom his Excellency, Governor Crosby, sent to investigate the facts in the matter, and by whom the following figures were copied from the Agency rolls.

"In August, 1883," says the report, "the heads of families that drew rations from the Agency represented 3,144 souls; while on the corresponding day of 1884, the number to whom rations were issued was 2,281. In reality," adds the report, "the number of Indians does not probably exceed 2,000 at the present date." Whence the difference of more than one-third? "The mortality among them," declares Mr. Urquhart, "has been *ten* times as great as it should be in the absence of contagious disease." Out of Little Crane's family of fourteen, six died. Little Bull counted six dead in his family of nine, and so on of the rest, there being few, if any family at all, that did not lament the loss of one or more members carried off by starvation.

Father Prando was among them most of this time, and his heart bled at the harrowing scenes before him. What a sad, sad spectacle, to see a whole people tottering to their graves for want of something to eat!

Two pounds of meat and some two pounds of flour made up a week's allowance for each adult and was all the sustenance they had. Occasionally, some did not get even that little in two weeks. The scant pittance was soon devoured, lasting barely two days, and for the rest of the week they had to live on air and sunshine. Those who had strength enough to do so, scoured the neighboring ranges, and supported themselves for awhile on cattle that had died from exposure, want of feed, and even disease.

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As will be seen directly, the writer had occasion to go among those most wretched Indians hardly a month after Mr. Urquhart's visit. We had thus every opportunity, not only of verifying the correctness of his report to Governor Crosby, but also of seeing for ourselves some of the distressing effects of the famine. Nor was there need of a medical eye or any professional training to discover them, as they were but too strikingly visible in the gaunt, thin forms, that made skeletons of old and young alike.

But whence such a desperate state of affairs in this land of plenty, among the most generous of all peoples, and under the most liberal Government on earth? The greediness of the frontier man, the dishonesty of officials, as well as the cabals of scheming politicians will have to answer for it. Through the conspiracy of these three elements, the Piegans were confined within the limits of a barren country, utterly unfit to support human life, not even the life of an Indian. Further, the real condition of these poor wretches had been misrepresented time and again to the Government at Washington. The worthy in charge, at this very time, had stated in his annual report to the Department, that these Indians "were cultivating 800 acres of land and were in a fair way to become self-supporting;" whereas, as a matter of fact, not as many as *ten* acres had been put under cultivation, and "there is no evidence," declares Mr. Urquhart, "that there were ever more." Further, "there being no game of any kind in this section, the Piegans were thus wholly dependent for every mouthful of food on the Government rations." How could the general Government at Washington come to the relief of the poor wretches and make timely provision for them under the circumstances, when their wants were denied or palliated by its own officials on the spot?

We were stationed at this date at St. Ignatius, and from correspondence with Father P. Prando, felt prompted to submit to the Indian Department, through the Catholic Indian Mission Bureau, what a benefit it would prove for the Blackfeet if some of their children could be educated in the flourishing Indian Schools at St. Ignatius. Our proposal met with the approval of the Washington authorities, and we were directed to carry it out. This is what brought us among the Piegans at the time

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indicated. And it is but history to add here, that through Father P. Prando, who was highly esteemed and beloved by the whole tribe, our mission proved successful. Quite a number of Blackfeet or Piegan youths were brought over to St. Ignatius, where they had all the advantages of a home and school education for several years.

The Fathers of St. Peter's Mission had been contemplating for a good while to supplement the school for Indian boys with a school for Indian and half-breed girls. This important measure was carried out at this time, when a band of Ursuline Nuns arrived at the Mission to conduct the new department.

In 1885 there were in the Mission School, all told, thirty contract pupils, that is, Indian pupils partly paid for by the Government. The number was added to at different times, until the children counted an even two hundred, 190 of them being provided for by the Indian Department at the monthly rate of $9.00 per pupil. The institution has today accommodations for 400 children. The buildings are substantial, being stone; while the school facilities leave nothing to be desired, complete as they are, and up to date in every particular.

The Ursuline Nuns have made St. Peter's Mission the headquarters of the Order in Montana. Their new home, a large stone structure, now nearing completion, would be a credit to any place in the Northwest. Here they have also a Novitiate for the training of young ladies who feel called to join the Sisterhood, wherein they may devote their whole lives to God's service in the work of education and the other pursuits proper to the Order.

After spending several years among the Blackfeet, Father P. Prando in 1884 came to St. Ignatius. His place among the Indians, in the meanwhile, was assigned to Father Gaspar Genna and other members of the Society.

And now, having given the history of the parent stock,* there remains to speak of its offspring, that is, of the two Missions, of the Holy Family, and of St. Paul, both recently established. But before proceeding, we cannot forego the pleasure of mentioning here once more the name of Thomas Moran, a faithful steward, who worked for the Fathers at St. Peter's a number

* St. Peter's Mission.

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of years. No one was ever more friendly to them or more devoted to the welfare and success of the Mission. This hard-working old-timer is still living in that vicinity, where he has permanently settled, and he is today the happy father of several children, to whose lot could never fall a nobler and richer inheritance than to copy and reproduce in themselves the industry and solid Christian virtues of their father and their mother.

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Chapter XXX.

HOLY FAMILY MISSION AND SCHOOLS.

THIS Mission owes its beginning to Father P. Prando, at Birch Creek, on the outskirts of the Blackfoot reservation; and was at first a dependency of the Mission of St. Peter.

A few years later, in 1885, Father J. M. Cataldo, the Superior of the Missions, applied to the Government at Washington, through the Catholic Indian Mission Bureau, for authorization to erect buildings "for Indian schools and mission work among the Indians belonging to the Blackfeet, Fort Peck and Crow Agencies, on their respective reservations." The request having been granted, the original location on Birch Creek was changed for a more central site on Two Medicine Creek, where large and comfortable buildings were erected, the Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, supplying the funds.

As soon as the accommodations were ready, the Catholic Indian Mission Bureau applied to the Government to obtain an allowance for "the education and support of 100 Indian children at the Holy Family Indian School at the Blackfeet Agency." A bill to that effect was introduced by Hon. T. H. Carter, Montana's Delegate to Congress, and passed the House. The Senate Committee, however, reported it adversely. The bill came up for discussion before the Senate July 25, 1890, and was passed by a vote of twenty-seven to nineteen.

Considering the short time of their existence, the Holy Family Mission Schools have attained excellent results in every way.

According to the Catholic system of education, the schools are divided into distinct and separate departments, one for the Indian boys, the other for Indian girls. Members of the Society of Jesus conduct the former, while the latter is in the hands of the Ursuline Nuns.

The first in charge of the Mission was Father Philbertus Tornielli. Next came Father Damiani, who took the former's place in 1892, remaining to the spring of 1898, and built during

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the while a residence for the Fathers and the boys. It is a substantial structure of native sandstone quarried from the neighboring hills. In the winter of 1898, the original frame quarters occupied by the female department, were almost entirely destroyed by fire. They were replaced soon after by a sandstone edifice erected by Father Bandini, who took for a year or so the post of Father Damiani. Next, but only for a few months, came Father Ignatius A. Vasta. Father Damiani returned to this field, and conducted the Mission till 1905, when he was relieved of his charge by Father Joseph Bruckert for some three years. The latter's place was now taken for some time by Father Philip Delon, and then by Father Peter Bougis, and lastly, once more, by Father Damiani, who quite recently has been sent back to his former camping ground.

Browning,* a town some eighteen miles from the Mission, is confided to the missionary care of Father J. B. Carroll, whose little church is well filled with Indians every Sunday.

* Browning is now (Sept. 1922) in charge of one of the secular clergy of the Diocese of Helena.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION. FATHER FREDERICK EBERSCHWEILER. SCHOOLS.

ST. PAUL'S Mission, also an offspring of St. Peter's, is located in what are called the Little Rockies, on the reservation of the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines. Some fifty years ago, the Gros Ventres alone were reckoned at about 10,000 souls. Today, all told, they number less than 2,000.

Father De Smet, and after him Father Point, were the first who did some missionary work among these Indians. Next came Father Giorda, who in 1862, baptized 134 children belonging to the tribe of Gros Ventres. Both nations were visited several times by Father Rappagliosi, who did much good among them. Father U. Grassi also was among them for a time in 1879, and baptized a number of Assiniboines. Some children of the same tribe were baptized in 1883 by Father J. Damiani, and several others by Father J. Bandini in 1884. Both tribes for years had been asking to have among them resident Black Robes, but to no avail for a long while.

In 1885, Father Cataldo obtained from the U. S. Government the authorization to erect buildings on the reserve for school and mission work. No sooner had leave been granted, than he directed Father Eberschweiler to commence operations at once by putting up a temporary structure, not far from the spot where saintly Father Rappagliosi had died. This, however, was done as a preliminary move only, and to forestall opposition on the part of certain non-Catholics, who were ever ready to throw obstacles in the way of Catholic action. The place presented serious disadvantages for a permanent Mission site, there being no timber in the vicinity, and the water, besides, was so saturated with alkali as to be of a milky color (hence the name of Milk River). Further still, owing to the low bed of the river, water could not be brought out to irrigate the land; and without irriga-

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tion successful farming, because of the dry summer weather prevailing in this section, would be out of the question.

On the other hand, it was a matter of prudence that something should be done without delay toward the establishment of the Mission. Hence, according to directions, Father Eberschweiler secured a small wooden building near Fort Belknap, and fitted it up for a chapel where he said Mass December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was on this temporary site and in such quarters that St. Paul Mission was started. Father Eberschweiler passed the winter of 1885-86 studying the Assiniboine language, instructing some twenty children, and visiting the sick. Of the latter he instructed and baptized several at their own request in their last illness.

After conferring with the Indians, Father Eberschweiler early the following spring, 1886, started for the Little Rockies to seek for a more desirable site for the Mission. On May first he picked out a charming spot on People's Creek, a stream of sweet, clear water, which has its source up in the mountains, and running through the valley below, empties into Milk River near Fort Browning. While the soil is rich and timber plentiful, numerous mountain springs feed the stream just mentioned and supply an abundance of wholesome water for domestic use and also for irrigation. The Indians felt much pleased with the location, the more so, that the spot was one of their favorite resorts in the buffalo hunts of former years.

Soon after, at the suggestion of Father Eberschweiler, all the chiefs and leading men of the two tribes petitioned the Government to be allowed to move and settle on these lands. The authorities looked favorably on the petition and appointed a special Commission to carry out the wishes of the Indians. Accordingly, in January, 1886, by treaty stipulations the Indians surrendered to the Government whatever country they claimed as their own, except an area of some 40,000 square miles adjacent to the Little Rockies, which the Government was to recognize as reserved and set apart for their own exclusive use and occupancy.

From a moral and a material point of view, as well, the condition of the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines at this time was, indeed, very deplorable. Those to whose inefficient ministry they had been confided for years had won neither the good will

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nor the respect of their charges, and had done practically nothing to lift them from degradation and barbarism. Reduced, besides, to a state of destitution and beggary by the rapid and total extinction of the buffalo, and the country around offering no advantage whatever to make a living by agriculture, the poor wretches attempted to eke out a filthy and most miserable existence by wholesale prostitution. The military post close by afforded them additional opportunities for the degrading traffic. But, according to the new treaty they would be some sixty miles off, and beyond the baneful influences of their present contaminating environs; they would be on soil that offered every facility for easy and successful farming by which to make an honest living; while their proximity to the new Mission could not but benefit them in many other respects.

That such good results were looked forward to even by the officials in charge, is manifest from the report of A. O. Simons, the Agent, who under date of August 26, 1890, wrote to the Indian Department as follows:

"There is good ground for hope that the spiritual and moral teaching of the Rev. Fathers at St. Paul's Mission will in time effect great good in eradicating the evils of immorality and drunkenness and creating a conscientious feeling in favor of virtue and temperance."* And it was not long before these forecasts were borne out by the result.

In the meantime, Father Eberschweiler had been hard at work to erect suitable quarters on the site he had selected for the Mission. He commenced, in the summer of 1886, the construction of a large log structure, 25 by 75 feet, and of two others, but of smaller dimensions. Having spent the winter of 1886-87 at Fort Belknap, he returned to the Little Rockies, where the buildings under construction were soon after completed and made ready for occupancy. But while busy in the erection of quarters, Father Eberschweiler did not neglect missionary duty among the Indians, and by the end of 1887 he had baptized 138 children under seven, and twenty-one adults. Adding to the number those baptized subsequently, we have in the Mission's records a little over 500 baptisms at the close of 1890.

During the summer of 1887 arrangements were made with the

* *Report Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1890.

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Indian Department, through the Catholic Indian Mission Bureau, for the opening of a contract school. These were now completed by the arrival of a colony of Ursulines, who were to assist the Fathers in the work. The school opened in September with an allotment of twenty-five pupils, at a per capita of $100 a year. Subsequently, this number was raised to fifty, then to one hundred, and later on, to one hundred and sixty pupils. Today the number in attendance is in excess of the number of children provided for by the Government. And this can be said of every Catholic Indian Contract School; since in every one of them more Indian children are kept and educated than are supported or paid for by the Government.

These Indian children are good-natured, docile and quick to learn; but, like unto all the rest of the race, a second nature with them is laziness and a deep dislike for any manual labor. Their training is, consequently, made to suit their wants, as in every other Catholic Indian school, and consists of a plain English education going hand in hand with varied manual exercise.

From the manuscript records of St. Paul's Mission and its schools we glean the following incidents. We have no doubt that they will be found both interesting and edifying.

A boy, in very poor health, was brought to the school. The Sisters took him in, and tenderly cared for him; the more so, that no hope could any longer be entertained for his recovery. Some two months after, growing worse, he was made happy by being baptized. The little hero bore all the sufferings of his sickness with most remarkable patience. He would hold a small crucifix in his hands, and frequently kiss it with the greatest affection. On being anointed he seemed to be comforted beyond expression. One day he told some who had called to see him, to come no more, as with their coming, "The Angel disappeared," quoth the boy; adding, "Do you not see him leave when you come in?" He further spoke as follows: "When I am alone the Angel stays by my side, speaks to me, and makes me feel ever so happy! He bids me be cheerful and tells me he will stay with me until the time arrives for me to be led by him to see God." Our little Nicholas (the name given the boy in baptism) was taken off by "his good Angel" on the Feast of Our Lady, the Help of Christians.

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The boy had just been buried, when one of the youngest of the little girls, whose name was Martha, declared that she, too, wished and longed ever so much to die. Her wish was granted, and she passed away early in the morning, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

On the very same day, Mary, another Indian girl, about nine, and seriously ill, was admitted to her first Holy Communion, a favor she had been fervently asking for a good while. The Sisters dressed her in white and brought her to the chapel. She received our Lord with an Angel's fervor, and so wrapped up was she in her devotion, that she could scarcely be induced to consent to leave the chapel. The girl had been at school at St. Peter's Mission, but all along in feeble and failing health. Her recovery being now despaired of, she had been transferred to St. Paul's, that she might end her life among her people. Though but nine, she had the sense and wisdom of a much riper age. The young child suffered very much, yet she appeared altogether unmindful of her aches and pains, her whole soul being taken up with holy and heavenly things. She found her delight in praying and in arranging a number of holy cards in a semicircle before her eyes, that she might see them all at a glance. A little statue of Our Lady seemed to draw her attention in a most special manner: she would often and lovingly look at it, and as often and as lovingly press it to her heart. To have received the name of Mary in baptism seemed to fill her soul with the greatest joy. There was no need of any cautious proceeding to inform her of her approaching dissolution, since she appeared to be actually in love with death, yearning after it and speaking of it, as she did, with the greatest pleasure.

The evening before her death, Mary called for the Father and all the Sisters, and asked them to pray for her, as her hour, she said, was near. Death, to all appearances, was in her eyes and on her face, when the little girl assumed, all of a sudden, a most beautiful expression. Her gaze was slightly turned upward, and she seemed as if absorbed in the vision of some entrancing beauty; reflected in the brilliancy of her eyes and on her countenance, now all aglow with inexpressible joy. While thus enraptured, the little girl exclaimed: "Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Mary! You have come with Angels to take me

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with you! Oh, how good! Oh, how beautiful you are! Oh, how happy I am!" The bystanders, Father, Sisters and all were silent listeners. The girl remained in an almost ecstatic state a quarter of an hour, and then fell quietly asleep. The next day, when her last moments had arrived, she called again for all, asked them to pray for her, and placing herself in a most devout position to die, at high noon July 4th, her happy soul went to her God. Soon after her death, her parents asked for instruction and were baptized.

And now, nothing remains but to bring the Mission's history to a close by chronicling the changes that have since occurred. Father Balthasar Feusi replaces Father Eberschweiler in the charge of the institution, being assisted by Father Francis Sansone and a lay brother. New and substantial improvements are, not only contemplated, but already under contract.

Father Eberschweiler has moved to Harlem, a station on the Great Northern Railway, whence he attends the Assiniboines at Fort Peck Agency, and several settlements of whites along the road, as well as some camps of halfbreeds on the banks of Milk River. The Harlem station is a dependency of St. Peter's Mission.

As mentioned above, Father B. Feusi took charge of the Mission in 1891, replacing Father Eberschweiler, and held it till 1894, when Father Charles Mackin became the local Superior. During his term, which extended to 1902, the latter built a fine stone church, and replaced the former log building occupied by the Sisters and the girls' school, with a new and imposing structure also of stone. The unstinted generosity of a personal friend, no less rich than grateful, enabled him to start and bring to completion these substantial improvements. He was succeeded in the charge of the Mission by Father Ignatius A. Vasta, who some five years later left it in the hands of Father Joseph M. Piet. Father H. J. Vrebosch came next, and after him, Father Hubert Post, who in turn was succeeded by Father B. Feusi.

Leaving St. Paul's, let us now proceed to the Mission of St. Labré, whose history we shall present in the following chapter.

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Chapter XXXII.

MISSION OF ST. LABRE AMONG THE CHEYENNE INDIANS. ORIGIN. THE URSULINES. CHEYENNE ELOQUENCE. FR. P. BARCELO. GEORGE YOAKUM. SCHOOLS. FR. A. VAN DER VELDEN.

PASSING from Northern to Eastern Montana, the Mission that now invites our attention is St. Labré, located on the banks of the Tongue River, near the mouth of Otter Creek, some seventy-five miles south of Miles City, Custer County.

The Indians occupying this section are a small fraction of the Northern Cheyennes, and number about a thousand souls. They live grouped in small camps or villages in the Upper Tongue River country along the Rosebud. Until 1885 these Indians had no reservation of their own. About this time the Government set apart for them a reserve on the banks of Lame Deer and Muddy Creek. But they refused to leave their home on Tongue River for the new place.

Father De Smet was the first to Christianize any of the tribe. There are Cheyennes still living who remember the great Black Robe, and take a pardonable pride in the fact that they were baptized by him. But until 1882, little was done in their behalf, although they never ceased to ask for Catholic missionaries.

A discharged soldier from Fort Keogh, a convert to the faith, by name of George Yoakum, having frequently met Indians about the Fort, became interested in their welfare. He brought their case to the attention of the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, the Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, to whose jurisdiction Eastern Montana still belonged. The zealous Bishop wrote to the Jesuit Fathers at Helena and to the general Superior of the Indian Missions in our Territory, warmly recommending these poor, forsaken Indians to their care. He displayed great pity for them, and desired the Fathers to do all they could in their behalf. Accordingly, Father P. Barceló, who was stationed at Helena, at the wish of his Superior visited the Cheyennes in 1882-83 and spent among them several months. The opening,

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however, of a permanent Mission could not be attempted through lack of men.

In 1883 the Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel was appointed to the spiritual charge of the whole of Montana, and how to provide missionaries for the Cheyennes was one of his first cares. He made an appeal to his confrères in the States, to secure through them the services of a zealous priest and a colony of Sisters for that purpose. On receiving Bishop Brondel's appeal, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, invited the Religious Communities of his Diocese to answer the call from Montana. Bishop Gilmour's invitation reached the Ursulines on the Eve of St. Ursula, October 20, 1883, and thirty of the Community sent in their names as volunteers for the Cheyenne Mission.

One who is at all conversant with the history of the time-honored and devoted Ursuline Sisterhood will not be surprised at this generous response. The Ursulines were the first among Religious women to establish themselves in the northern parts of North America. At the close of the 17th century there were in Canada but six Religious Communities of women and two of these, the House at Quebec, established in 1639, and that at Three Rivers, established in 1690, belonged to this Order. In the United States, New Orleans, Louisiana, was the first city to obtain a Community of Ursulines, a Convent of the Order having been founded there in 1727. De Courcy observes that until 1790, the United States did not know what Nuns were, as Louisiana had not yet become a part of the United States, but was still a French colony.

Subsequently, the Order spread to several States of the Union; in Ohio, the Ursulines had flourishing Convents and schools at St. Martin's, near Fayetteville, at Cleveland and Toledo, whence they were now to branch out into the far Northwest. Pioneer life in unsettled communities, missionary life among the Indians, with all the privations inseparable from it, was no new experience for the members of this veteran Order, and had no terrors for them.

As many more Nuns had volunteered than there was immediate need for, of the thirty who had offered themselves Bishop Gilmour chose six, all Americans by birth, natives of

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Ohio. On Christmas morning he wrote to his confrère, Bishop Brondel, announcing the Christmas present he was sending to Montana. The Rev. Jos. Eyler, of the Cleveland Diocese, had also accepted the invitation and was ready to accompany the missionary colony to the new field. With Mother Amadeus at the head, the little band of Ursulines left Toledo on the 15th of January, 1884, and journeying through Chicago, St. Paul and Bismark, arrived at Miles City on the 17th, a couple of days after bidding farewell to their home in Ohio.

It became known that the Sisters who were to locate at Miles City and among the Cheyennes, would arrive on that day, and train-time brought to the depot most of the population of the "wicked little city of Montana," the unenviable name the place had acquired in some of the Eastern States. The white and the Indian, soldier and civilian, the cattle-king and the cowboy, the miner and the gambler, all classes of the town's inhabitants were represented.

Bishop Brondel had come all the way from Helena to receive in person the Christmas gift sent him by Bishop Gilmour, and stood on the platform, with the Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, Army Chaplain at Fort Keogh. There, his arms outstretched and his face beaming with joy, he greeted the travelers, and bade one and all a hearty welcome to Montana.

The first plan of the Ursulines was to establish a central Mission and their Motherhouse at Miles City, whence small bands would go forth to open schools among the different Indian tribes in Montana, beginning with the Cheyennes on Tongue River. The founding, however, of schools later on in the northern part of the State made it desirable to have their Motherhouse more centrally located, and owing to this as well as for other reasons, it was finally built at the Mission of St. Peter.

On their arrival at Miles City, Bishop Brondel made arrangements for the erection of suitable buildings for the accommodation of the new Community. In the meanwhile the Nuns opened a temporary school in humble quarters, which were secured at a monthly rental of twenty-five dollars.

The Rev. J. Eyler now started for the Cheyenne country, to look over the situation and select a convenient site for the new

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Mission. A piece of land, with a log cabin on it, was bought just where Otter Creek empties into the Tongue River, the spot being considered best suited for the new institution.

Sometime after, three of the Ursulines, accompanied by Mother Amadeus who went along to see the little colony safely installed in their new home, set out to join Father Eyler. They left Miles City March 29, and camped four nights on the road. A Sibley tent and army transportation, consisting of a Government ambulance for the Sisters, two wagons for their baggage and provisions, as well as an escort of a few soldiers, had been kindly furnished by the Commanding Officer of Fort Keogh. The roads were bad and the difficulties of the journey correspondingly great. The good Sisters, however, acquired some excellent experimental knowledge. Up and down steep gulches, through deep ravines, over high, forbidding bluffs, and along the edge of precipitous embankments—their road was certainly a rough one. They learned what are the realities of fording streams, cutting wagon trails through clay, making bridges over swamps and treacherous quicksands. Many times the soldiers were obliged to unload the entire outfit and carry the baggage across troublesome places. Yet, we are assured, there was not a profane word, not a murmur of complaint uttered.

The caravan was met by Father Eyler some seven miles from the Mission site, and reached their destination at noon on the second day of April. These brave missionary Sisters greeted their new home with sincere delight, and kneeling on the threshold of the cabin, reverently kissed the ground, as that of the promised Land, and poured forth their souls in silent, but deep, heartfelt thanksgiving. Their dwelling, a log hut with a mud roof, had three compartments or rooms, unconnected within by any opening, the entrance to each being from the outside. The rooms were lighted each by half a window —and a very small window at that—and two of them were without flooring.

The largest room, about 16 by 22 feet, was made the Nuns' apartment. It had a floor, and the walls were well papered over with copies of the "Police Gazette"! The middle compartment was converted into a class-room; while Father Eyler's quarters were at the other end of the cabin. Some cowboy's

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benches and dry-goods boxes answered the purpose of chairs and tables, and were all the furniture on the premises. The Nuns' apartment was at one and the same time, chapel, kitchen and dormitory.

The Ursulines set to work and soon had the place scrubbed, and in good order. In one corner of their quarters an altar was erected, and there on the next morning, April 3, the Feast of St. Richard, the patron Saint of Bishop Gilmour, Father Eyler celebrated the first Mass.

The poverty of the Indians and all their surroundings had suggested to Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel a very appropriate name for the Cheyenne Mission; it was to be called St. Joseph Labré, after the poorest of God's poor. The original log cabin was in time replaced by a large, comfortable frame structure. Its cost was considerable, as all the building material had to be hauled by team a distance of seventy and more miles.

The Cheyennes welcomed the "Lady Black Robes" with great joy, and their coming had been celebrated the night before their arrival, in true Indian fashion, by a glorious war dance.*

The refusal to abandon their homes on Tongue River—a section much coveted by stockmen who had large herds of cattle in the neighboring ranges—brought upon the Cheyennes much trouble and suffering. They were continually harassed by cowboys who wanted them out of their way. They were also unjustly treated by the Indian Agents, who refused them their fair proportion of rations, because they would not move to the Rosebud reservation. The buffalo had practically been exterminated and, as a consequence of all this, the poor wretches were in such dire distress, that some of them had actually died of starvation. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel visited their setelement in August, 1884, and again in November of the following year, and saw with his own eyes the extreme destitution of these unfortunate creatures.

"We are glad to see you," said they to the Bishop on the latter occasion: "You speak the truth. You have not many tongues. Your language is right. Last winter four of our

* The particulars concerning their coming to Montana, etc., given in this part of the narrative, were kindly communicated to the writer by the Ursulines themselves.

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women died of hunger; this winter we shall all die. You told us to cultivate the land, but we have no tools. We used to live on the buffalo; all the buffalo are now exterminated, and last winter all the antelope were killed. Some of us had cattle, but they were stolen from us. We cannot farm, we get no rations, or if we do, we cannot live on the little we get; we cannot steal, and in consequence we must all die. Winter is coming and we have no blankets. Tell the Great Father at Washington, we need help right away and have no means to cultivate the soil. This is our country, we fought against the Sioux and the Crows to keep this place and hold it. We fought for the whites against the Sioux, the Bannacks and the Nez Percés, and now, the whites want us to leave, and go where there is no good land, where there is little wood, little water, and where we do not care to live, with Indians whom we do not like."

This strong pleading was given emphasis by the pressure of two young men standing before the Bishop, one of whom had passed two days, and the other four, without a bite to eat. The Bishop, moved with compassion, ordered a steer to be purchased and butchered at once, to feed the famishing people. On his return to Helena, he laid their pitiful case before His Excellency Governor S. T. Hauser, through whose prompt action orders were issued from Washington for their immediate relief. What, if in their maddening hunger and with death from starvation facing them, these poor creatures did kill, as has been charged against them, a beef or two? Can we blame them?

The following communication of Bishop Brondel to Governor S. T. Hauser will throw additional light on our narrative:

To His Excellency S. T. Hauser,
Governor of Montana,
Helena, M. T.

Dear Sir:—

At my return from a visit to the Cheyenne Indians on Tongue River at the mouth of Otter Creek, Custer Co., M. T., I feel it my duty to communicate to Your Excellency the condition of these wards of the Government.

Two years ago I established a Catholic Mission at that place, and in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior mentioned my reason for

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doing so, namely, because most Cheyennes are living on Tongue River. A priest and three Ursuline Nuns went to live on a farm which I bought in that locality. In a visit last fall, I learned that the Cheyennes wanted an Agent, reservation food, clothing and farming utensils. I made their wishes known to the proper authorities, and a reservation was made in the vicinity of Rosebud, but no regular Agent was appointed; also that part, where our Mission was established, was left out of the limits of the reservation. The Cheyennes of Tongue River had fought their way back from the Indian Territory. Pursued by General Miles, they stopped when they reached their former home and told the General that he might kill them there, but that they would not live elsewhere. Miles told them to remain, and that they would not be interfered with. They served as scouts in the Sioux, Nez Percés and Bannack wars. They say they fought other Indians to keep their land on Tongue River and will not go to Rosebud where rations are now distributed, because that is not their land and it is a poor place. They do not want to live with the Rosebud Indians because they are bad. They do not want to live at other Agencies because they are a distinct people from the Sioux, Crows and others. The buffaloes were killed long ago, all the antelopes were killed last winter, the whites stole their horses and cattle, the Government does not defend them, they do not want to steal and hence they say: this winter we shall all die. The clerk of the Agent of the Crows, who distributes rations on the Rosebud, refuses to help us, or we get so little that we cannot live.

All the Cheyennes send their children to the Mission schools. The Sisters of St. Labré's Mission have a contract with the Government for thirty children. I have established that Mission at an expense of about ten thousand dollars. During my visit last week I saw that those Indians had no blankets, or if they had, the blankets were old and used up. One fine young man told me he had nothing to eat for four days, another had not for two days, and the testimony of the Sisters and the priests in charge confirm the truth of these assertions. I was so moved by pity that I bought a steer for sixty dollars from the Postmaster at Birney six miles off and distributed the meat to twenty-nine lodges so as to retard starvation. The Indians told me that last winter four women died of starvation, and this winter they say they shall all die, for they have nothing any longer to hunt, and they could not raise a crop for want of farming implements; neither could they go to beg at other Agencies, for they have no horses to go, and should they go, they are sent away from one Agency to the other.

In the name, then, of our common humanity, in the name of

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Indians who have fought other Indians to secure to our white population peace and plenty, I appeal to your Excellency to secure to them certainty of tenure of their lands, the appointment of an Agent who would protect them and secure their interest, helping them to farm next spring, and the immediate dispatch of food and clothing. Procrastination in this matter is death to fellow human beings, and a telegraphic message to Washington concerning the matter would, in my humble opinion, be a necessity. . . . From all that I have seen and heard, I come to the conclusion that the Cheyennes are of the bravest, most honest, most laborious and the least corrupted of our American Indians.

No sooner had Governor Hauser received Bishop Brondel's appeal than he wired the following to the Hon. Secretary of the Interior:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
TERRITORY OF MONTANA,
Helena, M. T., Nov. 14, 1885.

Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar,
Secretary of Interior,
Washington, D. C.

Bishop Brondel, founder of the Mission on Tongue River, has just returned from the Mission and reports that the Cheyenne Indians there are in a starving condition—I forward his statement by mail today. I respectfully recommend that you take some immediate action in the matter.

(Signed) S. T. HAUSER.

The Hon. Secretary of the Interior answered by telegraph as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16th, 1885.

Governor Hauser,
Helena, Mont.

Commissioner Sparks has this day instructed the Agent to provide for immediate wants of the Tongue River Indians—Inspector Armstrong now at the Crow Agency has been instructed to see that it is done and to report the fact.

(Signed) L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secy.

Bishop Brondel sought to enlist the good services and influence of the Hon. G. G. Vest, U. S. Senator, in behalf of the Cheyennes on Tongue River, for the specific purpose that the land on which they had settled might be secured to them

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by the Government, and that also the allowance for their school might be continued and increased. The interest taken in the matter by the Hon. Senator appears from the following letter which he sent to the Rt. Rev. Bishop:

UNITED STATES SENATE,
Washington, D. C., December 22, 1885.

My dear Sir:

I am just in receipt of your favor of the 16th instant.

Governor Hauser is now in this city, and I was with him when he presented your letter in regard to the Tongue River Indians to the Secretary of the Interior.

It will afford me very great pleasure to do what I can in the direction indicated in your letter. I will see the Commissioner of Indian Affairs tomorrow and represent the case to him in person.

I do not know that I can do anything towards increasing the amount of pay for the tuition at St. Labré's or at St. Peter's, for the Blackfeet, but I will try to have sufficient appropriations put in the legislation of Congress this session.

You may rest assured that I will do everything in my power, as I take great interest in those Indian schools.

I am respectfully and truly,
Your friend,
G. G. VEST.

Bishop John B. Brondel,
Helena, Montana.

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Chapter XXXII.

ST. LABRE'S MISSION.

From what has been said above, the reader must have already surmised that the locating of the Mission on Tongue River, tending naturally as it did to establish the Cheyennes on a section whence the whites wanted them removed, was not looked upon with favor by the cattle owners, whose large herds were fattening on these ranges.

This was made clear by an outrageous deed perpetrated at St. Labré's September 15, 1884, and even more, by the comments which were made upon it by the *Miles City Daily Journal* in its issue of September 18.

George Yoakum, whom we have already mentioned as taking much interest in the welfare of the Indians, was at the time the guest of Father Barceló, and the Father's interpreter. On the night of the 15th, five masked men invaded the Father's cabin and, laying hold of Yoakum, bound him and dragged him out to "yank" him. Father Barceló remonstrated, and entreated the ruffians to refrain from their criminal proceedings. But to no purpose: he too was threatened with the same treatment; and pointing a revolver at his head, they forced him to keep back and cease from further pleading. Still, who knows but the saintly man's expostulations and tears saved Yoakum's life? The poor fellow was carried some distance off and "yanked," as the *Miles City Journal* put it, and then ordered out of the country.

The same journal had this to say of the outrage:—

Yoakum has been acting as interpreter for the Mission, but at the same time making himself very officious in matters concerning the Indians, who, under his supposed advice, have been giving much trouble and annoyance to settlers and stockmen in the vicinity. Probably this summary punishment may bring him to his senses and teach him not to espouse the cause of the Indians as against the white settlers and cattleman who are developing the country. There

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is no trouble apprehended from the Indians—continues the paper.—*In fact, the cattlemen would rather rejoice at an opportunity to inaugurate an open armed resistance against them and drive them from the country.*

The italics are ours. This *modus operandi,* this goading the Indians on to some act of hostility, in order to have an excuse for getting rid of them the sooner, has been but too often the favorite method of the frontier man, "to develop the country."

Yet the Cheyennes in the testimony of all who are acquainted with them, are a brave people, upright, honorable, of remarkably good morals and exceptionally free from the curses of their fellow Indians—fire-water, immorality and gambling. Father Barceló relates that while he was at St. Labré's, some depraved cowboys attempted one day to force a Cheyenne woman to take a drink of whiskey, holding a pistol to her face to make her do it. They failed, and the woman's heroic firmness cowed the villains. "The northern Cheyennes," says R. L. Upshaw, who is in charge of these Indians as Agent, "are proverbial for the chastity of their women." The same favorable testimony is given them by all who have come in contact with the tribe.

It is therefore a matter of no little surprise that, notwithstanding the natural virtues, so few of these Indians have, thus far, embraced the faith. The records of the Mission from its start to the end of 1890, give but 200 baptisms, and those mostly of children.

It must be borne in mind, however, that successful missionary work among the Indians, owing to the many and most serious obstacles in the way, is always exceedingly slow. The seeding and reaping seasons here are not spanned by a few months, but a lifetime; and one who sows, despite his lengthy years, may not live long enough to see the real fruit of his labors. *"Faith cometh by hearing,"* and it takes many a year to master an Indian language, and this, particularly, when it must be learned without any other assistance than that obtainable through some uneducated frontier man, or some half-breed, as is nearly always the case.

Besides these and other serious difficulties attendant upon a new Indian Mission, special ones stood in the way of St. Labré. The secular clergy who were assigned to its charge,

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Mother Amadeus

Mother Perpetua

NOBLE URSULINES: ONE THE FOUNDRESS OF MONTANA MISSIONS; THE OTHER A REBUILDER

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did not remain on the field, either because of poor health, or of discouragement. The unsettled state also, as well as the utter destitution of these Indians, proved an obstacle to their instruction. "We are starving," the poor creatures would say time and again to the priest, "and the howlings of our hungry stomachs deafen our ears to thy voice; give us something to eat, that we may be able to hearken to thee." Indian or white, hungry people's minds are seldom sensible and docile to aught but the pleadings of their empty stomachs. Our Divine Saviour knew it well, and made miracles to feed His hearers. The old monk's Italian ditty—*Buona piattanza, buona osservanza*—that is, good fare, good discipline, is another expression of the same philosophy.

We are tempted to offer an additional reason why, perhaps, so few Cheyennes have thus far been converted, but we suggest it with all reserve. May not theirs be one of the cases wherein *et suos castos habet diabolus,* and the defilements of the flesh are avoided through a spirit of pride? Despite their natural goodness and commendable moral standing, these Indians are known to be a very presumptuous race, the proudest of the Indian tribes, wrapped up in the consciousness of their superiority over their fellows. Now, we learn from Holy Writ, that God in His inscrutable and mysterious dealings with men, gives His grace to the humble, while He refuses it to the proud. Our Divine Saviour has exemplified this in a most striking manner in the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. The latter, because humble, finds grace, notwithstanding his sinfulness; while the former, with all his goodness, fails to do so, and is rejected, because of his pride.

Another noticeable trait of the Cheyennes is their gift of speech; for they likely surpass every other tribe in natural eloquence and poetical imagery and the vividness with which they can express their thoughts. On one of his visits to St. Labré, Bishop Brondel was welcomed by one of the head men of the nation who goes by the name of Old Wolf. We reproduce the old chief's address, as taken down by the Bishop himself while it was spoken, every word being interpreted to him by one of the Missionaries.

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Said Old Wolf:

There is a mountain in this vicinity known by every Cheyenne. The mountain is high and strong and many years old. Our forefathers knew him, as well as we do. When children, we went out hunting, and cared not whether we knew or not the way. When men, we went out to meet our foes, no matter where they came from. Though the way ran high up and low down, our hearts trembled not on account of the road; because the mountain was ever a safe guide to us and never failed us. When far away, on seeing him our hearts leaped for joy, because the mountain was the beacon which told us that our home came nearer. In summer the thunder shook him from head to foot and fire bored holes in his sides. But the noise soon passed away and the mountain stood there. In winter the storms rushed around him to bury him out of our sight and covered him with layer upon layer of snow; with difficulty could we distinguish him from the rest. Only his height told us he was our mountain. But during the spring all the snow disappeared and the mountain, covered with green grass, stood before us as of yore and the trees upon it stood firmer. This mountain is the priest of God. White and Indian speak evil of him; they want to estrange him from our hearts, but we know he has but one word and his heart is as firm as a rock. He comes to instruct us, and what the mountain is in our journeys, that is his word. He is the mountain that leads us to God.

The Rev. J. Eyler, owing to poor health, returned to his Diocese in June, and for a little over a year from his departure, St. Labré remained without a resident priest. It was visited during this interval by Father Barceló and also by Father Guidi, principally, however, by the former, who spent there several months. The Rt. Rev. Bishop himself had been there in August, 1884, and revisited the place in February, 1885. To the heroic little band of Ursulines, who bravely remained at their lonesome and dreary post, these occasional visits were so much spiritual sunshine and a source of inestimable comfort. But yet, the long intervals of desolation between could not but sorely try these pious souls; and for the Mission to be left without a resident priest was a most serious drawback to its progress. On the other hand, the abnormal condition of things could not easily be remedied; first, because of the scarcity of priests in the new Diocese; and secondly, because missionary

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Crow Chiefs

Lump-on-the-Nose   Busy Wolf   Yellow Fringe   Peter, Brother of Iron Bull
William Moore   Father Réné, S.J.   Father Prando, S.J.

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work among the Indians is anything but attractive to human nature, offering as it does, from a human point of view, very little consolation.

But while at this period the new-formed Mission of St. Labré was rather poorly off in things spiritual, its material resources were even less promising. The new Diocese was poor. Hence the Rt. Rev. Bishop felt obliged to go on a lecturing tour through some of the Eastern States, to raise funds in behalf of the Indian Mission on Tongue River which he had so much at heart. He met with gratifying success, and thus the material straits of the institution were, at least partially, relieved.

Provision had also been made for the spiritual wants of the Cheyenne Mission, but unfortunately the one appointed proved unfit for the charge. Thereupon, the Jesuit Fathers were called to assume for the time being the care of St. Labré. Accordingly, Fathers A. van der Velden and P. Prando were assigned to the Cheyennes in the early part of October, 1885. Father P. Prando labored on this field about one year, passing thence to evangelize the neighboring tribe of the Crow Indians. Father A. van der Velden has been at his post ever since—save an interval of a few months in 1887—now alone, now assisted by some of his confrères.

Of the mission and school work done at St. Labré's by the Fathers and the Ursuline Nuns we can offer no higher encomium than by quoting R. L. Upshaw, the Agent in charge of the Indians, himself a non-Catholic. In his official Report of 1887, to the Indian Department, R. L. Upshaw speaks of the School as follows:

The only school connected with this Agency is the St. Labré boarding school on the Tongue River, a contract school, being in charge of the Sisters of the Ursuline Order. The school building is a very good one, erected at the cost of $7,000. It has a capacity for fifty boarders and twenty day pupils, the attendance has been an average of thirty-five for the year, boarders, boys and girls. The pupils are making fair progress; great obstacles have been overcome, the Sisters are gaining the confidence of the parents and children; Indian prejudices are breaking down and the way made easier every day; but the obstacles in the way of bringing these savages to light are still very great. The school is in most excellent hands and deserves every encouragement. The Sisters make sacrifices seldom made

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without prospect of great and immediate reward. The major part of theirs will not be realized until death shall have claimed them.

Of the missionary work done by the Fathers he writes as follows in the same official Report:

The religious instruction to these Indians, aside from that given at the St. Labré school, is given by the Rev. A. van der Velden, S. J., who devotes himself to his duties with the ardor characteristic of his Society, in drawing these people from their barbarism The encouragement he has met with, if measured with the tangible evidences of success, is very poor, but his persistence in his holy duties must in time have its effect, even upon the benighted and perverse savages he has to deal with. He has some knowledge of medicines and has dispensed a quantity of them purchased at his own cost. A part of the year he has been necessarily absent from the reservation, attending to church business, and his absence was severely felt. It is hoped that the authorities of his church may find it possible to give him an assistant, as the field is too large for one man. *I believe,* continues the Agent, *the influence of the priests is of the greatest importance in bringing these people to a state of civilization of any value. A semi-civilized savage, copying all the vices of his white neighbors, will be a worse citizen than the barbarian pure and simple.*

Thus Indian Agent Upshaw, non-Catholic and in contact with the red man for a good many years in his capacity of Government official.

It would be well for the advocates of non-sectarian Indian education—who are doing today their utmost to withdraw the Indian from the influence of the priests and Sisters—to ponder a little over the last two sentences prompted by long experience and observation. We have placed them in italics for their special benefit.

Father van der Velden was changed in 1894, and though some three years later, 1897, he returned, it was only for a temporary stay, as the Superiors had now resolved to give up the care of St. Labré's.*

We now leave the Cheyennes, to pass on to their neighbors, the Crow Indians, and in the next two chapters shall present the local history of the Mission among them or St. Xavier's, which is the last remaining to complete the first part of our task.

* The Mission of St. Labré's at the present time (September, 1922) is in charge of the Fathers of St. Edmund.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CROW INDIANS. THEIR COSMOGONY. FIRST MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THEM. FR. P. BARCELÓ.

THE Crow nation is the largest tribe of Indians in southern Montana. It occupies today an extensive reservation within the limits of Custer County in the Big Horn Valley and along the southern banks of the Yellowstone River.

These Indians call themselves in their own language Absároka, after a bird of the crow species still to be seen in Mexico and other parts of South America, but which has never been known to exist in the wild regions of the Rocky Mountains. Hence the supposition that the Crows belonged originally to some of the Indian families toward the south, whence later on they emigrated to their present home. This opinion gains strength from other peculiarities of the tribe.

Some fifty years ago the Crows numbered over 5,000; the official census of 1887 gives this tribe 2,456 souls. In bygone days these people were considered one of the most warlike and valiant tribes of the Northwest. "This race," says Father De Smet, "is one of the noblest in the desert; they are tall, robust and well formed; have a piercing eye, aquiline nose and teeth of ivory whiteness." At the present day, however, the physical constitution of the Crow nation has sadly deteriorated, and is far from what Father De Smet found it in his time. While superior in intelligence to other Indian tribes, the Crows likewise surpassed the rest in superstitious practices.

Father De Smet became first acquainted with these Indians on his return trip to St. Louis from his first visit to the Flat Heads. "In 1840," he writes, "I met the Crows in the valley of the Big Horn, a tributary of the Yellowstone. In my quality of Black Robe they received me with all possible demonstrations of respect and sincere joy."

While in council with these Indians, Father De Smet struck a match, and with it lighted the pipe or calumet of peace. This

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filled the Crows with the greatest surprise, as they had never seen matches before. Most wonderful stories were soon told in connection with this simple occurrence, and many Indians were led by it to look upon the Black Robe as a superhuman being, who could strike fire from the soles of his shoes, as well as from any part of his body. "It requires little," playfully remarks Father De Smet, "to acquire a reputation among the Indians; with a few matches you may become a great man among the Crows and receive great honors." From the moment he had struck that match, he was considered the greatest medicine man that had ever visited their tribe, and he was treated in consequence with every respect and listened to by all with the greatest attention.

Before his departure, the chiefs and principal warriers in the camp begged the Black Robe to give them some of his mysterious fire-sticks, and without even a thought that the matches would be turned by them into means of superstition, he distributed among them all he could spare. He revisited the Crows in 1844, and they now tendered him a most solemn reception. "I was lodged in the largest and finest tepee in the camp," he tells us, "all the chiefs and warriors being habited in their embroidered moccasins, leggins and buckskin shirts, ornamented in beads and porcupine quills, while eagle feathers crowned their heads. One of the chiefs testified to a special friendship for me: 'It is to thee, Black Robe,' said he, 'that I owe all the glory of the victories I have gained over my enemies.'" Father De Smet was astonished at the chief's language and begged him to explain. Upon this, the chief took from his neck his medicine, carefully wrapped in a bit of kid. He unrolled it and displayed to Father De Smet's wondering view a remnant of the matches given him by the Father himself in 1840. "I use them," said the chief, "every time I go into battle: if the fire appears at the first rubbing, I dart upon my enemy, sure of victory. . . ."

"I had considerable difficulty," adds Father De Smet, "in disabusing their minds of this singular superstition." Still, the foolish idea concerning the fire-sticks remained among some of them and spread also to others. What puzzled these simple children of the prairies about the wonderful sticks was that at

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times they would light up at once and at the slightest touch, whereas, at other times, no amount of rubbing could bring the fire out. The matches in the latter case had either gotten wet, or had already been used, and the poor things knew not the difference.

One day some Blackfeet, who also had caught the fire-stick superstition, after making many incantations over a bunch of matches that gave out fire before, and now obstinately refused to give any (the phosphorus had been washed off the little sticks while the Indian who carried them swam across a swollen stream), they came to Father Imoda, to learn from him why their fire-sticks acted that way. The Father told them that not every stick was good, as some would ignite, and others would not. But this the Indians had already found out, to their great disappointment and chagrin. What they were most anxious to know from the Black Robe was, how they could tell the good fire-sticks from the bad ones, those that had "medicine" in them, and those that had not. The Father told them, that the only way was to try them. Accordingly, when they had succeeded in securing some matches, the first thing the Indians did was to try to light them, one after the other. Those that ignited were deemed good and carefully put aside for future use; the others that did not light up were thrown away. But as they could not get fire from the matches already lighted, the Indians became so utterly disgusted with this whole fire-stick business that they soon also gave up (and this was what the Father had in view) all their superstitious practices in connection with it. Not long after, however, they learned the proper purpose of the lucifer match and made use of it without superstition.

A most interesting character among the Crows at the present day, is Chief Iron Bull. He was one of the guests present at the driving of the last spike along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and made a fine Crow speech on the occasion.

The origin of the world and of the Crow Indians, as given time and again to Father Prando by Iron Bull, is quaint and amusing. It follows:

Long ago the earth was small, so big [said Iron Bull, making a circle with his arms and hands]. All around it was water. The Great

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Spirit was sitting thus [sitting with his elbows upon his knees and his chin resting upon his hands]. He took some earth and threw it into the water, and the first Crow Indian came up. His eyes were closed and his mouth was shut. The Great Spirit opened the new man's eyes that he might see, then also the mouth. After this, he called the bird, and the bird came. He threw the bird into the water and it sank. When it came back the bird had sand in its beak. The Great Spirit took the sand and blew it from his hand, and the sand made the earth bigger. Then the Great Spirit made the buffalo, the elk and the antelope, to give the man something to eat. Afterwards he threw more earth into the water and there came up other Crows, men and women. They were living far from the white man; they hunted and were happy, and had but one trouble, they had no fire. They had to put a stick between two other pieces of wood and work it around. It was hard work and made them tired. They had no cups and used buffalo horns, they had no knives, and had to sharpen stones. Then the Great Spirit made the Flat Heads, the Sioux, the Piegans, the Snakes, the Assiniboines, and placed them all round us. The Crows were in the middle of the earth, because they were the best Indians. We fought with them and took away their women. Then the white man came and traded knives and guns for buffalo robes. Then the priests came.

This is the Crow cosmogony of the world as given by Iron Bull.

The first knowledge of Christianity was imparted to these people, so far as we know, by Father De Smet in 1840, and again when he revisited them in 1844, as mentioned above.

In 1846-47 a large band of Crows went to visit the Gros Ventres. As previously stated, Father N. Point passed the winter of 1846-47 among the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, and was among the latter when the Crows arrived on their friendly visit. Availing himself of this good opportunity, while instructing the Gros Ventres, the Father gave instruction also to the visiting Crows, and baptized twelve of their children at the request of the parents, when about to return to their country.*

*We note for the sake of historical accuracy, that it is not quite certain that the Crows baptized by Father Point belonged to the tribe we are treating of. They may have been, instead, River Crows, a family of Indians living along the banks of the Missouri, entirely different from our Crows and known as Mountain Crows, to distinguish them from the other people. It is most probable that such was really the case; since the Crows who are the subject of this first part of our narrative, were mortal enemies of both the Blackfeet and the Gros Ventres.

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This, so far as we know, was all the missionary work done among the Crows previous to 1880. And although from the very first visit made to them by Father De Smet, these poor savages, like the rest of their fellow Indians of the mountains, had never ceased to ask for Catholic missionaries, their wishes and prayers had remained unanswered for want of laborers.

In 1880, Father P. Barceló, who had been stationed at Helena as the writer's companion, was directed by Superiors to visit the Crows, and on his first visit baptized 114 of their children. He made from that on periodical excursions to the tribe, frequently alone, sometimes accompanied by another Father, and labored most faithfully and most earnestly in this thorny portion of the Lord's vineyard. Few know the sufferings the good Father endured to win these people to God. The hardships of Indian missionary life, in a comparatively short time seriously undermined his otherwise robust constitution. Superiors called him to Spokane, where the best medical skill was employed to restore him to health. A slight change for the better led to the hope that he might regain his strength, but the improvement was more apparent than real. After a short interval of apparent progress towards recovery, he grew rapidly worse; and on November 1, 1888, the Feast of All Saints, he went to receive his crown.

Father P. Barceló was a Mexican by birth, and entered the Society of Jesus at Santa Clara, Calif., where he made part of his novitiate under Father Ravalli. He had been preparing for the priesthood in one of the Mexican seminaries, and had gone through the curriculum of belles-lettres, and partly also of philosophy, before entering the Society. After his novitiate, he reviewed his former studies at Santa Clara, whence he was sent to Woodstock College, Md., to complete his philosophical and divinity course. As a mathematician, philosopher and theologian, Father Barceló was possessed of more than ordinary talent; and as a Religious, whether a novice, student, professor or missionary, he was always most exemplary and edifying. We lived with him a number of years, and never ceased to admire his fervent piety, constant self-denial and deep humility, while his poverty was always of that stern, severe kind that is never professed but at the expense of personal comfort.

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The only fault we ever found with Father Barceló was his uncompromising severity with himself, and we plead guilty to having laid before the Superiors this charge against him, in the hope that his life might be prolonged. But men of God—and in our humble opinion Father Barceló was one of the number—live on a higher plane than the common herd of mortals; and so ready are we old rusty sinners to gauge by our short-sightedness what is altogether above it, that most imprudently we accuse of indiscretion what must needs be eminently discreet and prudent, because inspired by God Himself.

It was in the heart of an intensely cold winter, the thermometer ranging between 50 and 60 degrees below zero, when Father Barceló arrived at Deer Lodge from Ogden. He wore the thin summer garment he had donned in California, and were it not for the kindness of a gentleman, John Curtin, of Helena, who happened to be on the same coach, and who kindly lent the Father some winter covering, he could not have escaped being frozen to death. On entering the Sisters' Hospital at Deer Lodge, he sank utterly exhausted. It took no little time and care to revive him. So unmindful was he of himself and his own comfort!

Another incident, both edifying and amusing and often repeated in this part of the country, is worth mentioning, as it throws additional light on Father Barceló's character.

On his missionary excursions from Helena to the outlying stations, the Father would often put up for the night at a non-Catholic friend's, somewhere along the Northern Pacific Railway. This non-Catholic gentleman who was very kind to Father Barceló, and loved to share with him his bachelor's quarters, had seen the Father on his knees absorbed in prayers for hours. When meal time arrived, he would call the priest, who seemed loath to discontinue his devotions, and with a wave of the hand would beg his kind host to leave him alone a little longer. An itinerant non-Catholic clergyman happened one night to be the guest of the same gentleman, and was observed by the latter to be rather brief in saying his night prayers; while the next morning he called for his breakfast even before the hour of breakfast had arrived. "You were rather short in your prayers, sir, both last night and this morning," said the gentle-

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Chief Plenty Coues of the Crows

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man to his guest. "My good friend, Father Barceló is quite different—he is never ready to sit down at the table; he falls on his knees, and whether he lies down to rest I cannot say; he is on his knees when I fall asleep and I see him on his knees when I wake up." The visitor found the comparison scarcely to his liking and excused himself by saying that he felt very tired last evening and very hungry now, and had cut his prayers short in consequence. "I shall not question that, sir," said the host, good-naturedly, "but I have noticed this long while that many of your class prefer a short cut to Heaven."

In 1886 Fathers U. Grassi and P. Prando were appointed to select a site for a permanent Mission among the Crows. The spot they chose lay at the mouth of a small stream named Rotten Grass, where it joins the Big Horn, which flows in a northerly direction through the whole length of the valley, discharging its waters into the Yellowstone. The location is twenty-two miles from Fort Custer and about the same distance in a southwesterly direction from the Crow Agency, which is only a short distance from the battlefield where daring Custer and all his command perished at the hands of the Sioux. Looking southward, the view extends as far as the distant and picturesque range of the Big Horn Mountains, while northward, in the direction of Fort Custer, the country is an unbroken plain as far as the eye can reach.

Late in the fall of the same year the writer had been detailed to proceed to the Crow Reservation with the object of making arrangements toward building some quarters. The instructions given him called for a structure of specified dimensions, the cost of which, however, was not to exceed the sum of six hundred dollars. The task proved utterly impracticable, for the simple reason that the mere hauling of the material could not be done for the whole of that amount. A few months after, better plans having been matured, two Fathers, one of them being Fr. Prando, were assigned to the Crow Mission and directed to proceed with the construction of permanent buildings.

The two Fathers were joined at Helena by a young man, Eddie Dillon, who felt prompted to devote himself to their service. Our esteemed townsman, the Hon. John Sweeney—since

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deceased—presented them with a spacious tent, which was to be their dwelling place for several months. On the 25th of February, 1887, they arrived at the site that had been chosen the year before, their journey through the reservation having proven anything but a jaunt of pleasure, owing to the severity of the winter.

Having cleared away the snow from a patch of ground, they pitched their tent. It answered at once for church, reception room, storehouse, kitchen and dormitory. These were the first quarters of the Crow Mission, to be known henceforth as St. Xavier's. The little band lived in this primitive abode some eight months, doing their own cooking. The Indians came in numbers to greet the Black Robes and showed themselves very friendly. It soon became necessary to have more room and two more tents had to be erected. In the spring contracts were let for a frame structure 40 by 60 feet, two and one-half stories high, to be used as a school.

The new premises were ready for occupancy by the first of September; but no school was opened until the following month. The colony of Ursulines assigned to conduct the school were delayed at St. Paul for lack of funds to pursue their journey. They arrived at St. Xavier's on the first of October, and found the country full of the wildest excitement.

Wrought up to a pitch of frenzy by one of their medicine-men, the Crows were just then up in arms against the whites. This Indian imposter boasted of being able to exterminate every paleface by means of his favorite weapon—a rusty bayonet-sword that had been unearthed in some field—hence he went by the name of "Sword-bearer" or the "Man-of-the-sword." He claimed likewise to possess a mysterious powder, by scattering which in the air "he could strike stone-blind all their white foes," while with his rusty implement "he could down every horseman and kill both rider and horse at one stroke."

Many of the young Crow warriors credited his powers and were "spoiling" for a fight with the Government soldiers stationed at Fort Custer, but who were now hastily brought up close to the Agency, owing to the threatening attitude of the Indians. The very evening the Ursulines arrived at the Agency with one of the Fathers as their escort, the Crows made a

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hostile demonstration against the premises, marching around in battle array and shouting defiance to the whites within. They grew bolder and more aggressive toward dusk, and fired several shots into the buildings, terrifying the employees and their families, but happily hitting no one. They made no further attack, though all through the night they kept up their war-whoops and savage yells. The next morning the surrounding hills were thick with armed Crows, while the Government troops, four companies of cavalry, were drawn up in front ready for the fray. The soldiers had orders not to fire the first shot.

The Fathers and Sisters were entreated by the Agency people not to start for the Mission, as their way lay between the two forces, who any moment might engage in battle, both sides awaiting for the first shot. The Indians learned in the meanwhile of the arrival of the Black Robe and the Nuns at the Agency, and notwithstanding their warlike attitude against the whites, civilians or soldiers, they came down from their positions to greet and shake hands with them. The Government troops on their side, officers and men, did likewise, and thus the little missionary band passed between the two hostile forces respected and saluted by both. What a subject for the brush and canvas of an artist! The Indians not only allowed the peaceful colony to proceed through their files unmolested, but a number of warriors joined the party, as an escort, and accompanied our travelers to the Mission, some twenty-three miles away.

Some days later there was an engagement between the U. S. troops and the Indians, but the fight was over almost before it had begun. One of the Crow scouts, siding with the soldiers, picked off the Indian bully, the medicine-man, who was the cause of all the trouble. As soon as the Indians saw their leader, whom they had looked upon as invulnerable, fall, in spite of his sword and mysterious powder, they lost at once all their martial ardor, and "the Crow war" came to an abrupt end.

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Chapter XXXIV.

MISSION AND SCHOOL WORK. FATHER P. PRANDO.

THE little band of three Ursulines, having safely reached their destination, began at once to prepare the new building for the reception of the children. By much hard work everything was made ready in a short time, and some twenty Crow children entered the school. But scarcely a week after, owing to the Sword-Bearer disturbance—which was now about to reach its crisis—the parents took all their children home, leaving the school without a pupil. With the death of the disturber, the excitement soon subsided, and the children returned in larger numbers than before. By Christmas some fifty pupils were in attendance. The accommodations soon proved insufficient, and two new structures, one 25 by 100 feet, for additional school facilities, and the other 36 by 75 feet for a chapel, were completed by December, 1888.

The number of pupils increased soon after to 150. The school today is in a flourishing condition, and the result of the Fathers' and Sisters' efficient work is the noticeable advancement of their pupils in the paths of both virtue and knowledge. The branches taught and the methods followed here are the same as in all other Catholic Indian schools, book-learning going hand in hand with useful manual exercise, and everything being directed to make the Indian youth moral and industrious. The Crow children are bright and intelligent, have good, retentive memories, and like to be instructed. The girls are, perhaps, somewhat quicker to learn, easier to mould and more responsive to the teacher's care, and, consequently, somewhat more advanced than the boys.

Comparing these children with what they were some few years ago in their savage surroundings, vicious and degrading beyond conception, one cannot but wonder at the gratifying results that have been accomplished. To see them approach the Holy Table every Sunday, to hear them offer up their prayers to

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God every morning and evening, one would imagine himself, not among recently converted savages, but in the midst of an old-time civilized community.

The boys' department of St. Xavier's school is conducted by six members of the Society of Jesus, while the girls are under the care of eight Ursuline Sisters, the U. S. Government making a yearly allowance for 120 pupils at the rate of $180 each. The school, however, has today accommodations for twice the number. As with the Holy Family Mission, so with this of St. Xavier, the funds for its establishment were furnished by the Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, at whose expense the new and substantial brick building just completed was also constructed.

While the progress in the education of the young Crow generation has been encouraging, the fruit of the Fathers' missionary labors has been equally gratifying. This part of the work is carried on by Fathers R. Crimont, S. J.,* and P. Prando. The baptismal records of the Mission, from its beginning to the end of 1891, contain 1070 baptisms, this being nearly the half of the whole Crow population. During the same time 65 marriages have been solemnized according to the rites of the Church, and some 200 of the tribe have been confirmed by the Right Rev. J. B. Brondel.

As a means of advancing the moral and religious welfare of these Indians, there is at St. Xavier's a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, canonically established. It is divided into three branches, one being for married people, men and women; another for the young men, and the third for the young women of the tribe. The Indians, not less than many of their pale-faced cousins, are attracted by show, and to stimulate their fervor and piety the oldest and exemplary members of the married men's Sodality are dressed in long, red gowns, with a yellow sash, and go by the name of Red Gowns. Their bearing when among the other Indians is so dignified as to verge at times toward the ludicrous. Many of the men desire to become Red Gowns, but the privilege is granted to such only as by their conduct will be an example to the rest. The women Sodalists wear a long, black cloak, with a head-gear in the shape of a hood. While the garb somewhat

* Father Raphael Crimont, S. J., referred to in the text, is the present Bishop of Alaska.

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tickles the wearers, on account of the natural vanity of the sex, it also prompts them to be well-behaved and exemplary. The grace of God, co-operating with the work of the missionary, has made a number of true and fervent believers among the older members of the tribe, and the following examples, taken at random, may serve to illustrate the simple and active faith of some of these Indian converts.

On one occasion the chief, who had received Holy Communion, asked to be allowed to speak. He stood in front of the altar and spoke, or rather prayed aloud as follows: "O God! I believe all your words the Black Robe has been teaching me. O God! when after a long life on earth I shall die, I want you to take the key of Heaven and open the door so I can go in and see your face. O Virgin Mary! I love you; I would like to see you in Heaven. O God! pity us. We are poor people. Let the grass grow high, our ponies be fat, our cows of many calves, our potatoes big, and keep away from us the lightning and small-pox. I finish."

An old man, a brother of one of the chiefs, on being slapped on the face by another Indian, bore the insult without the least resentment, because he had received Holy Communion on that day and wished to put in practice those words of our Saviour, "Forgive us as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Some of these Indians abstain from smoking for months, some even for a whole year, out of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, while others will abstain from tasting any flesh meat on a Friday, when they scarcely have a morsel of other food. A good number attend Mass and instruction every day. Neither rain, nor cold, nor deep snow can keep them away from their first Friday's Communion. They are eager to learn the Christian Doctrine, and old people with a poor memory will gladly remain in the church several hours repeating prayers. Although many of the Crow Indians turn persistently a deaf ear to the voice of the Priest of God, and refuse to embrace Christianity themselves, still they willingly permit their children to be baptized and brought up in the faith.

But despite all these encouraging and hopeful signs, the field is still, to a large extent, covered with briars and thorns. The moral corruption and sensualism of the Crows, together with their pride, deep-rooted human respect and superstitions, are the

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greatest obstacles in the way of their conversion to the faith. Some of the young scamps of the tribe appear afraid of the crucifix and look upon it as "too strong medicine" for them. But this is the one kind of medicine they need the most, and the only one that can and will cure all their moral distempers.

Father P. Prando, who seems to have been especially cut out for Indian missionary work, is beloved by all the Crows, and is entirely devoted to their welfare. A frontier lady, living in that part of the country, while praising him one day to the Right Rev. Bishop Brondel and Father Cataldo, qualified him with emphasis as "A true gentleman and a Crow." He visits the Indians in their homes, and while very successful in relieving the bodily infirmities peculiar to these people, he is equally so in curing and saving many a poor soul.

Indian gratefulness, however, takes at times very odd turns and may manifest itself when you least expect it. On one occasion Father Prando came upon an old man, who, on account of the repulsive disease that afflicted him, had been cast away by his own people. The poor wretch was a mass of rottenness. The good Samaritan picked him up and took care of him and at the end of three years' treatment and careful nursing the patient was able to return to his people entirely cured. Some time after, an old Indian woman rode up to the Father, saying, "Black Robe, I have brought you back your son." "My son? I have no son," answered Father Prando. "There he is," said the old witch, pointing to the man. "He was going to die, you took care of him and cured him: you now keep and feed him." It would hardly do, however, for this kind of remuneration to become general; it would be risky for the patients; and it is quite enough for the physician to lose his fee, without having to feed his patients besides.*

Father Prando's numerous adventures with white and Indian on this and other missionary fields, if written down, would fill a good-sized volume. Returning from one of his excursions, he

* Father Prando has discovered and prepares from Indian herbs a remedy which has attained celebrity in this part of the country. It is a liquid liniment to be applied externally, and is found to be of great efficacy in relieving pain in rheumatic affections and kindred ailments. It is called Iste-Umate, a compound Crow word, meaning "iron eyes," the name the Father himself goes by among the Indians on account of his spectacles.

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arrived one Sunday evening at a cowboys' camp, where he sought shelter for the night. He was treated with that generous hospitality that is so characteristic of those seemingly rough, yet really kind-hearted people. While spending the evening in a friendly chat together: "Boys," said one of the number, "this is the Sabbath, and we must observe it by a little reading of our Bible." And stepping towards a small shelf, he brought out what he called "their Bible," and what proved to be one of Robert Ingersoll's ill-famed works. He read a passage where the cynic sage of modern agnosticism ridicules the veracity of the Scriptures, from the fact that in Genesis IV. reference is made to Cain as having a wife, and still it does not appear that she was or could be of Adam's family. Whence did she come from? There were, then, human beings on earth who were not the offspring of Adam and Eve, contrary to what is taught by Christian faith.

After the reading of the passage, there was a lively discussion on the subject by the cowboys, at the expense, of course, of religion and the teachings of Christianity. Father Prando, being now applied to for his opinion on the knotty problem, told his hearers that Cain's wife was also Cain's own sister, and that it was not exactly necessary for the Bible to say everything. One of the learned disputants took exception to Father Prando's explanation as unwarranted and not found in the Bible. "Well, sir," said Father Prando to him, "can you find me anywhere in the Bible that Adam ever went to the closet? You must either admit, then, that he had no human necessities, because not stated in the Scripture, or that something can be true though not expressly mentioned in the Bible." This reasoning *ex visceribus,* though not *causae,* exactly, brought down the house, and all agreed that the priest had the best of the argument.

He met one day an Indian in whose heart was rankling a bitter grudge against another, and who, brooding over his wrong, was biding his chance to revenge himself on the offender. Father Prando undertook to dissuade him, and brought up every argument he could think of to induce the embittered Crow to put aside his rancor and forgive. The man stood statue-like, most attentive to the words of the priest, at times appearing to debate with himself what he had better do. After a rather long interval

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of indecision and silence he, at last, came to this conclusion: "Give me two dollars," said he to the Father, "and I forgive him."

On another occasion Father Prando had made a bargain for a horse with two clever Crows, on the express condition that the animal should prove satisfactory. Upon trial, however, the beast was so fractious that to saddle and mount him they had to blindfold him, and this was done by one of the Indians pulling off his shirt and holding it over the broncho's eyes. Still, despite the balkiness of the animal, the red-skin dealers were insisting with Father Prando that he should stand by the bargain and accept the horse. It is not an easy task to reason an Indian out of what he wants, but the shirt performance furnished Father Prando a way of extricating himself. "My friends," said he to the Indians, "your animal is a very fine one, and I should like to have no other to ride over these prairies; I could fly with him, and no one could see me when I should have to mount him. But, you know, I am a Black Robe, and do much horse-back traveling, not only among you, but among the pale-faces as well. Now, you see, among these people I could not very well pull off my shirt every time that I should have to saddle and mount my horse." The two Indians could not resist the cogency of the argument and the deal was declared "off."

Father Prando has had more than his share of the hardships attendant upon the life of an Indian missionary. We give here one instance. While going from the Cheyenne Mission to the Crows one winter, he lost his way in the Wolf mountains. After traveling the whole of the first day through deep snows, climbing mountain after mountain, in a vain effort to discover his whereabouts, he tied his horse to a tree and laid himself down by the side of a rock, his only shelter for the night. He was again on the saddle the whole of the next day until late in the evening, when his Guardian Angel most unexpectedly brought him to a cabin, where he found a solitary cowboy, who received the worn-out missionary with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Father Prando had not eaten a morsel of food since leaving the Cheyenne Mission.

Shortly after its establishment, St. Xavier's was supplemented by the erection of a chapel on Pryor Creek, for the accommoda-

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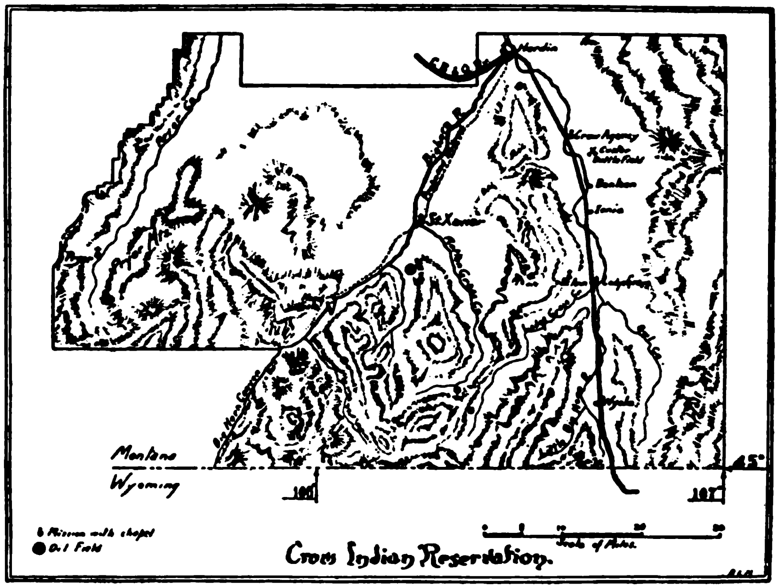
tion of a numerous band of Crows under Chief Plenty Coues. Though friendly to the missionaries and desirous to have a church and school among his people, Plenty Coues, thus far, has shown no disposition to embrace Christianity himself. When the last Crow shall have been baptized, said the chief time and again to Father Prando, then he, too, will enter the fold.

Quite recently a school has also been opened in this Indian village. It is a dependency of St. Xavier in common with which it was designated at its start; but it is now named after St. Charles.* At the time of our writing another supplementary chapel is being erected near the Agency, and is intended for the benefit of quite a number of Crows who are living on the Little Horn, Lodge-Grass creek, at the Agency and in other neighboring places.†

* This branch school served its purpose for some years, that is, up to 1908, when it was discontinued.

† We give below, in their regular succession, the names of those who were the local Superiors of the Mission since 1891. They were the following: Fathers Raphael Crimont, from 1891-2; Joseph Bandini, from 1892-3; Joseph M. Cataldo, from 1893-7; John van der Pol, from 1897-1900; John Boschi, from 1900-01; L. Taelman, from 1901-05; Joseph Cardon, from 1905-07; Thomas Grant, from 1907-13. Father Taelman is again in charge.

In the nineties slated for Superior was Father Francis Andreis. Death however, claimed him, and took him off not very far from the Mission, June 16, 1898, by accidental drowning. God rest him.



Chapter XXXV.

AN IMPENDING CALAMITY TO OUR CATHOLIC INDIANS.*

WE HAVE before us an official circular of the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington, D. C., June 9, 1892, and addressed to the Indian Agents in our State. The Hon. Commissioner announces that "a new Indian industrial training school has been established at Fort Shaw, Montana, and that the Superintendent, Dr. W. H. Winslow, physician and principal teacher at Chiloco, Oklahoma, has been directed to proceed to Fort Shaw and enter upon the duties of his new position." He then declares that, "it is the hope of the Office to make this a large school and, eventually, one of the most important in the Indian service." Having pointed out the advantages of the location, on account of buildings, facilities for agricultural pursuits, etc., the Commissioner continues as follows:

It is the expectation of the Office that a large number of children will be transferred from your reservation to this new school, and you are directed to co-operate heartily with Superintendent Winslow and with Supervisor Parker *in their efforts to secure a large enrollment for Fort Shaw,* as soon as the school is ready to receive pupils.

Children transferred should not be under twelve to fourteen years of age, and they should have a fair knowledge of English. It is desirable that the children should have been previously in attendance at some other school.

Very respectfully,

T. J. Morgan, Commissioner.

We call the attention of all fair-minded people to this official document, whose salient points we take the liberty of putting in *italics.*

* This chapter was prompted by the hostile measures of the late administration against our Indians, and it first appeared in the *American Ecclesiastical Review,* October 4, 1892. Being, in the main, but a résumé of what is contained in the foregoing pages, its proper place is right here, where it comes in fittingly, as the closing chapter of the first part of our work.

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That everyone may be fully able to judge for himself of its importance, we need but state the simple fact that of the Indian youth from twelve to fourteen years of age in Montana, nine-tenths are Catholics and in actual attendance at Catholic schools. This we know to be perfectly true, and but a glance at the official school tables for Montana will convince anyone of the accuracy of the statement. With regard to the Jocko or Flat Head reservation, the case does not even admit of one solitary exception, all Indian youth there being practical Catholics.

It is, therefore, evident, that the new school at Fort Shaw will have very few pupils, or that if it is to have many, nine-tenths of the number must be drawn from the Catholic Indian children in actual attendance at Catholic schools. In the former case, the school is not needed and has no reason for existence: in the latter, it is an outrage and a crying injustice against helpless Catholic Indians. Will the Honorable Commissioner consent to the appointment of a priest, as spiritual director of his Fort Shaw institution? Will he have a Catholic chaplain to instruct those children in their faith and administer to them the comforts of their religion? One might sooner expect lambs to be protected by wolves, than see the ministrations of Catholicity extended to these youth under officials of the Morgan and Dorchester type.

The Fort Shaw school is meant to be a non-sectarian institution, we are told, and, of course, it must needs be conducted as such. And we know well what that means. It not only means that all Catholic instruction is to be excluded from it, but it means worse conditions still. Catholic children will have their religion positively untaught to them.

The Indian Agents throughout Montana are officially directed to "co-operate heartily in the efforts to secure a large attendance of pupils for Fort Shaw." This explains itself and needs no comment at our hands. We can easily surmise what this co-operation is likely to be; it will be both hearty and very heartless at the same time. We cannot doubt it. "Three acres and a cow" will be the price paid Indian parents, to have them consent to the "promotion" of their Catholic children to this new school, or to some other of the same kind. We know of a case where "three cows," instead of one, was the consideration for such a bargain: and by the irony of things, the youth is just one

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of those doubtful, "amphibious" Crees, who are Canadian subjects when attending a Catholic contract school, but who, on entering a non-sectarian Government school, become at once full-fledged and native born American Indians. But what the "three acres and a cow" method, what bribes and well-known Indian "tips" may fail to do, the "suspension of rations," that is, the starving out process, is sure to accomplish. An empty stomach, we all know, is a very strong argument, and its reasonings are never without a peculiarly convincing force of their own.

The new administration started out with the publicly avowed purpose of discontinuing all Indian contract schools, and replacing them with others of the non-sectarian kind. That this policy was inaugurated, and is continued in by the administration, principally, to do away with the Catholic Indian schools, is no longer a matter of guess or doubt; it is on record and blazoned conspicuously all along its course and tenure of office.

It is true that in the 23rd Annual Report of the Board of Indian Commissioners for 1891, page 134, we find the following declaration from Commissioner Morgan:

> In reference to the contract schools, the present policy of the Government is to preserve the *statu quo* and not interfere with the schools already established. It will allow matters to take their own course.

But these promises were not made to keep and, as shown by the facts, they were soon cast to the winds. The bulldozing by the Commissioner of the Catholic Indian Mission Bureau established by the Catholic Hierarchy, to look after the school and mission interests of our Indians; the diminished number of allowed pupils in Catholic Indian contract schools; the erection —unnecessarily and at a lavish expenditure of the people's money —of non-sectarian Government schools, side by side with, and in opposition to the Mission schools; school inspectors, supervisors, superintendents, of pronounced anti-Catholic propensities, whose principal duty would seem to be to find fault with and run down whatever is Catholic, and the conduct of several of whom has been at times more noticeable for coarseness and shocking vulgarity, than polite, gentlemanly breeding; all this, with more that could be added, is evidence enough that the *statu quo* is not being preserved, and that Catholic Indian schools are not only

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interfered with, but gradually done away with, by a policy that aims at rendering their continuance practically impossible.

And yet, despite all the odds against them, these schools are well conducted, efficient and successful and, as a matter of fact, superior to the non-sectarian Indian schools under the charge of Government officials. And this they are not merely in the opinion of friends, but in the eyes and testimony of public officials, who frequently have been detailed to inspect them and who were prejudiced and unfriendly rather than partial. It is no secret, that these very same officials have held up time and again our Catholic Indian schools as models and examples for imitation, and that they have directed matrons, teachers and other attaches of Government Indian schools to acquaint themselves with and follow Catholic methods. A like testimony from such witnesses is more than an unlooked-for compliment paid to our Indian schools; it is their best vindication.

Let the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs make known to the American public and to the world at large the official reports bearing on the point at issue, and which he has received from Montana during his term of office. Let him publish these reports verbatim et literatim, without doctoring them and without a jot or tittle being added to, or taken from them, and we and every Catholic in the land will abide contentedly by the verdict. If, in the testimony of such official documents, Catholic contract schools in Montana are not superior to every non-sectarian Indian school of the Government in everything substantial in education, that is, in morals, good manners, discipline, industry, diligence, efficiency as well as proficiency, we shall be the first to cry them down and to call on our teachers and missionaries to give up and abandon the field.

But that all may know still better the real merits of the case and the actual state of Catholic Indian education in Montana, it is necessary to particularize somewhat. Hence we shall summarize, as briefly as possible, what has been said in the preceding pages; we shall present, in other words, a bird's-eye view of the whole subject, schools, teachers, pupils, improvements, etc., with such other additional information as may be of interest, or may help to a better understanding of the whole question before us.

The following are the schools:

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St. Ignatius, on the Jocko or Flat Head Reservation, in Western Montana. It was founded in 1864. Free-will offerings or contributions kept it up for several years previous to its becoming a contract school. During the summer months the teachers went from one mining camp to another, begging for their own and their Indian pupils' subsistence from the kind-hearted miners of Montana. It has three departments, including the kindergarten, and a branch school at Arlee. All told, and dependencies included, it counts some 400 pupils in attendance and possesses accommodations for two hundred more.

It first became a contract school in 1876, with an allowed number of 40 pupils at the rate of $108 a year per pupil. In 1884 the number was increased to 75, and sometime later, to 150. Since 1889, Congress has made a distinct annual appropriation for the schools at St. Ignatius, raising the number of pupils to an even 300, and the per capita to $150. And this favorable legislation was brought about by the action and vote of fair-minded non-Catholics, the number of Catholics in the U. S. Senate and in the House of Representatives being very small.

The schools count thirty-three unsalaried instructors; while a number of little papooses in the kindergarten receive no support from the Government. For they are under four years of age, and for all such no allowance is made by the Indian Department.

The improvements at St. Ignatius in church and school buildings, furniture, equipment, agricultural implements, outhouses, machinery, etc., cannot fall short of the estimated value of $180,000. This is mostly the result of the combined efforts of the frugal and economical habits of the founders and their successors in continuing the work, whether as managers, teachers or assistants.

Among the factors contributing to the success of this institution, may also be reckoned the comparative freedom from interference which it has enjoyed so far. Obviously, even bigotry and prejudice seem to have had some respect for the good work done among these people.

This, however, is no longer to be the case. Only a short time ago a number of pupils were ordered dropped from the rolls, on the plea that they were not American subjects, but Crees from across the border. On the same ground, payment also is with-

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held for a number of pupils in attendance at other Mission schools. Yet the children in question were all born on American soil, where the parents have had their permanent residence for the last twenty-five years. Furthermore, omitting that these selfsame pupils were not objected to in the past, it is a fact that several of them have brothers or sisters in Government institutions, without any objection whatever being raised against them on the score that they are not American subjects. Is not this using two measures?

The second school is that of St. Peter, near Fort Shaw, in northern Montana, established about the same time as the one of St. Ignatius. Its aim is to educate the youth of the Indian tribes living in that northern country, the Blackfeet or Piegans.

This school has met with considerable opposition on the part of non-Catholic clergymen and Indian Agents. Furthermore, by the reduction of the reservation, the school has been left some seventy-five miles away from where the tribe is now located. These and other difficulties could not but hamper the progress of the school. It had to be closed at the beginning of the Piegan trouble, 1866; but was re-opened at its termination, some eight years after.

It became a contract school in 1885, with some thirty pupils in attendance, the number gradually increasing to over 200. Of these 190 are provided for by the Indian Department at the rate of $9 a month per pupil. The school can accommodate today 400 children: the buildings are substantial, being stone, and supplied with all educational facilities. The estimated value of these improvements is in the neighborhood of $70,000. Apart from some $10,000 indebtedness, the remainder has accrued from the same sources mentioned with regard to St. Ignatius. The staff consists of twenty unsalaried persons.

St. Labré, among the Tongue River Cheyennes, in southeastern Montana, is the third Catholic school, and was founded in 1884. It is a contract school, with an allowed number of 40 pupils, though it could easily accommodate about twice as many. The funds for its establishment were obtained by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel in a lecturing tour through some of the eastern States undertaken by him for that very purpose. The improvements are valued at $15,000. Perhaps no other Catholic Indian

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school has had to contend with greater difficulties than St. Labré. Still, if not all that it would have been under more favorable circumstances, its progress has been gratifying. The Government schools for the same tribe of Indians are located at the Agency, some twenty miles off.

St. Paul, among the Assiniboines and Gros Ventres, in northeastern Montana, comes fourth. Its establishment dates from 1886, as previous to that time Catholics were not permitted to do any school and mission work among these Indians. This was also the case with the Blackfeet and Crows, though all these tribes had asked for years to have Catholic teachers among them.

Borrowed capital supplied most of the funds for the erection of buildings, which are being supplemented by new and substantial additions. The total cost of these improvements, including those under way, borders on $40,000. The school has a contract from the Government for the education of 145 Indian children at the per capita of $108 a year. The actual attendance, however, has been all along in excess of the number provided for by the Indian Department. The staff is composed of fifteen teachers and assistants, none of whom draws any salary. The Government schools for the same Indians are located at the Agencies of Fort Peck and Fort Belknap.

Fifth in turn is St. Xavier, on the Crow reservation, in southern Montana. It was begun in 1886-87 and has been brought up to a remarkable degree of efficiency for the short time it has been in existence. It has a Government contract for the schooling of 120 youth, while it could accommodate twice as many. Buildings and equipment have cost $48,000. The teachers and assistants who lend their services at St. Xavier's and its dependency, on Pryor Creek, without any salary, number twenty-one.

The funds for the establishment of this school and that of Holy Family—of which we shall speak directly—were furnished by the Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia. These noble American ladies, the honor of their sex and their country, have taken the greatest interest in assisting and promoting mission and school work among the Indians and our colored people. Their benefactions in this regard have been both unstinted and without number. Indeed, not content with giving to the cause her princely

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fortune, Miss Katharine Drexel, now Mother Katharine, is giving to it today her very life. For she has just founded a Community of brave American women, whose ambition is to devote themselves to the welfare of the poorest of human beings on earth and the most despised by the pride and sensual effeminacy of the age, the Indian and the Negro. Verily, the hand of the Lord is not shortened! And Mother Katharine's humble work may yet stand out and be acclaimed as the heroic deed of the century.

There only remains to mention the last school, that of the Holy Family, in northern Montana. Great opposition was made to starting it, the Catholic missionaries being even ordered off the reservation by the despot in charge of that Agency. Authority to proceed with the school was granted by Congress. After the erection of all needed accommodations, the funds for which were furnished by the Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, an allowance for the education of one hundred Indian children was asked from the Government. A bill to that end, introduced by Hon. T. H. Carter, Delegate from Montana, passed the House, and also the Senate, although because of the opposition of the Indian Office the Senate Committee had reported it adversely.*

The school is conducted by twelve teachers and assistants who receive no compensation or salary for their services. The pupils in attendance number 120, of whom 100 are supported by the Government at the rate of $125 per head a year. The improvements, with equipment, furniture and all the rest, have cost in round figures, $30,000.

Considering its short existence, the results of the Holy Family school are very gratifying.

There are, then, in Montana—including the kindergarten at St. Ignatius and the two dependencies at Arlee and on Pryor Creek—nine Catholic Indian schools, with accommodations for some 1,400 pupils, at an outlay—for buildings, equipment, upkeep, repairs—of more than $400,000, which the Catholic Church contributes to the cause of Indian education. And what about the personnel required to teach and care for the one thousand and more Indian pupils in actual attendance at these schools? Are the services of managers, guardians, instructors, less appreciable, because nine-tenths of those who devote them-

* See *Congressional Record*, July 25, 1890.

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selves to the work do so with no eye to material compensation of any kind, but altogether gratuitously?

As to the teachers and managers, it may be well to remark further, that those among them who hail from a foreign country have become American citizens by choice and naturalization, or have declared their intention to become such, as soon as the legal formalities will allow them, and that they all speak English fluently and correctly, though no one can expect them to speak the language with the accent of the native born. Unsalaried male teachers or guardians are all members of the Society of Jesus; while of the unsalaried teachers and guardians of the other sex, fourteen belong to the Sisters of Providence, and the others to the Ursuline Order.

Besides English, not a few of the teachers speak also the Indian languages of the pupils under their charge. This is a decided advantage. For many of the Indian youth to be educated are grown-ups, albeit infants in most of the things in which they need training. Hence they need more talking to and more reasoning with than would be the case were they less advanced in age.

We incline to think that Commissioner Morgan is fully aware of this, and our surmise rests on what he lays down anent the qualifications desired in the pupils to be transferred to the non-sectarian school at Fort Shaw. "The pupils," says the Commissioner, "should have a fair knowledge of English." And again: "It is desirable that they should have been in attendance at some other school." There can be no question about it, and it is all very clever. But if we understand the honorable gentleman, this simply means, that the most laborious and most difficult part of the work, turning these wild children of the forest into human beings first, making them tractable and docile, and giving them a fair knowledge of English, should be done preferably by others. With these previous qualifications, the rest becomes much easier. Furthermore, the work of others could be thus paraded as the result of his own system by the Commissioner.

The attendance at these schools is about equally divided between the two sexes. But, apart from a general superintendent, the male and female departments are entirely separated, each

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having its distinct and separate management, separate buildings, separate grounds. Each department has also its own teachers, men teaching the boys, and women the girls, except in the kindergarten, where the wee lords of creation and the little girls are taught together by the same Sister.

To the Honorable Commissioner and others who find their ideal in co-education, this separation of the sexes savors too much of monasticism. It likely does, and we accept the criticism with entire tranquillity of soul. But we must observe at the same time, that the managers of our Catholic Indian schools are all men of some experience, and know something of human nature in general, and of Indian nature in particular. Nor can we doubt that the Honorable Commissioner, too, must have had by this time opportunities and evidence enough, to judge for himself which of the two, the mixed, or the unmixed educational system is preferable and more conducive to good morals. We could accentuate this paragraph with facts and figures not unknown to the Indian Department; but do not care to soil our fingers. We pass on, instead, to add a word on the relative cost of Catholic Indian contract schools as compared with the schools conducted by Government officials. And for this we have but to refer to official documents and figures.*

As declared by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the average cost of an Indian pupil in the Government schools is $175 a year. This is for support only, and to it must be added the pro rata of the amounts paid out in salaries, about as follows:

One Superintendent	$1,500
One Clerk	1,200
One Principal Teacher	1,200
One Industrial Teacher	1,000
Two Assistant Teachers, $600 each	1,200
One Matron	700
One Assistant Matron	600
One Seamstress	180
One Cook and Assistant	820
One Laundress and Assistant	630
One Carpenter	900

* See *Congressional Record*, July 25, 1890. Also Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the same year.

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One Blacksmith and Wagon-maker	900
One Shoe and Harness-maker	900
One Tailor	900
One Engineer and Janitor	720
One Hospital Steward, One Baker, One Butcher	330

According to this table an aggregate of some $13,000 is paid out yearly in salaries only in a Government Indian school containing between 150 to 160 pupils. To it must be added cost of buildings, equipment, furniture, repairs, tools, implements, etc.

The Catholic Indian contract schools in Montana receive an average of $120 and sixty odd cents a year per pupil; and this amount covers everything, buildings, equipment, repairs, board and salary of teachers, maintenance and clothing of pupils, books, stationery, tools and all the rest. It is made evident from all this, that an Indian pupil being educated in a Government school costs the Department more than twice the amount it pays for one educated in a Catholic contract school.

But, then, in the words of the Honorable Commissioner: "The United States with an overflowing treasury has at its command unlimited means and can undertake and complete this work" (this kind of extravagantly expensive Indian education) "without feeling it to be in any way a burden."

CONCLUSION OF FIRST PART.

But enough of this. Let us conclude this first part of our history.

From the tiny mustard seed first planted in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains among the natives, just half a century ago by Father De Smet, through God's grace, has sprung up a good-sized tree, whose branches, spreading all over our fair State and far beyond her borders, have given shelter to, and saved from the beak and talons of the infernal vultures many precious and immortal souls.

Wonderful as it may seem, the energy of the bit of leaven hidden in the simple hearts of the Flat Heads, has been felt not only throughout the whole of Montana and adjacent States and Territories, but also along the banks of the Mississippi, on the

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Pacific Coast and even in frozen Alaska. For, not a few of the apostolic men who have labored or are laboring in those fields, can trace their missionary calling to the movement toward Christianity that originated among the handful of remarkable Indians, misnamed Flat Heads.

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PART II.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AMONG THE WHITES IN MONTANA.

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CHAPTER I.

MONTANA'S TOPOGRAPHY, CLIMATIC CONDITIONS, RESOURCES. EXPLORERS AND FIRST WHITE SETTLERS.

IT MAY be well to state by way of preface that this part of our task, namely, the history of Catholicity among the whites in Montana, strictly speaking, is confined within the short period of three decades. The reason is obvious; in what is today the State of Montana there were no whites, we mean white settlers, thirty years ago.

Montana lies between Dakota, Idaho, Wyoming and the British Possessions, covering 146,080 square miles, and ranks third in area among the States of the Union. It sits, as it were, astraddle the main Range of the Rockies, by which it is divided into two halves or sections east and west, that to the east being somewhat larger than the one to the west. Hence its natural division into Eastern and Western Montana; a point of much importance for our subject. For though this natural division did not hinder Montana from remaining one civil commonwealth, ecclesiastically it split it in two, as will appear further on.

The part detached from Idaho in the formation of our new Territory, that is, Western Montana, lies between the main Divide and the Bitter Root Mountains, the latter defining its boundaries to the west for a considerable distance. Though a mountainous region, some of the prettiest and most fertile valleys are found in this section. Of these the Bitter Root, the Hell's Gate, the Jocko, the Flat Head Lake, and the Big Blackfoot valleys, all in Missoula County; and the valleys of Deer Lodge, Flint Creek and Nevada Creek, in the County of Deer Lodge, are the principal ones. There is an abundance of timber and an unfailing supply of water, both clear and wholesome. The many beautiful streams that irrigate the whole section, come down from the west slope of the continental Divide or some of its spurs, and from the east side of the Bitter Root Mountains,

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and meeting at one point or another, mingle, to empty, finally, into the great Columbia.

Eastern Montana is enclosed between the main Rockies and the border lines of the British Possessions, Dakota, Idaho, and Wyoming, and embraces the plains and table-lands that form nearly three-fifths of the whole Territory. What little timber is found in this eastern section grows on the slope and spurs of the main Divide; apart from the scrubby cotton wood that fringes the banks of some of the streams, the plains and table-lands are treeless. The land, however, is generally good, particularly in the northern part, where the soil is deep and of the best. Owing to this, what is today an immense expanse of wild, rolling prairies may yet become, by means of irrigation, the granary of the Northwest in the no distant future.

In Eastern Montana the Missouri has its source, that is, near Gallatin it receives both being and name, as here the Madison, the Gallatin, and the Jefferson come together and unselfishly cease to be, to give it birth. From this point the mighty river starts on its course toward the Atlantic, and every stream, large or small, becomes its tributary.

Montana's climate is dry and crisp; hence, bracing and invigorating. The average annual temperature is higher than in the same latitude further east, and ranges from 41°, in the north and coldest part, to 47° in the lower valleys, south and west. The variations in temperature, however, are great and at times very rapid, the thermometer falling to 40 or 50 degrees below zero in the severest part of the winter, and rising in the warmest summer months to 92° or 94°. Such extremes, however, rarely extend over a week without a change. Throughout the summer, even after the warmest days, the evenings are cool and pleasant. Snow falls to a considerable depth on the mountains, in the northwestern part, especially; but it is light in the valleys, and particularly in those to the south, where cattle and horses winter without shelter; while the biting cold of greater altitudes is generally much less felt, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere.

The average rainfall through the year is rather small. The valleys are fertile, but require some irrigation; while the prairies and table-lands in northeastern and southeastern Montana offer the best kind of pasturage for cattle, horses and sheep in the

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wholesome and nutritious grasses, commonly known as bunch and buffalo grass, with which they are covered. Gold-bearing gravels, gold lodes, silver and copper ores, ruby and sapphire beds, as well as coal fields, have made Montana one of the richest States of the Union in mineral wealth. Hence, Montana's principal industries, namely, gold, silver and copper mining, stock raising, farming, and wool growing. Lumbering also is carried on to no small extent in the western part of the State.

But let us now see who were the first pale faces that came into the country; that is, let us say a word about the exploration of Montana and its first settlement by the whites.

From the beginning of the 18th century, the French authorities were bent upon discovering an overland route from the Canadas to the Western or Pacific Ocean. Though active operations in that direction may be said to have commenced only from about 1717, the first expedition up the Missouri took place a few years earlier, that is, in 1705; while three years later, 1708, another party of Canadians ascended the river some 400 leagues without, as they said, discovering its source.

A new impulse to the enterprise was given in 1737-38 by the appointment of Pierre Gautier de Varennes de La Verendrye, who then organized several expeditions to attain the object in view. Jesuit missionaries were usually called upon by the leaders of such expeditions to accompany the explorers. Hence we find Charles Mesaiger, Nicholas de Gonnor, Michael Guignas, Pierre de Jaunay, Jean Pierre Aulneau, and Claude Godefroy Coquart associated now with one, now with another of these parties.

An expedition set out from Montreal in 1741, led by de La Verendrye himself. Two of his sons accompanied him, and Father Claude Godefroy Coquart, a personal friend of de La Verendrye, was also in the party.*

Je suis parti de Montréal avec le Révérend Père Coquart qu'on m'avait donné pour missionaire.

Dans le séjour que je fus obligé de faire à Missilimakinac, la

* Thus Monsieur de La Verendrye in his report, which he wrote while at Fort de la Reine. And this establishes beyond the shadow of a doubt the presence of Father C. G. Coquart, S.J., in that expedition. For this extract from the explorer's Report and other historical items in this part of our narrative, we are indebted to Father Arthur E. Jones, S.J., of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

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jalousie s'attacha contre le Père Coquart, et l'empêcha de nous suivre, au grand regret de tout mon monde et de moi en particulier. Cependant, par les invitations de Monsieur le Général nous le possédons aujourd'hui au grand contentement de tout le monde.

Passing across Lake Superior and proceeding in a westerly direction, the party moved along Lake Winnipeg, and then ascended the Assiniboine River as far as Fort La Reine, which had been erected on a former expedition some three years before. They reached the fort October 13, 1741. Here they passed the winter. The following spring the party resumed their journey, led by the elder son, his father, the elder de La Verendrye, remaining at Fort La Reine. They set out April 29, 1742, directing their course toward the Rocky Mountains, and after fourteen months spent in their tour, July 2, 1743, they returned to the fort whence they had started.

That these explorers penetrated into what is now the State of Montana, the report of the expedition leaves no room for doubt, though at this date and with the scant resources of information within our reach, it is no easy matter to follow them in their course and determine exactly what spots within Montana's boundaries they may have reached. From the evidence before us we are led to surmise, that after leaving Fort La Reine, they proceeded in a southwesterly direction and came to the country of the Mandans on the Missouri. They now crossed over to the lower Yellowstone Valley, and then by some of the tributaries of the Yellowstone River, traveled toward what are known today as the Rose Bud Mountains, whose base they seem to have reached. They went no further; but turning back, March 19, they retraced their steps to the Upper Missouri. Here or somewhere in that vicinity they erected on an eminence a monument, or something like it, of loose stones, on which they placed a leaden plate bearing the Royal Arms of the King of France, and named the spot *Beauharnois.** Descending the Missouri, most likely to the point where they had struck it on their outward journey, they returned to Fort La Reine, whither, as already stated, they arrived July 2, 1743. It is therefore very probable that the explorers saw at least a part of what is today southeastern Montana.

* No such landmark has so far been discovered.

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Granville Stuart* is of opinion that the explorers crossed over the Missouri a little below Fort Berthold of our day and ascended the river as far as the Gate of the Mountains, a few miles from Helena, and passing over to the Yellowstone by Deep or Smith's River and the Head of the Musselshell, traveled up Pryor's Creek and through Pryor's Gap to Stinking River, and went as far as the Wind River country, whence they retraced their steps toward the Upper Missouri. It seems hardly probable to the writer that they came so far, and into the very heart of our territory. But it is immaterial which course the explorers may have pursued and what point they may have reached, when the fact of their having penetrated into the country, now a part of our State, appears to be established beyond any reasonable doubt.

Father Claude Godfrey Coquart† is said to have been one of the leading spirits of the expedition and, as in all probability, he was the first priest who ever visited this part of the Northwest, it is worth noting that the next priest who came to our mountains, one hundred years after, was Father P. J. De Smet, a confrère of Father Coquart. That thus two Jesuits, a century apart from each other, should have been the first two Catholic missionaries who came into what is now Montana, is interesting.

Two other French expeditions followed in 1752 and 1753. They were sent out by Governor Jonquierre, one in the direction of Saskatchewan, the other toward the regions drained by the Missouri. But there is no record that either penetrated into the country now within the limits of our State. Some of the men who had gone out on the two last expeditions remained behind, and here and there one or two seem to have found their way into the Indian tribes of the Upper Missouri and along the Yellowstone. Small groups of traders, hunters, trappers, mostly French people, followed the exploring parties and, urged onward by greed or love of adventure, or perhaps both, penetrated still further into the interior.

* Contributions to the *Montana Historical Society, Vol. I.*

† Father C. G. Coquart, S.J., was a native of Melun, France, where he was born February 2, 1706. He entered the Society of Jesus May 14, 1726, and in 1738 crossed the Atlantic Ocean, to labor on the Canadian Missions, where he spent 27 years of his life. He died at Chicoutimi on the Upper Saguenay July 4, 1765, and was laid to rest in the cemetery of St. Francis Xavier's Chapel.

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In 1803, by the Louisiana purchase, the whole Northwest passed from the dominion of France to that of the United States, and the year following Lewis and Clark were sent out by the Government to explore the newly-acquired continent, for such it really proved to be. They passed through what is now Montana both on their outward and return journeys, and the report of their explorations from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast came to both America and Europe as a revelation. The vastness of the country west of the Mississippi to the Pacific, its natural attractions of river and mountain scenery, its forests, its abundance of game, its untold resources and incalculable possibilities, soon aroused the interest and ambition of many, and the tide of emigration set in toward the great West.

Though most of the travel overland had, at first, for its objective point the coast and the country lying on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, detached bands and small groups of adventurers, traders, hunters and gold seekers would occasionally take a more northerly direction and pass through the mountain defiles and valleys of our State, where they would tarry, looking for gold, hunting, trading, or simply to spend the winter.

In 1859 the Government undertook to build a military road from Walla Walla to Fort Benton. It became known as the Mullan Road, taking the name of Lieutenant John Mullan U. S. A., who was given charge of the work. This highway opened up the part of western Montana through which lay its course, and a number of white people came into this section. They took up land along the road, settling in the valley watered by what is known today as the Missoula River, some forty miles southwest of the Indian Mission of St. Ignatius, where two white settlements sprang up, one at each end of the valley. These were the first settlements of whites in Montana, and we shall speak of each of them further on.

Some of the whites referred to in the preceding paragraph, three years later, that is, in 1862, discovered gold in two places, namely, at Gold Creek, Deer Lodge County, and on Grasshopper Creek, Beaverhead County, and emigration into Montana may be said to have commenced with these discoveries. The find soon became known and with the news spreading far and wide all over the land, gold seekers began to pour in from every

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direction. New discoveries now followed one another in quick succession, rich deposits of the precious metal being found in the gravels of many creeks, bars, gulches, both east and west of the main range. Famous Alder Gulch, afterward Virginia City, was struck in February, 1863. Pioneer, Pike's Peak, Washington, Blackfoot, Bear Gulch, Silver City, Trinity, Montana Bar, Last Chance, now Helena, St. Louis, French Bar, Diamond, Crow Creek, with many other placer diggings east and west of the continental Divide, are all familiar names in the mining history of Montana, and were all discovered within less than a decade of years.

While the great majority of whites at this point of our narrative were engaged in placer mining, or "prospecting" for new diggings, gold-bearing quartz and silver and copper leads, others took up lands here and there in the more favorable localities, and went to farming or stock-raising, to supply the demands of the mining part of the community. Thus, with the mining camps, sprang up also farming and stock-raising settlements in the valleys of Deer Lodge, Flint Creek and the Bitter Root, on the west side of the range; and east of it, in the valleys of the Beaverhead, the Gallatin, the Madison, the Jefferson, the Boulder and the Missouri.

In the first periods of their formation, there being as yet no established authority in these settlements and mining camps, the people were a law unto themselves. Following some sort of form they appointed some of their number to the positions of judge, sheriff, recorder of deeds, etc., and a tribunal, consisting of one or more persons, elected for the purpose, passed judgment on all controversies, with the right of appeal on the following Sunday to a congregation of miners, whose decision was final. These miners' courts, under the circumstances, were as legal in fact as they were necessary for the preservation of order, and dealt out justice fairly, expeditiously and at very little cost to the community.

But along with the sturdy, upright and law-abiding miner, the *auri sacra fames,* that most powerful incentive of crime on the part of man against his fellow-being, was bringing into the country a large number of ruffians, and deep-dyed criminals, who, loathing occupation of an honest nature, sought to enrich them-

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selves with the earnings of others by robbery and murder. The "road agent," as he was called by euphonism, made his appearance, and not merely as an individual, but in organized bands, and became for a time the terror of the new community. For, these assassins would lie in wait for their unsuspecting victims and spring upon them pretty much as the tiger upon his prey.

The situation became still more aggravated by the fact that some of the men appointed by the miners to keep order were not only in sympathy, but made common cause with the evil-doers and were actually at their head and their leaders. No one's life was safe from the attacks of these malefactors. In this emergency, a number of upright and law-abiding citizens, called the party of order, banding together, formed themselves into a Vigilance Committe, whose object was to bring to speedy and summary justice to all evil-doers.*

We pass on to what seems next in order, namely, the organization of Montana, both civil and ecclesiastical, to which we shall devote the following chapter.

* Those of our readers who may feel interested in the stirring events that preceded and those as well that soon followed the organization of that famous "Committee of Vigilantes," are referred to the *History of Montana,* Warner, Beers & Co., Chicago, 1886; or to *Vigilante Days and Ways,* Langford, Coply & Co., Boston.

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Chapter II.

MONTANA'S CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANIZATION.

BY Act of Congress, May 26, 1864, Montana was carved out of Dakota, Wyoming, and Idaho, and formed into a distinct territory. Twenty-five years later, that is, February 22, 1889, it became one of the States of the Union.

Its white population in 1870, just four years after becoming a territory, numbered 18,306. The census of 1880 gave it 39,159 whites. In the next ten years the number grew to 132,159, an increase of 93,000. They are the figures of the last census.

One year after its admission into the Union, Montana consisted of sixteen counties, and the number of whites in each county, as given by the last official census, was as follows:*

Beaverhead	4,655
Cascade	8,755
Custer	5,308
Choteau†	4,741
Dawson	2,056
Deer Lodge	15,155
Fergus	3,514
Gallatin	6,246
Jefferson	6,026
Lewis and Clarke‡	19,145

* We give the counties in their alphabetical order without regard to the priority of their formation, and give them as they were at the time of our writing. For new counties have since been formed out of the older ones.

† An Act of the Legislature, approved March 5, 1903, corrected the spelling of this County's name, and made it read Chouteau, inserting a *u* between the *o* and *t*, the correct name of the Chouteau family of St. Louis, whence the name was taken. But the town's name seems to have been left Choteau, as it was before.

‡ Clarke with a final *e* was part of the official and legal name of the County of Lewis and Clarke, until by an Act of the Legislative Assembly of Montana, approved February 10, 1905, the name of said county was made to read Lewis and Clark, the final *e* in Clarke being cut off.

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Madison	4,692
Meagher	4,749
Missoula	14,427
Park	6,881
Silver Bow	23,744
Yellowstone	2,065

Three of these counties, namely, Deer Lodge, Missoula and Silver Bow, with a portion of Beaverhead, are on the west side of the range and constitute western Montana. All the others, to the exception of a part of Beaverhead County, are on the east side, and form the eastern section of our State or Eastern Montana.

Passing now to the Ecclesiastical organization, it is first to be observed that the continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains had been made by the Holy See the line of division between the Ecclesiastical Province of St. Louis and that of Oregon. It hence followed that all the country east of the main range, the dividing line, belonged ecclesiastically to the former, and the country west of it to the latter. Consequently, as Montana sat, as it were, astraddle the line of division or the main range, its western section, or Western Montana, came under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Oregon, whereas, the other section, or Eastern Montana, remained subject to the Metropolitan of St. Louis. Thus, the new territory, while civilly one, was split in two ecclesiastically by the dual jurisdiction.

It is further to be observed that the See of Oregon, having sprung from that of Quebec, retained and followed the discipline, laws and customs of the parent church. Now, some of these laws and customs with regard to feasts, fasts and other points of church discipline, were somewhat different from those that obtained in the Province of St. Louis. Hence the church discipline in western Montana varied from that in the eastern part of the State, which was confusing and a matter of no little inconvenience for priests and people.

In 1866, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore petitioned the Holy See for the erection of two Vicariates Apostolic, one in Montana, the other in Idaho. That the initiative of this measure, so far at least as it referred to Montana, is due to General

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Thomas Meagher admits of no doubt, and has become a matter of history.

Shortly after the Civil War, General Thomas Francis Meagher was sent to Montana as Secretary of the Territorial Administration and acting Governor for the time being. Stopping at St. Paul while on his way to Montana, he had several conversations with the Rt. Rev. Thomas L. Grace, the Bishop of that city, and the Most Rev. John Ireland, at that time Archbishop of St. Paul, and laid open to both his plans for the spread of Holy Church in the new territory.

It was his wish, he repeatedly stated, to colonize Montana with Catholics, drawing settlers principally from Irishmen in Ireland and Irishmen in America. He would at once take steps to secure priests and would write to All Hallows College in Dublin to engage there ten students, for whose tuition he would make himself responsible. He would, furthermore, he added, take steps to have a Bishop in Montana.

With regard to this last part of his plans, General Meagher was told by Bishop Grace that the proper mode of procedure was to communicate with the Bishop of St. Louis under whose Metropolitan jurisdiction the greater part of Montana then lay. With those purposes of General Meagher I was quite conversant, having heard him time and again, and having encouraged him very much to go forward and become the great founder of the Church in Montana.

So states His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Paul, in a letter which he very kindly sent to the writer under date of January 29, 1912.

But more. We learn from the same authority, that

During the Baltimore Council mentioned above, the Archbishop of St. Louis stated to the Bishops assembled, that he had letters from General Meagher and Mrs. Meagher earnestly requesting the appointment of a Bishop for Montana. The request was favorably considered by the Archbishop himself and on its strength he urged upon the Council the erection of Montana into a Vicariate Apostolic. Hence the action of the Council in favor of the project. It is clear from this that it was General Meagher who brought the Council's attention to Montana and induced the Council to erect it into a Vicariate.

Thus His Grace Archbishop Ireland in the same letter quoted above, and which we reproduce in full in the Appendix.

The Catholics of Alder Gulch or Virginia City, where General

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Meagher and Mrs. Meagher resided, became well aware of the facts, and now, in consequence, they were all in eager and daily expectation of the arrival in Montana of the new Prelate, earnestly petitioned for by the Acting Governor and his wife. We have before us the sermon which Father L. Van Gorp, S. J., the priest in charge at the time, delivered on the occasion of the funeral service held for the repose of the soul of General Meagher at Virginia City, July 9, 1867. We quote from it the following, which is much to our point:

He [General Thomas Francis Meagher] used his utmost endeavors with the Ecclesiastical Authorities to have Montana made a separate Diocese . . . and in this he has been successful; for we daily expect the mitred envoy from Rome to come and take charge of his Diocese.

But while it is made evident from all this that General Meagher was directly instrumental in securing a Vicariate for Montana, the fact that the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in recommending to the Holy See the Montana Vicariate recommended also the erection of another Vicariate in Idaho, seems to indicate that his action with regard to the former, had some bearing also in the case of the latter, at least, indirectly. For the Vicariate of Montana, as presented to the Holy See, took in only the eastern part of the territory, namely, the section that lay east of the main range, or Eastern Montana. Hence, but for the erection of the Vicariate also of Idaho, no provision would have been made for Western Montana. Yet, General Meagher sought to have a Bishop for Montana. Can it be that his request referred to only a part and not to the whole of Montana? It hardly seems probable. Hence our surmise that his action, if no more than indirectly, led to the erection of the Vicariate of Idaho also.

Be this as it may, the two Vicariates Apostolic recommended to the Holy See by the Baltimore Council were erected, their common limits being made to coincide with the line that separated the jurisdiction of the two Ecclesiastical Provinces of Oregon and St. Louis. This line, as already stated, was the continental Divide or the main range of the Rocky Mountains; and thus, Western Montana, because it lay west of the dividing line, became a part of the Vicariate of Idaho; while the section

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east of the line became the Vicariate of Montana, though it comprised only the eastern part of the territory.

Approving the action of the Council which had recommended them, the Rt. Rev. L. Lootens, of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, Cal., and the Rt. Rev. A. Ravoux, of St. Paul, Minn., were appointed by the Holy See, the former to the Vicariate of Idaho, and the latter, to that of Montana. On the ground of poor health, Father A. Ravoux was released from his appointment at his own request; while Bishop L. Lootens accepted his charge and continued in the performance of its duties up to 1875, when, owing to physical disability, he resigned. No new appointments to fill the vacancies were made, but instead, the two Vicariates were confided for administration, Montana, to the Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, and Idaho to the Metropolitan of Oregon. Thus, Montana in things spiritual was left, as a matter of fact, not a whit better off than it was before the erection of those two Vicariates.

This condition, undesirable and unsatisfactory as it was, became increasingly so with the increase in population. The dual jurisdiction and the great distance of the two Sees on which Montana depended, were felt to be in many ways a serious disadvantage to the spiritual welfare of the people, and hampered considerably the development of the Church in the territory.

It was at this period that His Grace, Charles Seghers, the Coadjutor Archbishop of Oregon, visited Western Montana a couple of times, and thus became personally acquainted with actual conditions and the spiritual wants of the country. He went in person to lay the matter before the authorities at Rome, and it is owing, principally, to his representations that the Holy See gave Montana a new and most satisfactory ecclesiastical organization, to the great delight of the whole community.

By a decree, dated March 5, 1883, Western and Eastern Montana were united into one Vicariate. Another decree, issued a few days later, March 11, detached Eastern Montana from the Ecclesiastical Province of St. Louis and joined it to that of Oregon, whilst on April 7 of the same year, it bestowed on Montana a resident Administrator in the person of the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, the Bishop of Vancouver Island, who, though retaining his title of Bishop of Vancouver, was to reside in our

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territory. One year later, March 7, 1884, the Vicariate of Montana became the Diocese of Helena, with the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel as its first Bishop.

But of this last act of the Holy See we shall speak more in detail further on. We but mention it here, to present Montana's ecclesiastical organization in full. Let us now proceed to speak of the first missionary work among the whites.

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Chapter III.

FIRST MISSION WORK AMONG THE WHITES.

THE first priestly duty performed among the whites were several sick-calls attended from the Indian Mission of St. Ignatius, at the time the only place in the territory where the comforts of religion could be had and whence a priest could be summoned in case of sickness or accident.

The first calls came from a couple of settlements, of which we shall speak directly, situated some forty miles southwest of the Mission. With the beginning of the mining period, the priest was called from more distant points, such as Gold Creek and other camps in the upper country. Father U. Grassi attended a sick-call to Bannack in 1862, the round trip demanding a horseback ride of some five hundred miles. On such occasions, whenever practicable, the missioner would take along his portable chapel to say Mass, and would perform other priestly duties, besides attending the sick.

The two white settlements just referred to, lay, as said, some forty miles southwest of St. Ignatius, and had come into existence with the opening by the Government of the military road from Walla Walla to Fort Benton, commonly known as the Mullan Road. The upper settlement or village stood about five miles from the mouth of the so-called Hell's Gate Canyon, and taking its name therefrom, became known as Hell's Gate, too. Later on, when speaking of the Missoula Mission, we shall see the origin and meaning of this ominous appellation. The other settlement or white village stood some fourteen miles below the former, to the west, at the lower end of the same valley, and received the name of Frenchtown from the fact that those who first located there were French-speaking people, that is, French-Canadians. Among these were Baptiste Du Charme, whose life has already passed the century mark; and Louis Brun, better known as old Louis Brown. They were Catholics, of course. So were the Pelletiers, Americanized into Pelkies, and several

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others who were among the first to take up farms and build homes near Hell's Gate.

The Mission road striking the valley midway between them, the two villages were about equidistant and but a day's ride from St. Ignatius. It was therefore comparatively an easy matter for those settlers not only to bring out a priest in case of accident or sickness, but to have his services also at other times. The more so, that the new villages lay along the road traveled by the Fathers when going to or returning from St. Mary's—at this time visited from St. Ignatius—to the Cœur d'Alenes and the Indian tribes across the range. This gave the whites in the Hell's Gate Valley many an opportunity to see the priest.

Further, the comparative nearness of places made it practicable for some of the new settlers to betake themselves to the Mission for their religious duties, as now and then they would do, especially at the recurrence of Easter and Christmas. Thus, owing to location, conditions and environment, it came to pass that the Hell's Gate and Frenchtown villages were the first white settlements in Montana, as well as the first to enjoy the ministrations of religion. And not only this, but to their lot also fell the privilege of having in their midst the first two churches built for the whites in the State.

Father U. Grassi, the local Superior of the Mission at the time, having visited the Hell's Gate village time and again, concluded to erect a church or chapel for the Catholics of the settlement. Accordingly, he purchased from one of the first settlers in the locality a piece of ground on which he had a church erected in the summer of 1863. It was an edifice of hewn logs set up by one of the Brothers from the Mission, namely, Brother W. Claessens, and the work being superintended by Father J. Caruana, who while on his way to the Cœur d'Alenes Indians, stopped some time in the village for that very purpose. The church or chapel stood near the brow of the northern bank of the river—called at present the Missoula, but originally named the St. Ignatius by Father De Smet—and almost opposite the mouth of the St. Mary's, today the Bitter Root River. Services were now held here occasionally, to the great delight of the little community. This first church for the whites in Montana was

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named after St. Michael, and remained a dependency of the Mission of St. Ignatius for several years.

The new chapel, however, was at too great a distance for the larger number of Catholics who had settled at the lower end of the valley. Hence the same Father U. Grassi, assisted by Father Menetrey, did for the lower settlement or Frenchtown in 1864 what the year before he had done for the settlement at the upper end of the valley or Hell's Gate. He bought a partially improved parcel of land, and built on it a church or chapel for the benefit of the Frenchtown community. The structure stood on the elevated plateau a little northeast of the town, and was much like the one in the upper village, of hewn logs and of about the same dimensions. It was first called St. Louis, and most likely after the Holy King of that name. We infer this from the acts or records of the Confirmation administered therein August 3, 1882, by Archbishop Charles Seghers, and drawn up by Father A. Folchi, at that time the priest in charge. It is designated in the records as *Ecclesia Sti. Ludovici.* The title was likely suggested by the fact that Louis was the Christian name of the first settler in the vicinity, namely, Louis Brun or Brown, whom we mentioned above. The original title was changed later on into that of St. John the Baptist.

Like that of Hell's Gate, the Frenchtown chapel remained a dependency of the parent church or St. Ignatius, whence both had sprung and whence they were now visited alternately at stated times. Father Menetrey,* who had been charged by Father Grassi to superintend the erection of the buildings, was also the first to officiate therein.

* We connect Father Menetrey with the building of the Frenchtown chapel, and do so on the authority of some of the settlers who are still living, although the Catalogue of the Province for 1864 places him at St. Paul's, Colville. Father J. Menetrey had succeeded Father A. Hoecken as Superior of St. Ignatius in 1859-60. Two years later, 1862, he was assigned to St. Peter's, his place at St. Ignatius, as local Superior, being taken by Father U. Grassi. Since in the Catalogue of 1864 we find Father Menetrey located at Colville, his destination to that residence must have occurred during 1863, when the reopening of the Colville Mission—which had been closed since 1859—was determined upon by Father J. Giorda, the general Superior. It follows from the above, that Father Menetrey did not go to Colville till late in the fall of 1864; and that on his way thither he stopped some time at St. Ignatius, and during that interval he visited Frenchtown and assisted Father Grassi in erecting the church in the settlement.

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We shall return in due time both to Hell's Gate and Frenchtown, to complete the history of these two Missions. Presently we must cross the range and take up the history of the Benton Mission, as it would seem to come next in the chronological order of our narrative.

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Chapter IV.

MISSION OF FORT BENTON.

FORT BENTON could claim the honor of being the first white settlement in Montana, if the terms "white" and "settlement" could have been properly applied to it from its beginning, for it existed before Hell's Gate and Frenchtown, of which we have just spoken. However, it was not a settlement of whites, neither at its start nor for some years after, but only one of those temporary posts set up for trading purposes and to be abandoned, as many others had been elsewhere, with the falling off of the fur trade. Furthermore, the few whites, or rather, white-skinned Indians, living in the forts were closely related to the Indians by marriage, with the exception of perhaps three or four of the number. Hence our reason for not giving it the first place as a white settlement in Montana.

Fort Benton was established by the American Fur Company in 1846, who named it after Senator Benton from Missouri, at the time a leader in national politics. It replaced Fort Louis, erected by the same company near Pabloy's Island, a few miles below the new site, two years before.

In the same year, 1846, another company started a rival trading post in the very same locality, naming it Fort Campbell, from the Campbells of St. Louis, who belonged to the new concern. Hence the place became known under both names, and went for some time, now by one, now by the other. This is made evident by the early records of this Mission, where we find it called Fort Benton at one time, and Fort Campbell at another. It appears as Fort Benton up to 1855, becoming Fort Campbell in 1858. Whence it may be inferred that at this date the former had been outstripped by the latter concern. The place becomes again Fort Benton in 1860, and from this on Fort Campbell appears no more in the records.

The rival establishments stood a short distance from each other, one at the upper, and the other at the lower end of the

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bottom bordering on the Missouri, and both within the present city limits. Fort Benton was incorporated as a town in 1865, and some time later, it became also the location of a military post, where a few companies of United States troops were quartered for several years.

Fort Benton has seen very prosperous days in the past, it having been in pre-railway times the mart of commerce, the shipping and supply center for the whole upper Missouri country and all the regions in the north. Perhaps nowhere else were ever seen motlier crowds of daubed and feathered Indians, buckskin-arrayed half-breed nobility, moccasined trappers, voyageurs, gold seekers and bull drivers, all congregating at this point on the opening of the boating season in the palmy days of the town's prosperity.

Nor likely did there ever exist an ungodlier spot than was at this time the hill that overhangs the town on the north side. The amount of profanity vented here by the driver and bull-whacker of early days, was not a whit less than the enormous tonnage carried over that steep. Father Menetrey, in company with our esteemed townsman, Matt Carroll, was riding one day close to a prairie schooner driven by several yoke of cattle and freighted with supplies for the Indian Missions. On nearing the foot of that unhallowed spot, the animals seemed to dread the ascent before them, and after a few more sluggish steps, came to a standstill. The cracking of the bull-whacker's whip over their heads, its forceful application to the backs, now of the leaders, now of the wheelers, and of the rest, made little if any impression at all; the cattle would sway themselves to and fro awhile without budging an inch. Upon this, Matt Carroll jocosely taunted the driver, saying that the bulls were lazy and no pullers. Stung by the remark, the man came close to Mr. Carroll and whispered into his ear: "Keep the priest back, just one second, please." Mr. Carroll caught the hint at once, and was not slow to devise some excuse for keeping Father Menetrey out of the teamster's way. No sooner did the fellow see the Father beyond earshot than he went at the bulls, not so much with the whip as with his tongue, and spoke to them some cattle talk that seemed well understood by the beasts, and up they went as if they had no load to pull, nor hill to climb.

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Matt Carroll had now caught up with the driver, who, with an air of triumph, said to him: "Now, sir, can't they pull? They would not do so before, because I could not speak to them, the priest being too near."

The first white dwellers of Fort Benton were the fur trader, the trapper and voyageur, the two latter being mostly French-Canadians. The occupation of these people was not merely to hunt, trap and run errands for their employers, but also to help boats up stream by the *cordelle* or tow line, great and constant exertion being often necessary to stem the current in the upper Missouri. Many of these white savages, who borrowed much of their costume from their red-skinned cousins, bore names that were famous in the annals of the wilderness, and the narratives of their exploits would fill entire volumes of most interesting and romantic reading. They were generally, not only on friendly terms with the Indians, but also bound to them by marriage ties. But the glory of these venturesome and daring children of the woods is at this time well-nigh extinct, and soon will be no more than a pleasing legend of the forests and inland waters of the American continent.

As we related in the first part of the book, Father N. Point passed at Fort Benton the winter of 1846-47, and was the first priest to dispense the comforts of religion to the few whites of the faith in that trading post just then established. We find no indication of any other priest visiting the place from that date until 1855, when we meet with the Rev. James Croke—in later years the Vicar General of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, Cal.—who at this time of our history was "a traveling missionary of the Diocese of Oregon," as he signs himself in the MS. document before us.

The document is a register in his own hand of a number of baptisms performed by him at Fort Benton, this being the name by which he designates the place. The Rev. J. Croke was there in October, 1855, and baptized seventeen half-breed children, five of them on the 19th, and twelve on the 23rd of October; "whose parents," says the record, "are all Canadians attached to the trading posts." The word "posts" in the plural is understood at once, when it is remembered that at this date there were two

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trading posts in that locality, Fort Benton and Fort Campbell.* As the name of the "traveling missionary" appears no more after October 23, it is fair to surmise that he must have left the place soon after.

Whether on this or some other missionary excursion through this wild country we cannot say, but it is related of the Rev. J. Croke, that one day while at some post or station with other travelers, it was whispered around that a priest or Catholic missionary was among the number. An elderly lady, who had never seen a priest in her lifetime, hearing this, became at once very curious to know what a priest looked like. On being introduced to the priest, the backwoods lady directed a searching gaze upon the reverend gentleman, and after she had surveyed and scrutinized him from head to foot to her entire satisfaction, she returned to her quarters, seemingly much disappointed, and while retreating: "A priest!" she was heard to exclaim, "why, that's a man."

Father N. Congiato—at this time the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Missions—visited Fort Benton next, as we find him here September 2, 1858, baptizing four half-breed children. The place is called by him in the register of those baptisms Fort Campbell. The following year, 1859, we find at Fort Benton Father De Smet, who, August 1, gave holy baptism to eight half-breed children and to some Indians also, and on the next day, August 2, married two couples. The contracting parties of the first couple were Clement Cornoyer and Mary Champagne; of the second, J. Morgan and Rose Masero, the witnesses in both cases being Col. J. Vaughn, A. Dawson and Francis Cabanné. The latter marriage, however, was found soon after to have been null and a sacrilege, as Morgan had another wife living at the time. This is declared in a note in Father Giorda's own hand appended subsequently to the record of that attempted marriage.†

In the spring of 1860, we meet at Fort Benton with Fathers

* There existed at the time the greatest rivalry between the two establishments, and from the fact that the Reverend missionary speaks of the place as Fort Benton, without any explicit reference to the rival concern, leads us to surmise that while there he was most likely the guest of that older post.

† Whether this is the same J. Morgan whom we have seen connected with the hanging of several Indians at Sun River Crossing—see St. Peter's Mission, Part I—the writer has not been able to ascertain.

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A. Hoecken and C. Imoda, and in July again with Father Congiato. Father Imoda was there once more early in the spring of 1861 for a short while. He returned toward the end of October with Father J. Giorda, who on Christmas morning married three couples. Father De Smet visited Fort Benton in the summer of 1862, when, on June 29, he joined in matrimony Malcom Clark and a daughter of Isidore Sandeval, Matthew Carroll and Francis Cabanné being the witnesses.*

From the fall of 1861 to the spring of 1866, Fort Benton was occasionally visited from St. Peter's Mission by Fathers Giorda, Menetrey, and a couple of times also by Father Kuppens, as appears from the baptismal records of that Mission.

July 2, 1867, dawned most mournfully at Fort Benton, and the gloom and sadness that overcast the busy little town in the early hours, quickly spread throughout the whole of Montana and far beyond. General Thomas Francis Meagher, the Acting Governor of the territory, July 1, had taken passage on the steamer *G. A. Thompson,* to go east on official business. He disappeared that night, and no one has seen him since, living or dead. It is certain that in the darkness of the night he was engulfed in the turbid waters of the Missouri, but how the drowning occurred no one has ever heard.

True, very strong suspicions of foul play were at first entertained because of his sudden disappearance. But as not a single shred of evidence has been forthcoming all this long while to substantiate them, they have been generally dismissed.

The idea that General Meagher might have taken his own life by deliberately throwing himself into the river, is inconceivable. He was a man of deep faith, he had a firm belief in God and a hereafter, and such men do not commit suicide, except they be temporarily unbalanced. He was, moreover, a hero, and heroes will face every manner of death but that of the coward who rashly and foolishly ends his own life, to escape what he has not the courage to endure.

General Meagher was seen and spoken to by several of his friends, who accompanied him on board and remained with him up to the moment that the boat made loose. He was then in a

* Malcom Clark some years later, as we related in the first part, was killed by Indians at his home in Prickly Pear Canyon.

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normal and perfectly sound condition of mind and body. Hence, the common belief that General Thomas Francis Meagher came to his death by some fortuitous mishap, the nature of which remains unknown.

The boat had no guard rail; hence a fatal misstep in the darkness of the night could easily have occurred. It is, of course, possible that General Meagher, taken unawares and without the slightest apprehension of danger, may have been pushed overboard by an enemy. But as we have said, there is absolutely no evidence to substantiate this view.

The whole country near and far was shocked beyond expression at the exceedingly sad event, and the untimely loss of the firm believer, staunch patriot, gallant soldier, gifted scholar and eloquent orator, was deeply mourned on both sides of the Atlantic, and wheresoever sons and daughters of Erin are to be found.

His obsequies were held at Virginia City, where he resided, and we shall speak of them in the local history of that Mission. Services for the repose of his soul were held likewise at Helena and also at St. Ignatius. He and Mrs. Meagher had visited the latter place, the Mission's honored guests for several days, only a few months before his death.

Returning to the local narrative of Fort Benton, in the interval between the closing and the reopening of the Mission of St. Peter, that is, from the spring of 1866 to the fall of 1874, the place was attended from Helena by Fathers C. Imoda and L. Van Gorp. After this period, the Fort Benton community began to be visited from St. Peter's, now by Father Imoda, now by Father Rappagliosi, and for a time also by Father J. Guidi.

The first regular services at Fort Benton were held by Father Imoda in 1878, when he began to reside in the place. The first church edifice in that town, the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, was erected by him at this time, 1878-79. Not long after, 1880, Father H. Camp was assigned to this post, and had spiritual charge of the Fort Benton district for about three years.

Desirous of having a Sisters' Community in their midst, the people of the town commenced the erection of a hospital in 1883, a substantial brick structure, which they completed in 1884, at a cost of some $12,000. It remained, however, unoccupied till

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September, 1885, at which date a colony of Sisters of Providence arrived, and opened the new institution under the name and patronage of St. Clare of Montefalco.

In the meantime, July, 1883, Father Camp had returned to the States, Father Frederick Eberschweiler succeeding him at Fort Benton, and laboring on this field some four years. Between intervals, both before as well as after this period, the Fort Benton community was attended some few times by Father Damiani and some other confrères from St. Peter's.

Father Philibertus Tornielli next took charge of the place, holding it for a couple of years. On his being transferred to the Holy Family Mission, Fort Benton for a time fell to the care of Father Herman Schuler and others of the Society of Jesus.

Fort Assiniboine, a large military post on Beaver Creek, near Milk River, established in 1879, as well as the settlements of Shonkin, Upper Teton and Highwoods, belong to this missionary district and were attended more or less regularly from Fort Benton. The Catholic population of the entire district in 1888 was reckoned at 800. In 1891, the number had increased to 1,800.

During the last four years, from 1888 to the end of 1891, the baptisms recorded in this church numbered 159, and the marriages 24.

It is perhaps well to state here, as a conclusion of the local history of Fort Benton, though attended from its first beginnings by the Jesuit Fathers, the place, properly speaking, has never been a residence of the Society.

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Chapter V.

MISSION OF VIRGINIA CITY OR ALDER GULCH.

VIRGINIA CITY came into existence with the find of gold in that locality, February, 1863. It went at first by the name of Alder Gulch, the place where gold was first discovered. It soon became famous, owing to the vast amount of the precious metal obtained there, and within a few months what had been a wild, dreary place began to swarm with human beings, numbering several thousands.

Father J. Giorda was the first priest who visited Alder Gulch. He arrived there from the Mission of St. Peter October 31, and on the next day, the Feast of All Saints, sanctified the locality by the first Mass ever said in that section. In his first missionary excursion to Virginia City, Father Giorda heard many confessions, baptized several children and married some couples, baptisms and marriages being duly recorded by him on his return to St. Peter's.

An incident of Father Giorda's first visit to Alder Gulch is worth recording. A few days after his arrival, some Catholic gentlemen went about among the miners and collected quite a purse of gold dust—the only currency there at the time—and brought it to him. The apostolic man cordially thanked those good people for their kindness, but told them at the same time that he had come after souls, not after gold, and declined to accept the offering. They politely told him that before leaving the camp he would surely need some wherewithal to pay his board, and for the care of his mount and pack animal, but he could not be persuaded to accept the purse.

A few days after, when about to leave, he found to his dismay that the bill for his board and the care of his two horses had mounted into the hundreds, and he had hardly one copper in his possession. The gentlemen, who had foreseen all this, were ready and but too willing to relieve him of his embarrassment. They paid the bill. While all admired the

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disinterestedness of the Father and many were edified by it, some few others seemed to be unable to appreciate his motives. They thought and spoke of his conduct as if it had been that of a "greenhorn." Father Giorda left the camp toward the latter part of November.

The following year, 1864, was an eventful one for the whole of Montana, but particularly so for Virginia City, and may be called the year of hangings or retribution and summary justice, dealt out unsparingly to road-agents and other evil-doers. Some twenty executions took place between the 4th and 26th of January of that memorable year, mostly in Virginia City and its vicinity. The wretched victims were launched into eternity on very short notice and without any spiritual assistance at the hands of a priest, as there were no priests within several hundred miles of the town.

In the fall of 1864 the Rev. J. B. Raverdy, a secular priest from Denver, Colorado, visited Virginia City and remained there over a month. During the while, he baptized several children, and joined five couples in marriage, the records of which were afterwards transmitted to Helena.

About Whitsuntide of the following year, 1865, Father Giorda was again in Virginia City, but left soon after to visit the Indian Missions across the Range. He made arrangements toward having one of the Fathers visit the camp, its population being now reckoned at 10,000, with a large percentage of Catholics. Hence the miners were soon gladdened by the arrival of Father F. X. Kuppens who remained among them several weeks.

A few days before Christmas, Father Giorda made his third excursion to Virginia City, and on this occasion he took steps to secure a church or chapel for the Catholic portion of the community. Having conferred on the subject with the leading members of the Congregation they found a building used as a play-house, which they bought and soon fitted up as a place of worship. Father Giorda dedicated it, not under the title of St. Mary, as some would have it, but of All Saints. This is made evident by the front page of the Record of Marriages, which he opened here at this date and inscribed as follows in his own hand: *Liber matrimoniorum in Ecclesia Omnium*

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Sanctorum in urbe Virginia, M. T. ab anno 1865; to which is added, also in his own hand, the following: *N. B. Ecclesia dedicata fuit Omnibus Sanctis quia ea die prima missa celebrata fuit in hac urbe a P. J. Giorda, S. J.*

General Thomas Francis Meagher, the acting governor of the Territory, welcomed Father Giorda on this occasion with an impressive and most eloquent address, while the altar boy who served the Father's Mass on Christmas morning was a noted prize-fighter.

The purchase and the fitting up of the building for a church had entailed considerable expense, and to help raise the funds needed General Meagher was requested to deliver a lecture. He spoke on the work of the Church in spreading the true faith, and in the course of his masterly address he suddenly exclaimed: "Behold, my friends, there is here in our midst a man of God, a priest, a missionary, a man distinguished for his knowledge of science, known in Europe as a profound master of philosophy and theology, a man universally esteemed and beloved by all who have the good fortune to know him. This man has left all that was most dear to him in Europe, he has given up the brightest prospects of doing great things for religion at home, to come to the Rocky Mountains, to come here to Virginia City to build a house of God for the faithful of Christ. Yes, that noble and heroic missionary is our own dear Father Giorda."

The thunderous applause with which these words of the eloquent speaker were received by the audience were proof sufficient of the responsive chord he had struck, and it is needless to add that the contributions for the church flowed in unstintedly at the close of the lecture.

Father Giorda was still in Alder Gulch in February, 1866, and Virginia City had now become the Capital of the Territory. As appears from its Journal, the first Legislature that sat there elected him Chaplain. On the plea, however, that he did not know English well enough to serve in that capacity, he begged off, declining the honor conferred on him.

As we have seen when treating of St. Peter's Mission,* early in April Father Giorda was hurriedly summoned thither. Virginia City Catholics remained without the ministrations of

* See Part I.

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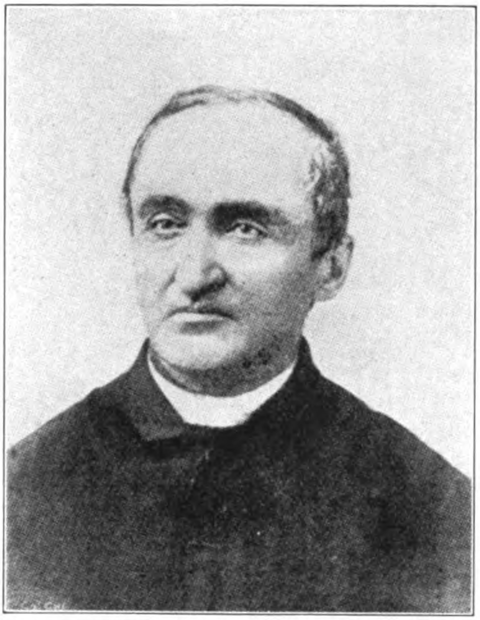
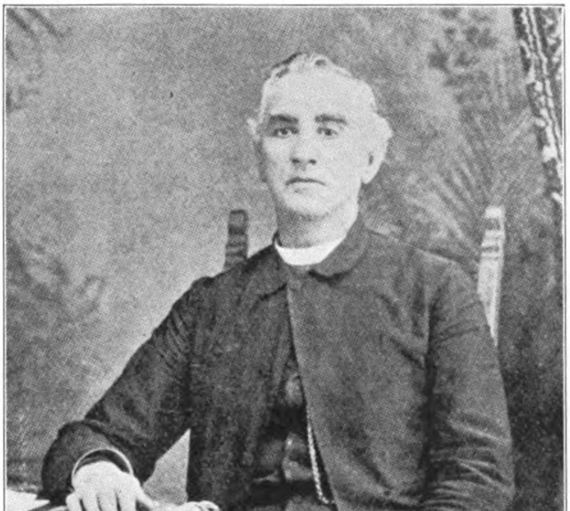


THE REV. JOSEPH GIORDA, S.J.



THE REV. LEOPOLD VAN GORP, S.J.

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religion till the following August, when the Rev. N. St. Onge accompanied to the mines a couple of Sisters of Providence from Vancouver, Oregon, on a begging expedition. Father St. Onge on this occasion ministered to the spiritual wants of the Catholics in Virginia City for a couple of weeks. It was not till late that year, 1866, that Father U. Grassi, who now replaced Father Giorda as the head of the Missions in the Rocky Mountains, resolved to give Virginia City a resident Father, at least for the time being. Accordingly, he sent thither Father James A. Vanzina, who arrived early in November.

Shortly after, Father Grassi sent also to Virginia City Father L. Van Gorp, whom he summoned from Colville where the Father was stationed at the time. As this had come about through the solicitations of General Thomas Francis Meagher, the fact is feelingly referred to by Father L. Van Gorp on the occasion of General Meagher's funeral, of which we now must say a word.

As we related, the sad and untimely taking off of General Meagher occurred near Fort Benton, on the night between the first and second of July. The obsequies for the repose of his soul were held July 9, at Virginia City, where he resided. His grief-stricken and disconsolate wife assisted, and the whole community was in mourning. Father Van Gorp conducted the service, and the words he spoke on the occasion were appropriate and eloquent, instructive and edifying.

We present herewith a brief synopsis of his sermon, which we are fortunate enough to have before us, it having been found recently among his writings.

Having announced his text: *The days of man are short,* etc.,* Father Van Gorp pays the following tribute to the departed:

Sadness and grief sit upon every countenance; your tears of sorrow bespeak the greatness of the loss you have sustained in the untimely death of the justly beloved and much lamented General Thomas Francis Meagher, the true citizen, the noble patriot, the brave and fearless soldier, the hero of many a battlefield, the talented orator, the distinguished scholar, the perfect gentleman, the father and consoler of the poor and the afflicted, in one word, of one whose noble qualities of heart were in no ways inferior to his high intellectual

* Job xi, 5.

attainments and exquisite talents. But we as members of this Congregation, as Christians and as Catholics of Virginia City, lose in him a true friend, a protector and a defender; one to whose untired zeal and endeavors we owe in great measure the origin and progress of the Catholic Church in this city. Those among you who have been closely acquainted with him know full well that he was more concerned about the wants of the church than about his own. He had a constant eye, not only to its material, but also its spiritual needs. He used his utmost endeavors with the ecclesiastical authorities to have Montana made a separate diocese. It is owing to his repeated entreaties with my Superiors that I was called from a distant Mission among the Indians to this nascent church of Virginia City, and little did he or I suspect that almost one of my first ministerial acts in this church would be to perform the last ceremonies of the Church for the repose of his soul.

Having thus eulogized the departed and pointed out by historical reference what General Meagher had done to advance Catholicity in Montana, Father Van Gorp proceeds as follows:

When we see the great ones of the earth fall and the heroes lie prostrate we exclaim in silent awe with the wisest of kings: Vanity of vanities and all is vanity here below. Like every descendant of the fallen race of man, and like the best built fortress which is not without its weak point, so also our illustrious deceased was not without his weakness, but his strong and earnest faith, his devotedness to every good cause, especially to the interests of the Catholic Church, and his many other virtues, make us feel confident that he has met in his last hour the embrace of a merciful God.

The speaker now bids the disconsolate wife and all his hearers to lift up their minds to Heaven and accept the stroke from the hand of Providence in the spirit of true Christian resignation:

To the eyes of the body which do not see further than the grave, the loss must appear complete and irretrievable; but to the eyes of religion, to the eyes of faith the grave is for the Christian the gate to a new and better life.

He reminds his hearers of the shortness and uncertainty of our present life, and begs them not to banish the thought of death from their minds, and warning himself as well as his audience, he adds:

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In order not to be taken unawares in an affair of such importance, we should keep ourselves in constant readiness for the tremendous passage from this life to the house of our eternity. If death is certain as to the fact, it is uncertain as to everything else, time, place and circumstances. When, where, how, shall we die are questions which they who will attend our funeral may be able to answer. Let these few reflections cause us to enter into ourselves and to examine whether the affairs of our soul are as they ought to be. If they are, we have reason to thank the Almighty for it, as for the greatest of his favors; but if we find that we are wanting in this, let us set to work without delay. We have no time to lose; our days are short and uncertain. If we measure the duration of the days which we have still to live by that of the past, we shall understand the folly of sacrificing an eternity of happiness for the fleeting pleasure of a moment.

Father Van Gorp concludes his funeral sermons as follows:

Now whilst we are led to this salutary conclusion from the solemn and sad event of this day, let us not forget to offer up our fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of him in honor of whose memory we are gathered here today. It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. If we have loved him during life, let us not abandon him after death. The greater has been your love and respect for him whilst alive, the more eager should you be to assist him now that perhaps he calls upon you for help in the plaintive words of the souls in Purgatory: Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, you at least my friends, because the hand of God has touched me.

Returning to our narrative, Father J. A. Vanzina remained at Virginia City with Father Van Gorp till the fall of that year, 1867, when he was replaced by Father J. D'Aste from Helena. In the early part of 1868, Father L. Van Gorp and Father F. X. Kuppens exchanged places, the former coming to Helena, while the latter went to Virginia City, where he remained only a few months. In the summer of 1869, Father D'Aste was recalled by the Superior, and from that time till December, 1873, Virginia City had no resident priest: it was attended from Helena twice a year.

Here it is well to observe that, properly, it was not in the power of the Superior of the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains to station Jesuit Fathers permanently in the white

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settlements that were now rapidly forming all over this northwestern country. The authorization to do so rested with the higher Superiors in Europe and had to come from them. Further, the number of Jesuit missionaries in these regions being very limited and insufficient to carry on the work among the Indians, they could not establish Missions among the whites without abandoning the natives. It was much easier, on the other hand, for the whites to secure from their Ordinaries the services of some secular priests, whereas the Indians, if not cared for by the Jesuits, would have been left utterly destitute of all assistance. Lastly, as the care of the Indians had been confided in a special manner to the Society of Jesus, the Fathers could not slight, much less forsake, their trust.

This condition of things was well known to the authorities in Europe, who were loath, in consequence, to approve of any Jesuit Fathers being permanently engaged in missionary work among the whites, until at least the increased number of laborers in the field would render this practicable, without detriment to the spiritual welfare of the Indians.

In all periods of transition things are necessarily more or less unsettled, and this was the case with regard to the mission field among the whites in Montana at this time of our history. Appeal after appeal for priests to look after the white settlements in our Territory, was made by Father Giorda, both to the Rt. Rev. Aug. M. Blanchet, the Bishop of Nesqually, and to the Rt. Rev. J. O'Gorman, the Bishop of Omaha, to whose jurisdiction belonged respectively Western and Eastern Montana. But owing to the rapid settlement of the Northwest by whites, the dearth of efficient missionary priests, both east and west of us, was such that neither Bishop could spare any for distant Montana.

Still, Father Giorda's entreaties were finally instrumental in securing to the whites of our Territory the services of two devoted and excellent missionary priests. They were the Rev. Remigius De Ryckere, of Deer Lodge, the pioneer secular priest of Montana; and the Rev. Frank J. Kelleher, the pioneer secular priest of the eastern part of the State. Though a later arrival by seven years, we must speak of the latter first, as he was identified with the history of the Virginia City Mission

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with which we are now occupied. Of the latter we shall speak further on.

Being compelled by the needs of the Indian Missions to recall Father J. D'Aste from Virginia City, Father Giorda renewed his entreaties with the Rt. Rev. James O'Gorman in 1869, that a secular priest might be sent to look after the spiritual welfare of the many Catholics in Madison and Beaverhead Counties. No appointment was made till four years later, when the Rev. Frank J. Kelleher, from Omaha, was assigned to Virginia City, to the great delight of the faithful in that part of Montana.

The Rev. F. J. Kelleher arrived in December, 1873, and during the eleven years he was in charge of that Mission, labored with zeal and devotedness, endearing himself to all classes of people, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. His missionary field embraced the two Counties of Madison and Beaverhead, covering an area of some 9,000 square miles. Having secured a small colony of Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1876, he opened St. Mary's Hospital in what had been the former Court House of Virginia City, and to him Laurin owes the erection of its neat little church, named also St. Mary's after Our Lady.

Being a lover of music, and a fine singer himself, Father Kelleher would take occasionally a leading part in musical entertainments gotten up for church or charitable purposes. The sacred concerts directed by him for the benefit of the new church of the Sacred Hearts, this city, are still remembered, and nothing to equal them has been heard since, here or elsewhere in the State. He had been educated for the priesthood in the English College at Rome. Father Kelleher was a man of talent, uncommon scholarly attainments and fine address, brimful, besides, of wit and humor, with an abundant store of keen, pointed sarcasm, but withal a zealous and excellent ecclesiastic. He left Montana in 1884, to return to England, his native country, where, soon after his arrival, he was assigned by the Bishop of Southwark, London, to a place of distinction, which he has creditably filled and fills to this day.

Since Father Kelleher's departure, Virginia City has had no resident priest. It has been attended for some time from

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Dillon; then from Butte. At present, it is visited at stated times from Granite. St. Mary's Hospital, whose continuance seemed no longer justified by the few calls on the charity of the Sisters, owing to the miners leaving the place, was closed in 1879.

According to the census of 1890 the population of Beaverhead and Madison Counties, which constitute this missionary district, numbers 9,347. Comparing the proportion of Catholics, it is here considerablv less than in other parts of Montana. Virginia City, which in her glorious placer mining days had over ten thousand people, at the time of our writing contains hardly three hundred. But the mineral wealth still remaining in that once famous Eldorado and vicinity is likely to give, ere long, a new life to the place.

We now leave this celebrated mining camp and pass on to speak of another, no less celebrated, we mean Last Chance or Helena.

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Chapter VI.

MISSION OF HELENA. LAST CHANCE.

FOUR miners had been "prospecting" or searching for gold here and there in this neighborhood, but with no other result than that of a few "colors."* They were on their way back to Alder Gulch when they concluded to test the spot on which Helena stands today: "That little gulch on the Prickly Pear," they said to themselves, "is our last chance." Whence the name of "Last Chance Gulch" first given to the place.

The four knights of the pick and shovel, July 15, 1864, were camped where Wall Street runs at the present day. They sank two holes to bedrock, one on each side of the little creek, and took out not only colors, but several nuggets, each of about half a dollar's weight; and the gravel prospected well all through, from the very surface. There could be no mistake about the find.

The first cabin, of one room, was built here about the middle of September. In October some 200 men were already in the new camp, and during the winter of 1864-65, one hundred and fifteen cabins were erected. The new town came by the name, Helena, October 30, 1864, at a meeting held for the purpose. We are told that the name was adopted "after several motions and ballotings"; but what really led to the choice has never been clear. The following from Col. C. D. Curtis, an old-time Helena citizen, is the only explicit statement which we have been been able to find on the subject:

Helena was named after the fair Helen of Troy; hence it should be pronounced,

"Helen-a; after a darling, dizzy dame,
Of much beauty but spotted fame:
In pronouncing the name, understand me well,
Strong emphasis should be laid on Hel."†

* Little specks of gold found in washing one or more pans of gravel are called "colors" by miners.

† *Board of Trade Journal,* April, 1889.

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The richness of Last Chance, and other gulches in its vicinity, soon brought hither a large number of people; and from its humble beginnings Helena has steadily grown to the appearance and pretensions, if not quite yet to the dimensions, of a metropolitan city. It has been the Capital of Montana since 1876. Its log huts have been replaced by large, handsome and palatial structures in brick and cut stone, and with appointments, comfort and elegance not always found in older and much larger communities. It is beyond doubt the most substantially built city between St. Paul, Minn., and Portland, Oregon. It has today a population of about 14,000 souls, fully one-fourth being Catholics.

The cleverness, pluck, enterprise and public spirit of her citizens, no less than their frank, kind and generous dispositions, have given to Helena the prestige, intellectual, social and commercial, that has won her deservedly the title of the "Queen City of the Rockies."

Sometime previous to the discovery of Last Chance Gulch, gold had been found some twelve miles northwest, on what still goes by the name of Silver Creek, also on the Prickly Pear, and likewise some eight miles east of Helena, at a place called Montana City, and in several other localities in the neighborhood.

The first Catholic services in the immediate vicinity of what shortly after became Helena, were held at Silver Creek in the fall of 1864 by Father J. Giorda and Father F. X. Kuppens, while on their way to Sun River or St. Peter's Mission from the west side of the Range. The two missionaries arrived at Silver City October 30, and stopped at Jake Smith's, a son-in-law of Bill Keiser or Buffalo Bill. There that evening Father Kuppens said the rosary and night prayers in English, while Father Giorda had evening devotions in the Indian language for the benefit of a number of Indians who were encamped in the vicinity.

On the next morning, the Feast of All Saints, Father Kuppens said the first Mass for the Indians, to whom Father Giorda gave an instruction in their own language. Services were had also for the whites, Father Giorda offering up for them the Holy Sacrifice and preaching a sermon in English. At this

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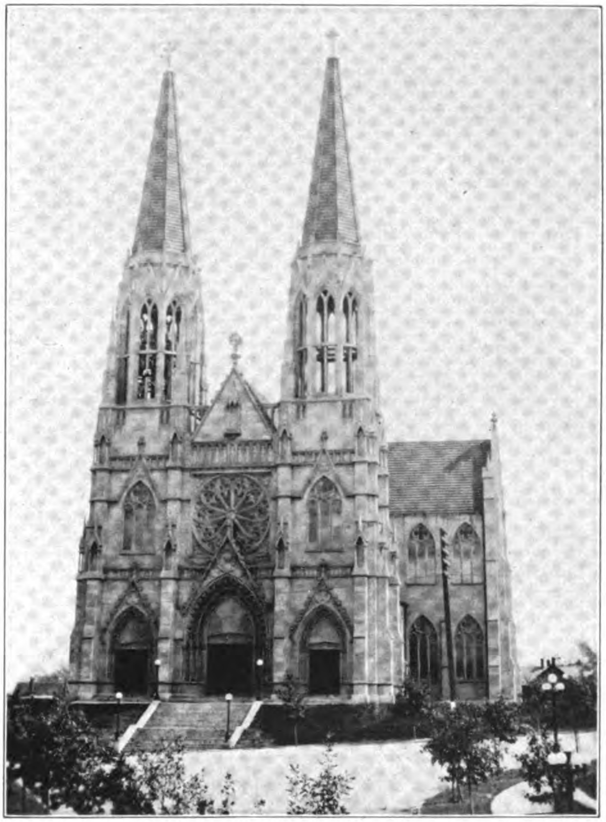

Cathedral, Helena

THE growth of the Diocese of Helena, since its division in 1904, is evident by the increase in the number of priests, people and parishes, religious communities, schools and hospitals. In 1904 there were only twenty-four diocesan priests; today there are eighty-six, who, with fourteen regulars, bring the total number of priests serving in the Diocese up to one hundred. In 1904 there were thirty-six thousand, five hundred Catholics in the Diocese, today there are about sixty-five thousand. In 1904 there were twenty-two parishes, or congregations, with resident priests and twenty-eight missions, or churches without resident priests; today there are fifty-two parishes and fifty-two missions. In 1904 there were four religious communities with two hundred and twenty-six Sisters; today there are ten communities and

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three hundred and fifty-six Sisters. In 1904 there were nine parochial schools with two thousand, nine hundred and five pupils; today there are twenty-four parochial schools with eight thousand, one hundred and eighty-five pupils, and eight high schools with one thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five pupils, the Central High School of Butte leading all the others with a registration of six hundred and fifty. Plans are also made for a second central high school in Butte, to be conducted by the Christian Brothers. In 1904 there were five hospitals; today there are eight.

But the greatest evidence of progress in the Diocese of Helena are the Cathedral of St. Helena and Mount St. Charles College. The Cathedral, by the solidity of its construction, the purity of its decorated Gothic style, the perfection of its proportions, the gracefulness of its lines, the richness of its furnishings, especially of its stained glass windows, ranks high among the cathedrals of America. The College, built of native red porphyry in collegiate Gothic style, is perched on Capitol Hill and surrounded by a campus of fifty acres. A first wing was added in 1917 and a second wing is in process of construction. The College is manned by thirteen diocesan priests, who have been specially prepared for their chairs in various universities. Although only twelve years of age, it has given to the Church several priests, both regular and diocesan. Two of its graduates occupy chairs in the institution and others are in various seminaries making their immediate preparation for the priesthood. The lay graduates of the College are writing creditable records in public service or in professional schools. Thus Mount St. Charles College, true to its purpose, is already recruiting from the soil leaders for both Church and State in the intermountain region.

Mount St. Charles College has had many benefactors, conspicuous among them being the late James Tuohy, of Butte, the proceeds of the sale of whose mine, the Burke and Balaklava, willed to Bishop Brondel, made it possible for the present Bishop of Helena to commence the work of building. But the great material progress of the College is due in large measure to James J. Hill, who started the endowment fund, and to Senator T. C. Power and family, whose generous contribution encouraged the building of the south wing.

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time, Silver City was the seat and principal center of the County of Lewis and Clark, then Edgerton County.

About the latter part of November, Father Giorda set out from St. Peter's Mission for Virginia City, where he had planned to spend a couple of months administering the comforts of religion to the many Catholics in that large mining camp and its vicinity. He crossed the valley a little below the present site of Helena, and stopped at Montana City, some eight miles east of us, and there the next morning said Mass in the cabin of Adam Crossman, now deceased. Proceeding on his way, he went as far as Jefferson City or thereabout, stopping overnight and celebrating Mass the next morning at Dominic Freiler's. Shortly after leaving the last stopping place, he learned from some miners coming from Alder Gulch that there was a priest in the place who attended to the spiritual wants of the Catholics.* Exceedingly glad at the good news, Father Giorda thought it no longer necessary to go on to Virginia City. He therefore crossed over to the Deer Lodge Valley and went to spend the winter at the Mission of St. Ignatius.

About Christmas, Father Kuppens revisited Silver Creek, and selected a site for a small chapel, the spot chosen being about a mile and a half from the town, as most of the miners had their cabins along the upper part of the creek. Father Kuppens hauled the first log for the building. The chapel was of hewn timbers and measured only sixteen feet by twenty. It was first used about the following Easter, and served its purpose for a little over two years. The place had a Congregation of nearly one hundred people, who were attended once in a while from St. Peter's Mission.†

On one occasion there occurred a miners' stampede, and for a while Silver Creek remained almost deserted. Improving their chance, some unscrupulous persons "jumped" the little chapel and held it as if it were their own. The miners returned and with revolvers and rifles were about to dislodge the intruders when, just in the nick of time, Father Kuppens arrived on the spot. Better counsels prevailed and sometime after, the

* The Rev. J. B. Raverdy, from Denver, Colo.

† These and most of the other details in the remainder of this chapter are from notes of Father F. X. Kuppens which the Father himself kindly furnished to the writer.

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occupants vacated the building of their own accord. On the placer diggings being worked out and abandoned, Mass was said occasionally at Silver City, in a store. The little chapel, later on, was pulled down and used for firewood.

In this missionary excursion, made in the winter of 1864-65, Father Kuppens visited also the other settlements and mining camps around, including Montana City, Jefferson and the Boulder Valley. Last Chance or Helena had come into existence only a few months before. The Father passed through but held here no services on this occasion, the place being too new. After the rounds just mentioned, Father Kuppens returned to spend the rest of the winter at St. Peter's.

After Easter, 1865, he was again on the field, and came over to Helena. The spot where the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in Helena for the first time, lies between what are today State, Wood, Warren and Joliet streets, close to the corner of State and Warren. The church for the occasion was a log building not yet finished. Poles, intended to be covered with mud, formed the roof, but the structure had as yet no window opening of any kind. Still, as the spaces between the logs forming the walls were unchinked, there was no lack of ventilation.

Subsequently, both Father Giorda and Father Kuppens said Mass several times and in several places in Helena, namely, on Water Street, on the upper end of west Main Street, in W. Flemming's boarding house, which stood on the east side of Main, not far from Parchen's corner, and lastly, on Broadway, a couple of doors above the present Herald Block.

There stood on the spot last mentioned, a log cabin, the dwelling of Charles Leath and wife, wherein Father Giorda held services for several days late in the fall of 1865. Two rough boards were nailed together to form a good-sized cross, which was fastened to the gable of the mud roof cabin, facing Broadway. By means of that sign our Catholic people soon knew that they had a priest among them, and that, at least for a few days, they could hear Mass and receive the Sacraments in this temporary chapel.

When Father Kuppens visited Helena in the spring he had made the first move toward securing, on what sometime after became known as Catholic Hill, a site for a church. He had

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then started on his missionary rounds and visited in the summer and early fall Virginia City, the Salmon River mines and other white settlements, and having crossed the Range, he had visited also Carpenter's Bar, Blackfoot and McClellan Gulch.

He had returned to St. Peter's, whence he was summoned on a sick call to Diamond City, where a daughter of (J. P.?) Sullivan, a girl about sixteen, lay dangerously ill. He made the trip from Sun River to Diamond City in one and one-half days' ride, arriving in time to give all the last comforts of religion to the dying girl. To give the miners in the camp the opportunity of hearing Mass, he remained over Sunday. He then set out on his return to St. Peter's, going by Cave Gulch, and stopping overnight in the house of Henry Whaley —now of Missouri Valley—where he also said Mass on the next day.

With the closing of St. Peter's Mission, as related in Part I, Fathers Giorda, Imoda, Kuppens and Ravalli had moved to the west side of the Range. Three days after they had reached St. Ignatius there arrived at that Mission a special messenger from General Meagher, with the urgent request that either Father Giorda, or in his stead Father Kuppens with power of attorney, should go to Helena without delay, for the purpose of conveying to the U. S. Military Department the old St. Peter's site on the banks of the Missouri River. In compliance with General Meagher's request, Father Kuppens received directions to return to the east side of the mountains, and made the whole distance from St. Ignatius to Helena, nearly 200 miles, in less than twenty-four hours. He thence traveled with General Meagher to Fort Benton and to the mouth of the Judith, where a military post, Camp Cook, had been recently established.

On the way to the latter place, the monotony of their journey was relieved by an unlooked-for adventure, not altogether pleasant. The boat on which they were making the trip down the river was wrecked and both General Meagher and Father Kuppens had to blindfold their mounts and swim ashore. One of the relics of the wreck, somehow, found its way into this city, where it has been often seen and heard to the present day. It is the little silvery bell that in past years called out Catholic

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people to divine service, and which still continues on duty, summoning our youngsters—though not always welcomely—to their desks on school days.

It is to be taken for granted that General Meagher and Father Kuppens traveling together talked over church matters, that is, the urgent need of a church and a priest both at Helena and Virginia City. It is certain that after returning from Camp Cook, or thereabout, General Meagher—whether alone or together with Father Kuppens, we cannot say—had staked off on the hill overlooking the gulch on the east side a piece of ground for a Catholic church, the very spot picked out by Father Kuppens a year or so before. This is placed beyond doubt by L. F. La Croix, who states in his paper, *Early Catholocity in Montana:* "It was known that a piece of ground had been staked off by Governor T. F. Meagher for the church."*

With the return of General Meagher and Father Kuppens from their northern trip, the project of building a church in Helena was discussed, the sentiment in favor of such a move being very favorable. After a short time, John M. Sweeney—gone since to his rest—received the contract for a frame structure 22 feet by 60, to cost in the neighborhood of $2,500. We are told that there were numerous bidders for the contract, but "the award was made to John M. Sweeney, who desired the work not for the money he could make out of it, but that he might gladden his old mother's heart by building a Catholic church."†

The church was to be erected on the crown of the hill, the spot selected and staked off by both Father Kuppens and General Meagher. Apart from the view, however, there was little in favor of the location, the place being a stony pile and bristling all over with sharp, pointed rocks, with scarcely space enough between them to set one's foot. But, "Never mind the rocks," said Father Kuppens to someone who objected to the site on that very score, "that rocky hill will yet bloom as a garden of roses." Spiritually, and in part materially also, it has come to pass.

A committee was now appointed—L. F. La Croix being one

* See Appendix.

† *Early Catholicity in Montana* by L. F. La Croix.

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ST. HELENA'S CHURCH, HELENA

ST. MICHAEL'S, HELL'S GATE, NEAR MISSOULA
FIRST CHURCH FOR THE WHITES IN MONTANA

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of the members—to stake off the place where the church was to stand. Ewing Street south of Broadway had not yet been opened at this date, and the committee found their way to the hill barred by a fence that ran along the south side of Broadway. On being told that the ground enclosed belonged to Judge Wilkinson, the committee called on him, stating that the Catholics of the city were ready to build a church on the hill, but access to the site selected was blocked by his fence. "Taking in at once the situation and not giving time to the speaker to finish his speech, the Judge said: 'Is that all?' and with an axe he demolished the obstructing fence for a distance of about seventy-five feet, and stopping to take breath, he said: 'Now you will have a free passage to your church.' "* The generous act is indeed worth recording in grateful recognition, the more so, because the Judge was not a Catholic.

In the meanwhile the leading Catholics of the town drew up and signed a petition to Father Grassi, now Father Giorda's successor, earnestly requesting that two Fathers might be stationed at Helena for the spiritual welfare of that new and growing community. The original, dated October 10, 1866, is preserved in the archives of the Missions, and among its signers appear the following: John C. Curtin, Helena's new and worthy Mayor; L. F. La Croix, J. R. Drew, C. D. Curtis, J. H. Curtis, J. J. Blake, J. M. Cavanaugh, J. T. Sullivan, Neil Sullivan, J. P. Tiernan, M.D., J. M. Sweeney, J. M. Mays, W. Bardwell, J. G. Hughes. They gave their petition to Father Kuppens, who was about to return to St. Ignatius, and requested him to place it in the hands of Father Grassi. He consented to take the petition along, but playfully remarked that, most likely, he would get a good roasting for doing so.

Whether he got a scolding or not we cannot say, but this we do know, that the request of the petitioners engrossed the serious attention of Father Grassi. He discussed, consulted and deliberated over the matter for a good while. But he finally resolved to accede to the request, and as the Catholics of Virginia City were no less eager than those of Helena to have among them a resident priest he concluded to grant the wishes of both places. Accordingly, he assigned Father F. X. Kuppens

* *Early Catholicity in Montana.*

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and Father J. D'Aste to Helena, and Father J. A. Vanzina to Virginia City, the latter to be followed by another priest, as soon as practicable. Writing at the same time to the Rt. Rev. James O'Gorman, the Bishop of Omaha, to whose jurisdiction belonged the two places in question and the whole of Eastern Montana, Father Grassi laid before him the facts that had led to the opening of the two Missions, and submitted his action to the Bishop's approval. The Bishop not only sanctioned the Father's course, but expressed his great pleasure and gratification for what Father Grassi had done in behalf of the Catholics of Helena and Virginia City.

The three Fathers assigned to missionary duty among the whites arrived in Helena the last days of October, and as the church had just been finished, they had the opportunity of opening it on the Feast of All Saints. Thus, the Helena Mission may be said to have been formally inaugurated November 1, 1866.*

Father Vanzina stopped over to assist in the opening services, and the new church was blessed and dedicated under the title of the "Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary," which had been suggested by a Catholic gentleman who is to this day a leading member of the congregation.† By the following Sunday, a small melodeon or reed organ—one of the very first brought into this part of the country—had been secured, and from then on the singing of the divine service by a select choir of local talent became an attraction of the little church on the hill.

At a meeting of the congregation held shortly after, November 4, a Resolution was adopted by which all rights and title to the church buildings and lands in their possession were

* The statement of L. F. La Croix in his *Early Catholicity in Montana*, that the Fathers arrived in September is an oversight, or a slip of the memory, easily accounted for, by the fact that he wrote his paper twenty-five years after. Further, as Eastern Montana was not under the jurisdiction of Leavenworth, but of Omaha, or more correctly, of the Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, who resided in Omaha, the allusion made in the same paper to the Bishop of Leavenworth is also incorrect and out of place.

† The writer has ever doubted the correctness of the title and the expression "Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary"; for the obvious reason that, while the word "sacred" is here predicated of both the Heart of our Divine Saviour and of the Immaculate Heart of the Blessed Mother, it is not predicated of both in the same sense, as is evident. The expression is therefore equivocal and, as such, would seem to be not only open to criticism, but also to error.

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conveyed to the Society of Jesus. The Resolution was subsequently ratified by the Rt. Rev. J. O'Gorman in a letter to Father Grassi and is on file among the Mission's early records.

The first dwelling place of the Fathers in Helena were two small rooms in the rear of the church, one of them serving the double purpose of sacristy and parlor, and the other a study. Their sleeping accommodations consisted of two berth-like shelves, one above the other, in a blind corner screened off partly by a thin partition and partly by a curtain, the whole thing looking very much like a clothes-press. As to their meals, they took them when and where they had a chance to do so; now sharing the hospitality of some of the miners, now eating at some of the boarding houses down in the gulch, but more frequently being the guests of Neil Sullivan, the proprietor of the St. Louis Hotel, and proverbially the most hospitable of landlords.

About a year later, the Fathers left their first abode and moved to another, on the east side of Ewing, just across the way and opposite the church. There stood here a building previously occupied as a printing establishment by the editors of the old *Gazette,* Judge Wilkinson and Peter Ronan. The structure was unique and a real novelty, being built partly from weather boards, and partly with pine slabs, standing upright. One half of the "shebang" was roofed with boards and the other half with earth or clay, while rough planks made the floor. But, after all, it afforded the lodgers room enough to breathe and stretch their limbs. The Fathers bought the premises in the winter of 1867-68, and lived there for some time, that is, till they returned for a short while to their former quarters in the rear of the church, and then moved into the new residence built by Father Van Gorp. This was a four-room cottage with an annex for kitchen and dining-room, having under the annex a small cellar, dug out of the solid rock by Brother P. Megazzini. It stood on the now vacant space between the Bishop's house and the pro-Cathedral. The funds to purchase the lot and adjacent parcels of ground were furnished through the kindness of Charles L. Dahler, of Helena.

But we are anticipating. Let us take up some previous happenings to complete this part of our narrative. A few weeks

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after the Fathers arrival in Helena, Cave Gulch became the scene of a serious and most lamentable disturbance.

A dispute over some mining ground had divided the camp in two desperate factions and, as a consequence, several strong, sturdy men were sent into premature graves at the hands of fellow miners. Father Kuppens was hurriedly summoned to the camp, now turned into a battlefield. He swam across the Missouri and reached the spot while the survivors of the two factions were still firing at one another. Five of the dead, namely, Dennis Murphy, John Hassard, Thomas Chevers, Patrick Osborn and Michael McLaughlin, were brought to Helena and buried from the little church on the hill, the first four on December 16, and the last mentioned on the next day, December 17. They were all buried in the old cemetery east of Dry Gulch, which Father Kuppens secured and opened on this exceedingly sad occasion.

Four days before, namely, on December 12, had taken place the first funeral from the same church, it was that of Patrick Seary. But, as appears from the Book of Interments, he was laid to rest in the common city cemetery, whereas the five others mentioned above, as it is stated in the same book, were buried in the Catholic Cemetery. These are the first burials on record in the books of the Helena Church.

The fear that if located on lower ground, the miner's pick and shovel might disturb the dead in their last resting places, had led Father Kuppens to lay out the cemetery high up on the hillside of Dry Gulch. But the location proved unsuitable, that is, too rocky for graves, and too difficult of access in winter. Hence another cemetery site was selected west of town, on that part of the slope of Mount Helena where Last Chance Gulch opens out toward the valley. But we have found no record of anyone having been buried in that locality.

The present cemetery, a four-acre lot, was donated to the church by Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Ferrero, frequently Americanized by many into Brown or Farrell. It is a fraction of forty acres which they had secured by pre-emption, disposing of the remainder, later on, to other parties. Bruno Ferrero and his estimable wife, who is a convert to the faith, are of the number of those true, loyal Christians, whose lives are very exemplary,

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and whose highest honor are their God-fearing children walking after them in godliness and virtue.

About this time of our narrative the little church on the hill received, as it were, an Angel's visit in the person of a German priest, a nobleman, by name Graaf. He left to the church a supply of altar linen, some vestments, a chalice, a monstrance, altar boys' cassocks and surplices, and a variety of devotional objects. Some of the valuable articles donated by the strange visitor are used to this day in the divine service. The object of his coming has ever remained a mystery, and no one seems to know whither he went after leaving this part of the country.

The district of the Helena Mission extended over a very large field: it included the valleys of the Boulder and the Missouri, Diamond City, Crow Creek, Bozeman, Fort Ellis—established at this date—the Gallatin Valley, Beaver Creek, Silver City, Sun River, and Fort Benton, and a number of other settlements and mining camps, north, east, west and south. All these places were visited, more or less frequently, according to the number of Catholics they contained, and their distance from Helena.

The Fathers traveled at first mostly on horseback, this being the easier, and often the only way to get to the different camps and settlements. But it had its drawbacks, especially because of their being obliged to take their chapel along with them.

Whenever feasible they would travel by coach to this or that point, whence they would be brought over the whole neighborhood by some of the settlers. Later on, however, when it was possible to do so, they traveled by private conveyance as decidedly preferable and far more convenient. They could thus easily carry with them whatever they needed, and stop when and where their priestly ministrations demanded. But this mode of traveling entailed much more expense, as they were obliged to keep at least two horses.

Late in the fall of 1867, Father U. Grassi came to Helena and remained through the winter.

The Fathers at the time had not yet commenced housekeeping, and took their meals here and there, as best they could. Father Grassi was a man of fine, strong physique and endowed with unusual powers of endurance. He could live for months on

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half a sack of flour and a few pounds of bacon, as he had done winter after winter on the Indian Missions. As a rule, he was his own cook, and his repasts were like one of those arithmetical combinations that give always the same result; they consisted of pancakes and bacon, bacon and pancakes, and so on indefinitely. While in Helena he was offered free board at the St. Louis Hotel by the proprietor, Neil Sullivan. But no invitation, however pressing and how often repeated, could induce the missionary to give up his customary fare. He had no relish for dainties and was quite content with "pea coffee and slapjacks" of his own making. His companions, however, whose constitutions and stomachs had been cast in more delicate moulds, were but too glad to accept and partake of the kind host's proffered hospitality.

It is also related of Father Grassi—and we have heard the story from himself more than once—that one day, as he was about to mount his horse, two men came up to him. Both had heard the Father speak on distractions in prayer the evening before, and now one of the pair made the remark that he did not see why people could not pray without being distracted; he himself had no distractions when he prayed. "Look here, sir," said Father Grassi to the man, "this horse is yours, if right now, on your honor, you will recite for me the Our Father without letting your mind wander." The man accepted the proposal and, assuming a devout attitude, began the prayer, but hopelessly gave himself away at once by asking, whether saddle and bridle did not go also with horse, thus proving that things repeat themselves, because a similar incident is related in the life of St. Bernard.

With the opening of spring, Father Grassi left for the west side, to visit the Indian Missions. In the same spring Father Kuppens and Father Van Gorp exchanged places, the latter coming to Helena, and the former going to Virginia City.

It is much to be regretted that the labors of Father Kuppens in the far West were soon after brought to an end, as he was recalled to his Province during the summer. He proved himself an efficient and indefatigable worker, and became very popular among the miners by his remarkable dexterity in handling wild bronchos, as well as rusty old sinners. His

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departure was keenly felt by all who had become acquainted with him, and his memory is still fondly cherished by many an old-timer in the Boulder Valley and wherever he exercised missionary duty. Father F. X. Kuppens, S. J., may justly be called the first pastor of the Helena Church.

His recall brought Father D'Aste to Virginia City to replace him; and Father C. Imoda came now to Helena, not only to assist Father Van Gorp, but also to look after the affairs of St. Peter's Mission and to visit occasionally the Blackfeet Indians, until the Mission could be reopened.

In the meanwhile, Father Grassi had enabled the Fathers at Helena to begin housekeeping by providing them with a cook, Brother Pascal Megazzini, who arrived in the early part of summer. This excellent Brother lived in Helena a number of years and became not only a familiar figure, but a favorite with everybody who happened to come in contact with him. A remarkable trait of this industrious and exemplary Religious was that, while he never wasted a minute of time, being always occupied in some duty or other, he seemed as if he had little or nothing to do. For, even when busiest, he was always ready to leave off the work on hand to render some extra service. The Brother was a good cook, far ahead of many so-called teachers of "domestic science," who despite their airs and far-fetched phraseology, can hardly cook properly and palatably a few potatoes.*

*Good Brother Pascal Megazzini, S.J., the writer's companion for many years, has gone since to his rest, having passed to the Lord at Missoula, October 8, 1894, after an operation for double rupture. Born in Italy, March 3, 1839, he was thirty-one years in the Society of Jesus at the time of his death. May he rest in peace!

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Chapter VII.

FIRST SISTERHOOD FOR THE WHITES IN MONTANA. HANGMAN'S TREE.

BY this time Helena had made such progress that her future as a substantial city could no longer be doubted. Hence the project of bringing in a Sisterhood for school and hospital purposes commenced to engage the serious attention of the Fathers in charge of the Catholic portion of the community.

Father De Smet, whose good offices and coöperation had been solicited by Father Kuppens in 1867-68, became interested in the matter. The more so since the request concerned a region which had been the field of his missionary labors among the natives. He promised to do all in his power to have Sisters go out to Montana as soon as the people should be ready to receive them. In the summer of 1869 Father Van Gorp, who had replaced Father Kuppens, renewed the application with the same assurance on the part of Father De Smet. Upon receiving this favorable answer, Father Van Gorp began at once to make ready, and purchased several lots along the east side of Ewing Street, as the best site for the object in view.

While Father Van Gorp was thus preparing the place, Father De Smet was busy trying to obtain the Sisters who were to occupy it. He happened to meet the Rt. Rev. J. B. Miege, S.J., the Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas, who had arrived in St. Louis on his way to Rome, to attend the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. He came across him on the street, and there and then, after a few words of greeting, urged the Bishop to send Sisters to Montana. Bishop Miege now referred him to the Community in Leavenworth, saying: "Tell the Mother I am willing the Sisters should go, if they can be spared." Father De Smet lost no time. He called upon several wealthy ladies and solicited from them sufficient donations in money to defray all the traveling expenses of the Sisters to Helena, Montana. This accomplished, he took the first train to Leavenworth, and

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the day of his arrival sought an interview with the Council of the Sisters of Charity.

In grateful remembrance of the timely assistance rendered the Sisterhood by Father De Smet some eleven years before, the Rev. Mother and her Councillors received his application with favor, and five members of the Community were soon selected and made ready for the long journey. The chosen ones were Sister Julia, the head of the band, Sister Bertha, Sister Loretto, Sister Mary and Sister Regina. Miss Rose Kelley, who is still remembered in Helena as a young lady of rare musical talents, was also one of the number. At Father De Smet's request, the little colony assembled in the parlor, and after his "inspection" he seemed to be delighted with their good spirits. There only remained for him to secure the railroad tickets. This was promptly attended to, and the Sisters were soon entrained and speeding to their destination.

The Sisters left Leavenworth on the Feast of St. Michael, September 29, and reached Helena October 10. The pen glides smoothly and pleasantly over the journey, and spans the whole distance in less than two lines. But what a long, weary stretch for the travelers!

It was late in the evening when they landed from the coach, and though eagerly expected, no less unexpectedly did they arrive, for they reached Helena before they were known to have set out from Kansas. Those were still the palmy days of bull-transportation in Montana, and if the U. S. mail had been carried on bulls it might have improved the service. Father Van Gorp happened to be out in the southern part of the district on missionary duty when he heard that a band of nuns had passed through on the stage bound for Helena. He at once started for home and, arriving ahead of the stage, was just in time to receive and welcome the pilgrims. Being the first colony of Sisters to come into our Territory since its settlement by the whites, their arrival was an event of no little importance not only in the local history of the Helena church, but in that of Montana.

Divided into three couples, the Sisters shared at first the hospitality of three Catholic families, one couple being made welcome in the home of Mrs. Brown, another in that of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. La Croix, and the third in the residence of Mr.

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and Mrs. H. Galen, the hosts vying with one another to make their honored guests feel at home. A few days after, however, all the members of the little colony found themselves together under one roof in the temporary quarters hastily prepared for their accommodation. Accommodation, however, is here much of a misnomer, as the structure wherein the Sisters were to be sheltered for the time being was the old *Gazette* shanty which we described a little above, and which the Fathers now vacated and turned over to the Sisters. But, notwithstanding the drawbacks, it was a great comfort for the Sisters to be all together and able to follow their community life. This alone was enough to make up for all the inconveniences of the dwelling.

Beyond securing the ground nothing had been done in the line of buildings for the permanent home of the Sisters, it being considered the better course to leave this part of the project to the Sisters themselves. For once on the place, they could better decide what would suit their requirements. Soon, however, laborers and mechanics were at work digging, blasting and hauling material, and before long a frame structure of moderate dimensions began to loom up on what had now commenced to be called Academy Hill. Some of the Sisters, in the meanwhile, went out to solicit contributions for their new home. They traveled from one camp to another throughout the Territory, their appeals meeting everywhere with a response hearty and substantial from the miners.

The buildings were ready for occupancy by the latter part of December, and at the beginning of January, 1870, St. Vincent's Academy, the first institution of the kind for the whites in Montana, was opened for the reception of pupils, both boarders and day-scholars. Whilst providing for the girls, the younger boys were not forgotten, the old *Gazette* printing office being fitted up into a class-room for their benefit. Thus, with the opening of St. Vincent's Academy, a day-school for boys was also inaugurated.

The good Sisters had not been many days in their new quarters, when it fell to their lot to get a glimpse of western ways, the impression of which even a quarter of a century has not yet obliterated from their minds. In what they called "Dry Gulch," some three hundred yards from the new Academy and

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in full sight of the inmates, there arose a grim, solitary tree, with a stout limb that projected from the trunk almost horizontally ten to twelve feet above the ground. The tree was a peculiar growth in many ways, but particularly in that it brought forth, now and then, fruit of an uncommon kind. A casual glance at it one morning by one of the Sisters sent a shudder through her whole frame. The tree had borne fruit during the night, and a human being could be seen dangling from the ugly branch which we have just described. Between three and four months later the deadly plant had become still more prolific, for two human forms were now hanging from the same limb.

For those of our readers who may not be familiar with the early history of Last Chance or Helena, we may add here by way of explanation that the tree in question had been selected by the Committee of Safety or Vigilantes of the district as a handy and inexpensive instrument to deal out summary justice to evil-doers. It became historical as "Hangman's Tree," a goodly number of "undesirables" having been sent out of the country by the short road of the fatal branch. But were they in every case really guilty of the crimes for which, ostensibly, the wretched victims were made to suffer? And was the punishment meted out deserved in every instance by the misdeed for which it was inflicted? Perhaps so; still who knows but some such summary sentence will yet be revised and even reversed at the Judgment Seat of Him who "will judge our justices"!

That these remarks are not made at random can be seen from the account of one of such executions which is here appended and which the writer had, somehow, the chance of copying from official sources. The narrative speaks for itself. We reserve our comment.

The Grand Historian's address runs as follows:

Among those who were hung in the fatal tree in the adjacent gulch was one who came to us recommended from the Committee and Lodge in Virginia City as a friend and Brother. He passed, while here, under the name of Trosha, or more commonly, Frenchy. He had been examined in Virginia City Lodge, and was vouched for in our Lodge by several brethren who had met him there. For a time he made himself one of the most zealous and efficient ministers of justice; was employed by the Committee of Safety as special night

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policeman. In the Lodge he had acted as Tyler on several occasions; was always prompt, ready and willing to do any duty required of him. Some brethren from Oregon, who subsequently visited our Lodge, and had known him there some years before, made inquiries about him, and intimated doubts of his being a Mason. A special committee was at once appointed to examine him and ascertain his true claims to the character he was acting. Meanwhile, I forbade his admission to the Lodge, and brought upon myself his fierce displeasure. In several conversations with him, at various times and places, I detected him in contradictions, which he made awkward work in attempting to explain, till he seemed to realize that he had unwittingly betrayed his true character as an impostor. To make our convictions doubly sure, we suspended judgment till answers were received from Louisiana and other jurisdictions where he claimed to have been made or affiliated, and thorough search had been made through their records. The answers received left no room for doubt, and the judgment upon his Masonic claims and standing was unanimous. His loss of standing among the Masons led to his loss of standing in society and fuller investigation into his general character. He was discharged from his place on the police, and could find no employment anywhere. Regarding me as the author of his calamities, he was often heard indulging in threats of bloody vengeance against me. Of this, however, I knew nothing at the time, and only after the execution did they explain to me the singular circumstance that I had observed him about my cabin at a very unusual hour of the night, without any apparent cause or satisfactory reason. With a fatality that seemed to court destruction he still lingered in a community where he was an object of aversion and suspicion to every honest man and good citizen, and sank rapidly into debauchery and crime. It was not long before he was detected in a bold robbery of a very aggravating nature. The offence itself seems hardly to have merited the extreme punishment that he received, but the false part that he had played, . . . with much additional evidence as to his former life and connections, satisfied the judges that he had been and still was a member of a gang of road agents, acting the part of spy, and that there was no country to which he could safely be banished save to that one from which no traveler returns. The high reputation that Masonry bore in those earlier days, the protection that the same afforded, through the general conviction that a blow aimed at one of its members would be avenged by all, rendered it an object of the highest ambition to gain admission within its charmed circle. So far as I have ever known, this was the only instance where imposition ever attained even to partial suc-

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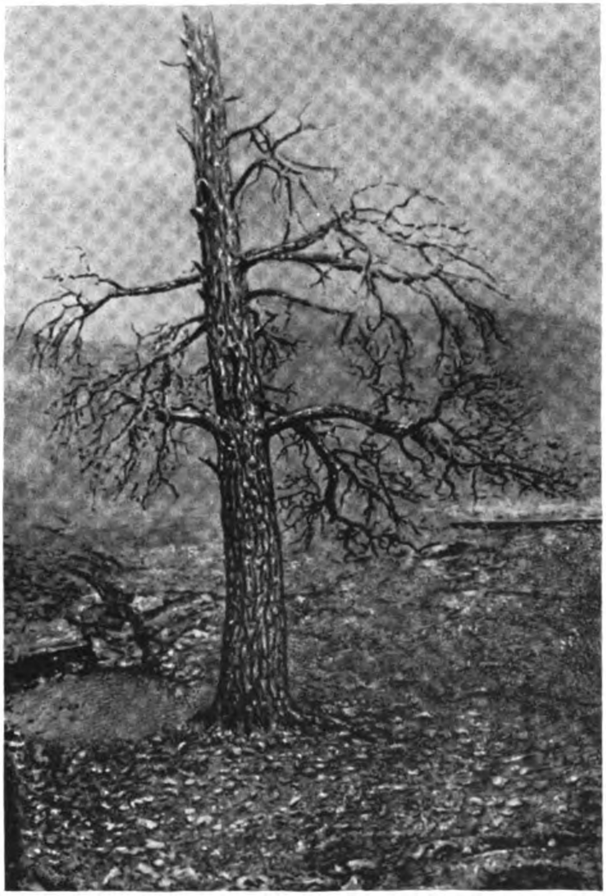

HANGMAN'S TREE, HELENA, MONTANA

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cess, and the final result in this case was not calculated to encourage a repetition.*

The pair seen dangling from Hangman's Tree were executed April 30, 1870, charged with holding up, robbing and almost murdering a few miles from town a rancher whose name was George Leanard. When made aware of his doom, one of the two asked for a priest; and a priest was sent for at once. But there was no priest to be had, as the two Fathers, L. Van Gorp and C. Imoda, happened to be both out of town on missionary duty at this very time. Father Imoda, however, had gone on a sick-call a short distance off, and might be home at any moment. On hearing this, the leaders who had the execution of the two wretches in their hands, were considerate enough to suspend further proceedings, and waited between two and three hours for the arrival of the priest. But as he was not forthcoming, they now resolved to delay no longer.

A large crowd had gathered and followed the wagon on which the two men were being carried to their death, when Father Imoda arrived, overtaking the mournful cortege one block west of Rodney, about half way to Hangman's Tree. A brief halt was made, that the one who wanted to see the priest might have a chance to do so. The Father tied his mount to the nearest fence and climbed onto the wagon with the poor fellows and, while riding with them to the fatal spot, gave the one who had asked for the priest conditional baptism and absolution as best he could under the circumstances, and stood by him till the last moment. This one's name was Peter Arthur L. Compton, as appears from Father Imoda's record before us.

We need not mention the name of the other, it being unnecessary. But how did he make ready to meet his God? We find nothing stated of him in this regard. Hence it may be surmised that, for some cause or other, he felt no need of any priestly service. Was it to verify the dreadful words of our Divine Saviour: *"There shall be two men in one bed"*—the bed here was that of a wagon—*"the one shall be taken, and the other*

* *The Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Montana: Eighth Communication.* A. D. 1872; A. L. 5872. Pages 101-102 Helena: The Rocky Mountain Publishing Co., 1873.

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*shall be left"?** No man can tell, as God's means and ways of saving men are as infinite as His Mercy, indeed. Still, as there are specified ways and means of salvation of His own appointing, how can any one expect to be saved through different ones and, as it were, by an altogether special dispensation?

The new school had a fair attendance from the start, the sons and daughters of some of the leading non-Catholic families being among its pupils. The accommodations were soon found inadequate and within a couple of years they had to be enlarged to nearly twice their original capacity.

Of the five pioneer Sisters who came to Helena in 1869, Sister Bertha is the only one still on duty among us. Sister Regina passed to the Lord at the Mother House in Leavenworth May 5, 1875, at the youthful age of twenty-six, shortly after being recalled from Montana where her health—never very robust—became seriously impaired. The rest are pursuing the duties of their calling in one or the other of the branch houses of the Order elsewhere.

Just as appetite comes sometimes with eating, even so the starting of a Sisters' School in Helena seemed to excite and whet our people's desire for a Sisters' Hospital. And with good reason, after all, for while the number of children was comparatively small in the new community, the number of miners falling sick or becoming disabled by accident and in need of care and skillful nursing was considerable. Hence steps were soon taken for the founding of a hospital.

The buildings were erected in the summer of 1870, ground for that purpose having been secured by Father Van Gorp sometime before. The location, a most desirable one in every respect, lay west of the Academy and beyond the little church. In the meanwhile another colony of Sisters arrived from Leavenworth and a couple of them soon after set out to solicit assistance for the work, the people everywhere responding liberally to their appeal.

By the end of October the new Hospital, a neat frame structure of moderate dimensions, was completed and ready for the reception of patients. Under the name and patronage of St.

* Luke xvii: 34.

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John the Baptist, it first opened its doors November 1, 1870. The members of the Community in charge of the new institution were Sisters Julia, Modesta and Mary Teresa. Sister Julia, as we have seen, was at the head of St. Vincent's Academy, and by passing now to the management of St. John's Hospital, had the privilege of being the first Sister Servant or Superior of the first two Houses of the Sisters of Leavenworth in Montana.

The Sisters spoken of in this chapter as the founders of the First Sisters' School and First Sisters' Hospital for the whites in Montana, belonged to an independent branch of Sisters of Charity. Because of the zealous and efficient work of its members, the new Community has become closely connected with our subject as a conspicuous factor of the progress of Catholicity in Montana, and it is but right that we should give a brief sketch of its origin. Hence the following outline, whose every particular has been kindly furnished to the writer by the Rev. Mother Xavier herself, one of the Founders of the Sisterhood:

In 1812 the Rev. Father David, one of the pioneer priest of Kentucky, conceived the idea of founding a Community for the purpose of supplying female teachers for the Diocese, under the auspices of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget. The zealous Father soon commenced the good work by congregating together a few pious girls of the surrounding country, who had long wished to devote themselves to God in the religious state.

With his Bishop's approval, Father David formed his young Sisterhood according to the Rule and Constitution of St. Vincent de Paul for the Daughters of Charity of France, not varying in the least from either, with the exception of a few additional clauses, which the difference of this country from that of France made necessary.

The Sisters commenced their labors near St. Thomas' Seminary, Bardstown, Kentucky, but in a short time removed to their new Convent, Nazareth, two and one-half miles from Bardstown, which was then the Episcopal See.

In a few years Nazareth became the Mother House of a large Community, and as early as 1820 it had established branches in Scott County, Louisville, Yellowbanks, Elizabethtown and Bardstown. In 1840 a colony of Sisters was sent to Nashville, Tenn., the first establishment outside of Kentucky.

In August, 1819, Father David had been consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Bardstown, but this did not prevent him from continuing

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the care and instruction of the Sisters of Nazareth, over whom he presided more than twenty years as the Episcopal Superior. As time advanced, the colony of Sisters of Nashville had increased to more than twice their former number. In 1852 six of these Sisters having determined to transfer their allegiance to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Miles of Nashville, the other members were called to Nazareth, the Mother House in Kentucky. From these circumstances originated the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, the first six having made their novitiate and profession at Nazareth, under the guidance of the Rt. Rev. Bishop David, their founder.

In a few years the colony of seceders found that they had made a mistake in locating in Tennessee, as they saw no possibility of extending the works of charity contemplated in the Rules of St. Vincent beyond that State. This matter was often discussed among themselves, and finally resulted in a general wish to remove to the Northwest Territory, where an extensive field for the exercise of their duties presented itself.

About this time a Metropolitan Council was convened at St. Louis, Missouri, and Sister Xavier Ross, who was at the head of the Nashville colony, availed herself of this occasion to see one or more of the suffragan Bishops of that See with a view to secure a home for the Community. Upon her arrival in St. Louis she sought an interview with Father P. J. De Smet, with whom she had a reading acquaintance, and laid the whole case before him, confidently asking his advice. The Father informed her that Bishop Miege, of Leavenworth, would attend the Council, stating at the same time that one of the Bishop's intentions, as he had learned from the Bishop himself, was to procure a colony of Sisters to teach in Leavenworth, and therefore he advised her to see his Lordship and confer freely with him on her affairs.

Being called upon by Sister Xavier, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who had already been notified of her object by Father De Smet, informed her that he would receive the whole Community most willingly. By the end of February, 1860, the former Sisters of Charity of Nashville had passed under the jurisdiction of Bishop Miege, and from their new home became known as the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Of the six members who had been authorized by their Ecclesiastical Superiors to transfer their allegiance to Bishop Miles of Nashville, two died before the colony removed to Kansas, while a third one returned to the Nazareth Convent. Thus, the three others, namely, Sisters Joanna, Vincent and Xavier Ross may properly be called the founders of the Leavenworth Sisterhood.

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Mother Josepha

Sister Julia

TWO SISTERS OF CHARITY OF LEAVENWORTH DISTINGUISHED IN MONTANA HISTORY

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The three last mentioned are still living and not unknown in Montana, having passed some years in Helena. Of the younger members of the Nashville colony, that is, of those who had joined the original band of six, previous to their moving to Kansas, several also survive and live in Montana. They are Sister Josephine, in charge of St. John's Hospital; Sister Placidia, who presides over the Orphan Department, and Sister Ann, on duty at St. Vincent's Academy.

The new Sisterhood increased rapidly in numbers and from the Mother House of Leavenworth soon spread to other parts of Kansas. Later on they opened branch Houses in Missouri, Colorado, Montana and Wyoming. From the State of Missouri, however, they subsequently withdrew to exercise their calling further west, where a newer and larger field was open for their labors. They had established only four Houses in Kansas, when they were called upon to branch out into Montana.

The Sisters of Leavenworth have today a membership of three hundred, and conduct thirty establishments, eight of them being in our State.

With this brief account of the Sisterhood that was destined to do so much good in the cause of Catholicity in this part of the Northwest, we return to our narrative, and crossing over the Range, take up the local history of the Deer Lodge Mission and its dependencies.

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Chapter IX.

MISSION OF DEER LODGE. ORIGIN OF THE NAME. THE REV. REMIGIUS DE RYCKERE.

THE name "Deer Lodge," by which town, river and valley, as well as the county, are known at present, has come down to us from the Indians. The Warm Springs mound, a picturesque freak of nature in the center of the upper part of the valley, looked at from a distance before any buildings obstructed its view, had all the appearance of an Indian tepee, and the hot spring vapors ascending from it, easily seen during cold weather for miles around, made the resemblance still greater. The genial temperature produced by the heat of the springs clothed the environ, even in the coldest months of winter, with almost perennial verdure. The spot, in consequence, was the favorite feeding ground of the white-tailed deer, drawn thither from the mountains and valley. Hence the name, "the dwelling, the home of the deer or Deer Lodge," given to the locality by the Indians, who in naming places, things and persons, never fail to express the poetry of nature, of which they seem to possess the keenest sense-perception.

Several other names were given to the locality by the whites, who called it at one time "Spanish Fork," from the fact that some of the first settlers in that vicinity were Mexicans. It likewise became known for a while as "Cottonwood," owing to its being situated in a grove of cottonwood trees. It went also for a time as "La Barge City," after Captain Jo. La Barge, a popular steamboat man of St. Louis. All this is made evident by the earlier maps of Idaho and Montana in which the place appears, now under one, now under another of these different names. However, according to "the survival of the fittest theory," it must be admitted that the original Indian name "Deer Lodge" was the fittest, since it survived all the others.

The traveler going west, on reaching the top of what bears the uncanny name of *Dog Creek* Divide, is treated to one of the

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most glorious views, which fills him with wonder and delight by its surpassing beauty and impressiveness. The valley lies there smiling before him, the little town nestling in its cottonwood groves by the bank of the river. The Deer Lodge River cuts the valley in a northwesterly direction and its meandering course is made the more conspicuous by the fringe of vegetation along its banks. Yonder, to the left, are the Hot Springs, while directly in front rise the bench lands which stretch back and up to pine forests on the mountain side. And now, above the broad wooded belt, bare, bold cliffs lift up their heads, with Mount Powell, some 13,000 feet high, towering among them, as a giant among pigmies: while a little to the right the eye is charmed by the snow-covered crests of the Gold Creek Range. "The general appearance of these crests," says Bishop O'Connor, "is that of a sea after a violent storm; but no waves of ocean could more than miniature these mighty upheavals of the earth's crust," The whole vista is truly one of enchantment, and the spot whence it is had, might, far more properly, be called "Grand View Summit," than the trivial, insignificant name it has been given.

The Rt. Rev. prelate just mentioned stood on that summit in the summer of 1877, and appeared deeply impressed with the grandeur of the landscape and the whole panorama before him. We now journey by rail, in all ease and comfort whilst palace cars whisk us rapidly across the country, but our modern convenience is, beyond doubt, at the expense of many a sight of inspiring mountain scenery that lightened the discomforts of the horseback rider or stage traveler of early days.

The first missionary work in Deer Lodge and vicinity was done by one of the Jesuit Fathers, namely, by Father Giorda, who, on his travels to and from the Indian Missions east and west of the Range, visited these settlements previous to 1866.

He was at Cottonwood, as the whites then called the place, in March, 1863, and some baptisms performed by him on this occasion, are recorded at St. Ignatius Mission. He returned shortly before the 19th of March of the following year, 1864, and said Mass in the house of Mr. John Grant, or plain Johnnie Grant, as he was familiarly known. In the baptismal records kept at St. Peter's Mission we find eighteen baptisms admin-

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istered by Father Giorda at Deer Lodge March 19, 1864, and in the number are seven children of Mr. Grant's own family. The place was visited again by Father Giorda in December of the same year, and also in May of the year following, and on both occasions he baptized several children *in viciniis of Deer Lodge, in oppido Deer Lodge,* at Hot Springs and Silver Bow, as appears from the same records.

A number of rich placer diggings were discovered at this time in Deer Lodge County, and these discoveries brought thither a crowd of miners, many of whom were Catholics. The presence of a resident priest in this part of Montana became, therefore, indispensable. Father Giorda laid the matter before the Ordinary, the Rt. Rev. A. M. Blanchet. Heeding his representations the Rt. Rev. Bishop assigned to this new field Rev. Remigius De Ryckere, who reached Deer Lodge in July, 1866. From this Father's arrival dates the beginning of the Deer Lodge Mission.

The Rev. R. De Ryckere is still at his post, and has the honor of being the Dean of the secular clergy in Montana. He is a native of Emelghen, a little town in West Flanders, Belgium, where he was born August 6, 1837. He made his theological studies at the American College in Louvain—that famed nursery of Levites which has given so many zealous and efficient missionary priests and such a galaxy of eminent prelates to the Church in the United States—and was raised to the priesthood by His Eminence Cardinal Sterx, at Mechlin, May 21, 1864. He left Europe in 1865, to join the Diocese of Nesqually, for which he had been ordained, and toward the end of September landed at Vancouver, Washington, whence in the summer of the following year he was assigned to start the Deer Lodge Mission in Western Montana.

Father De Ryckere arrived at Deer Lodge early in July and held his first Sunday services in the house of John Grant, the present residence of Conrad Kohrs. In October he commenced the erection of a chapel on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, and the hewn log structure was ready for use by the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Father De Ryckere dedicated it under this title on the same day, and it was the first church building erected in Deer Lodge County.

From Deer Lodge, where he made his residence, this zealous

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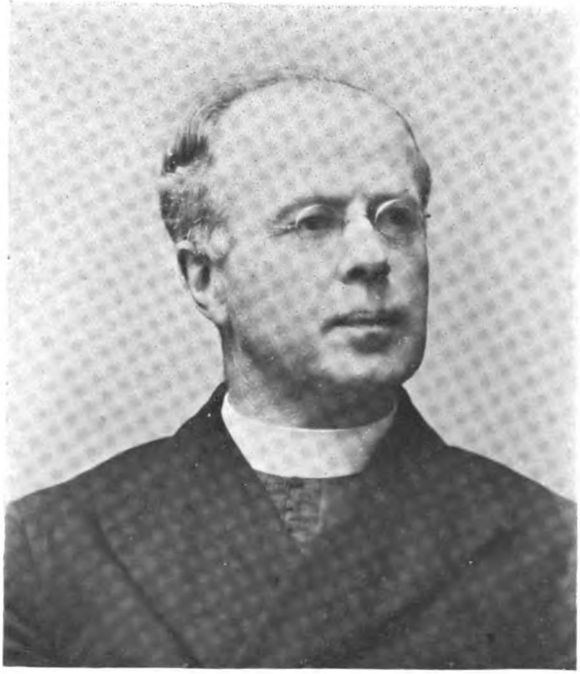
THE REV. REMIGIUS DE RYCKERE



THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR PETER DESIERE

WELL-KNOWN AND LOVED MONTANA PIONEER PRIESTS WHO HAVE PASSED TO THEIR REWARD

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missionary priest now began to visit at stated times all the mining camps within his Mission district. Gold Creek, Pioneer, Pike's Peak, Blackfoot, Bear Gulch, Bear Mouth, McClellan Gulch, German Gulch, Cable, Anderson, Butte, Silver Bow and Philipsburg were regularly visited by the pastor of Deer Lodge. To these mining camps were subsequently added farming communities, New Chicago, Flint Creek and Nevada Creek, and other places sprung up within his Mission's limits since the beginning of the railroad period, namely, Elliston, Garrison, Avon, Drummond, etc.

The difficulties and hardships of Father De Ryckere's early missionary life, far from being easy to recount, can hardly be imagined, except by the few knowing ones whose own personal experience enables them to visualize them. Horseback rides of 40, 60, 90 and more miles over dangerous and at times almost impassable trails, in the dead of winter and through deep snows, or under the scorching rays of the sun in summer, were weekly occurrences in the discharge of his missionary duties. Accidents to life in the mining camps were frequent, and no less frequent were broils and shooting scrapes, and the good Samaritan had to be in the saddle whole days, and even nights, to reach the patients in time for the last comforts of religion.

Though these sick-calls were usually very urgent, it also occurred once in a while that the case was one of those where *fama crescit eundo,* and that the person reported in need of the priest's assistance and dying, was but slightly indisposed and just a little under the weather. Father De Ryckere himself in the winter of 1866 happened to be the innocent occasion of a sick-call of this very kind. Somebody reported him to be seriously ill, to Father Kuppens at Helena, who at once jumped on his horse and through a blinding snowstorm rode on to Deer Lodge. Perhaps no one ever felt at one and the same time stronger emotions of both chagrin and delight than did Father Kuppens on this occasion. His reverend patient was not so ill after all, he was merely suffering from a sore finger, which he had slightly hurt while splitting kindling.

Father De Ryckere's persevering activity enabled him to replace before long the log church by a neat stone structure, erected on a central spot some 400 yards northeast of the first

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location. The new church was opened and blessed on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1875, Father F. J. Kelleher, of Virginia City, being present and conducting the services.

The edifice cost over $7,000, the funds being realized, partly from the sale of the old site, and partly from contributions. Owing, however, to the falling off of the placer diggings in the district, it took Father De Ryckere nearly fourteen years to clear the church of all indebtedness. The pastor's quarters for a long while were back of the church and consisted of a comfortable study room and two small closet-like places, one a bedroom and the other destined as a guest room sacristy. But, recently, a neat and commodious brick residence has been erected for their pastor by the Catholics of the Mission.

Father De Ryckere will ever be entitled to the gratitude of the Deer Lodge people for the establishment in their midst of two flourishing institutions, St. Joseph's Hospital and St. Mary's Academy, both conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas.

The beginning of St. Joseph's Hospital dates from October 9, 1873, and was first opened in a log house, which stood on the corner of Third and D Streets and which had been the first Court House of Deer Lodge. There the Sisters exercised the duties of their calling for several months, while suitable buildings were being constructed. The ground for these had been secured by Father De Ryckere on the little plateau in the northeast part of the town, a most desirable location. In February, 1874, the Sisters left their temporary quarters, the log house on Third and D Streets, and moved into their new Hospital, a roomy and comfortable frame structure. The premises had to be enlarged and improved time and again since. The original frame is now replaced by a substantial brick building, the work of good Sister Ann Joseph, who has ably conducted the institution for several years.

The foundations of what became some years after St. Mary's Academy were laid by Father De Ryckere in 1878, and work on the building continued at intervals for about three years. After completion, the building remained unoccupied for more than a year for want of teachers. It was not till September 4, 1882, that the doors of St. Mary's Academy were opened to receive

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pupils, and from that date its progress has kept pace with that of the surrounding country. The well deserved patronage the Academy met from the start soon rendered more commodious accommodations indispensable, and the original premises have been expanded to more than twice their former capacity.

Attractive and quiet environs, together with superior appointments for the health, comfort and progress of the pupils render St. Mary's Academy a very desirable institution for the education of young ladies. The writer has had occasional opportunities of seeing the good work done by the Sisters in charge, and can confidently say that their efforts deserve the highest commendation.

In January, 1876, Father De Ryckere had been given an assistant in the person of Rev. A. Z. Poulin, who came to Deer Lodge from Idaho where he had been on missionary duty for a number of years. Poor health, however, did not allow Father Poulin to remain long on this field. Some eighteen months after his arrival he fell a victim to inflammatory rheumatism and returned to his native Diocese of Montreal, Canada.

Our attention thus far has been mostly engaged by what Father De Ryckere has done for the town of Deer Lodge. By the condition of things, the Deer Lodge Mission had the honor and privilege of becoming the mother-Mission, wherefrom, as from a parent stock, sprang several offshoots or dependencies. To complete this part of our subject, we shall devote to them the next two chapters.

But we cannot forbear mentioning first a little incident which well illustrates the practical foresight, as well as the quiet yet effective zeal of Father De Ryckere to keep his flock from falling a prey to ravenous wolves.

In the summer of 1884, or thereabout, John Maguire, who had been providing Montana people for several years with shows and theatrical troups, made arrangements to have Robert Ingersoll speak in several places in the state. It was simply a money-making affair on the part of both the blasphemous lecturer and the impressario, the latter giving no thought whatever—which was beyond doubt very blameworthy on his part—to his abetting thus the ranting infidel in spreading error and heresy among the people. Father De Ryckere heard that Deer Lodge was one of

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the places where the agnostic would deliver a lecture, and quietly set to work to thwart the plan. Ordering a number of Father Lambert's *Notes on Ingersoll,* he distributed them among Catholics as well as non-Catholics, placing a copy in every family.

Some two months after, when the man appeared with the tickets for the lecture, and to make the final arrangements for the appearance of Ingersoll, he could sell no tickets, and notified his master to give a wide berth to Deer Lodge, as no one there cared to hear him. Father De Ryckere had not as much as whispered a word to any one about his aim and object in the matter; and for that very reason probably his little stratagem proved all the more successful. There was no lecture by Robert Ingersoll in Deer Lodge.

But let us pass on to the dependencies.

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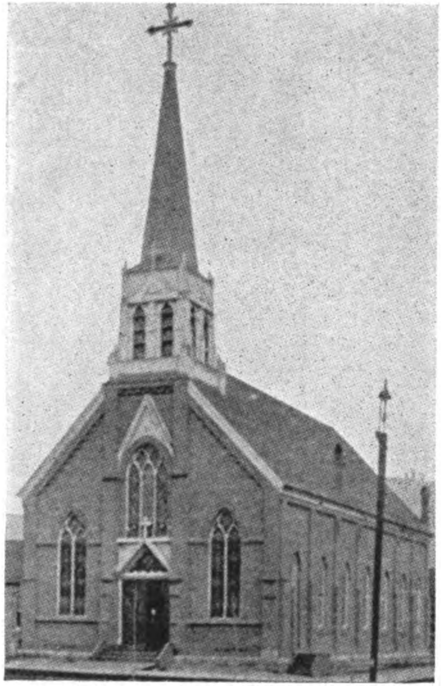
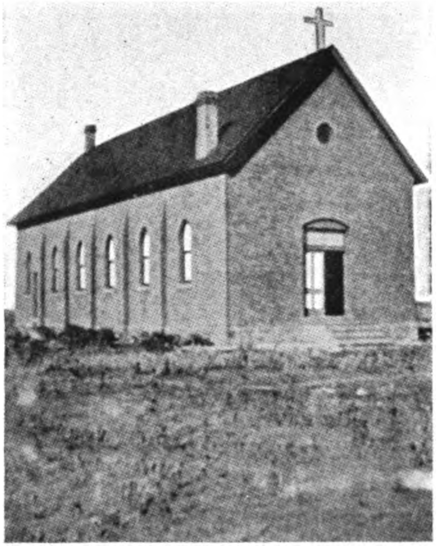


St. Paul's Church, Anaconda



St. Joachim's Church, Billings

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Chapter X.

BUTTE. HELMSVILLE, PHILIPSBURG, GRANITE, ANACONDA, STONE STATION.

BUTTE CITY, one of the first dependencies of the Deer Lodge Mission, was visited by Father De Ryckere upon his arrival in 1866. A goodly number of miners were engaged in placer diggings which had been discovered in the fall of 1864. This kind of mining, however, did not last long. It began to die out in 1868-69, and by 1874 placer mining in Butte had dwindled into insignificance.

One year after, 1875, the discovery was made that Butte's dark rocks and grey ledges contained far more treasure in silver and copper than the gold that had been found in its gravels, and from that date the place loomed up as Silver Butte or the "Copper City" and became in time the largest mining camp in the world.

There being no longer any doubt as to its future Father De Ryckere built a church there in 1877-78. It was a frame structure, which some time later was lined with brick. Services were held from the time of its completion, but its formal blessing took place August 1, 1879, when Archbishop Charles J. Seghers was making the first episcopal visitation of Western Montana, to which we refer more in detail elsewhere. The Archbishop dedicated the church under the title of St. Patrick. Butte was attended from Deer Lodge to about March, 1881. At this date, the "Copper City" became part of the new County of Silver Bow, as well as a separate Mission. Hence we shall speak of it also separately and more in detail a little further on.

Some time later a church was also built by Father De Ryckere at Helmsville, in Nevada Creek Valley, where there is a fair number of excellent Catholics. The structure is also frame, and cost about $3,000. It was blessed July 7, 1889, by the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, who named it after the Apostle St. Thomas. The fact that this was the Christian name of Mr. Coleman, one of

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the leading Catholics and first settlers of the place, most likely suggested the title.

Philipsburg comes next as a dependency of the Deer Lodge Mission, and a chapel or church was erected there in 1890-91 with the name of St. Philip. Adjacent to Philipsburg lies Granite, another mining town, where a church is being completed at the time of our writing. It is a frame structure with Rectory attached. Its dimensions are 39 feet by 68, and is to be named after St. Andrew.

Since the latter part of October, 1891, a resident priest has been assigned to this field, and with this new provision the Philipsburg district ceases to be a dependency of the church of Deer Lodge whence it was attended for several years.

The one to whom this portion of the Lord's vineyard has been recently confided is the Rev. A. H. Lambaere, a young and talented missionary priest, hailing from Vlamerthinge, West Flanders, Belgium, where he was born December 11, 1865. He was ordained to the priesthood in the American College at Louvain, December 27, 1888, and not quite a year after came to Montana. He was at first one of the assistant priests at the Cathedral and visited during that time as a missionary, Great Falls, where he built a church, and also Boulder Valley. In January, 1891, he went to Bozeman, whence he also attended Three Forks, the Boulder and Missouri valleys as well as other stations, till his appointment to the Philipsburg and Granite Mission. Father Lambaere's pastoral care extends not only over the faithful of the twin mining towns and vicinity, who number close to one thousand, but also over those who are scattered through Beaverhead and Madison, since both these counties are now attached to his missionary district.

Another flourishing Mission and one that in the short period of its existence has outgrown the older settlements of Deer Lodge County, is Anaconda. Large smelting works have been established here by the Anaconda Company, a concern that gives employment to thousands of men. Many of these laborers being Catholics, the place was regularly visited from Deer Lodge until the expansion of the works and the number of our people being employed therein rendered indispensable the permanent residence of a priest. The Rev. Peter Desiere, who had visited Anaconda

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from Deer Lodge, where he had been residing with Father De Ryckere for a year or so, was appointed to the spiritual charge of the faithful in the smelter city.

The Rev. P. Desiere is a veteran of learning, tact and much experience, counting now twenty-five years' efficient service in the ministry. He was born at Houthen, in Flanders, Belgium, April 7, 1843. After six years of Latin at Furnes, he entered the higher courses at Bruges, and received the priesthood December 21, 1867. He had been twelve years a professor at Dixmude, and four years Curate at Roulers when he was promoted to the pastorship of Westende. This, however, he surrendered four years after, to become a missionary priest in America, leave being granted him, not without regret, by his ecclesiastical Superiors. His proffered services were gladly accepted by the Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, the Bishop of Helena, and coming to Montana in April, 1887, he was first assigned to Deer Lodge as assistant to Father De Ryckere. Father Desiere did missionary duty for a few months at Butte, and in September, 1888, was appointed to Anaconda and became the first resident pastor of that new Catholic community.

The neat brick church erected at the cost of some $12,000, and blessed November 25, 1888, under the title of St. Paul, a comfortable pastoral residence, built shortly after, St. Ann's Hospital, quite recently opened under the management of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth; and, above all, a well organized and edifying congregation, are substantial evidence of Father Desiere's zeal and efficient work at Anaconda. Nor should we omit to mention that visiting the Insane Asylum and Penitentiary, two State institutions located in this part of Deer Lodge County, has also been one of his cares.

At the close of 1891 there were in Anaconda 2,650 Catholics, with the following number of baptisms and marriages for the last three years:

	Baptisms.	Marriages.
1889	82	28
1890	101	32
1891	108	33

The last church to be mentioned in this connection is the one just completed by Father De Ryckere in the Flint Creek Valley,

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at the mouth of Douglass Creek. It is a frame building, erected at the cost of nearly $3,000, and will be a great boon for the Catholics who are either mining or farming in that section. It is a dependency of the mother church of Deer Lodge whence it is to be attended.

The number of baptisms and marriages for the last three years in the now reduced district of the Mission of Deer Lodge—that is to say, exclusive of Butte and Anaconda—has been as follows:

	Baptisms.	Marriages.
1889	61	11
1890	68	8
1891	80	14

The Catholics in the same district numbered in 1891 a little over 2,000. By adding these and the faithful of Anaconda together, it will be seen that out of a total population of 15,155, as given to this county by the census of 1890, nearly 5,000, that is, about one-fourth of the whole number are Catholics.

To complete this part of our subject, it remains to speak more in full of the portion of the Deer Lodge Mission which has become Silver Bow County.

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CHAPTER XI.

BUTTE. ST. PATRICK'S MISSION. ST. ROSE'S, DILLON.

SILVER BOW County, of which Butte City with its surroundings is the principal part, was detached from the County of Deer Lodge in 1881. The name "Silver Bow" originated from the happy concurrence of several elements.

A few miles southwest of Butte a beautiful stream bent its course gracefully into the shape of an Indian bow. The *silver* of the name was derived from a double cause. One cloudy day in January, 1864, four miners who had reached a point near the creek, a short distance from Butte, were discussing what name should be given to the place. Just at this very moment the sun peeped through an opening in the clouds and glanced upon the waters of the little stream as they embraced in their graceful curve the spot below. That bow-shaped surface, lit up by the sun's smile, shone forth with a dazzling, silver-like brilliancy, and the four men had but to pronounce the name of nature's own coining. Thus, both the creek and new mining camp were called Silver Bow, whence also the name of the county.

As to the name "Butte," it was taken from the mound or butte north of the original town, and was first given to it in the fall of 1864, when, upon the discovery of rich placer diggings in the vicinity, the first mining district was organized.

Father J. Giorda visited Silver Bow May 15, 1865. The record in his own hand of some baptisms which he performed under that date *in oppido Silver Bow,* leaves no room to doubt of his having been there at this time. Father F. X. Kuppens in his manuscript notes before us, claims to have been the first priest who visited Butte. As he went thither on a hurried sick-call in the summer of the same year, 1865, it may be inferred from this that Father Giorda did not visit Butte when passing through Silver Bow that year.

With the summer of 1866, both Butte and Silver Bow began to be attended from Deer Lodge up to March, 1881, when, as

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will now appear, they were confined to the spiritual care of a resident priest, the Rev. Jas. J. Dols, who arrived on this field March 8, 1881.

The new Butte pastor was an athlete no less in moral than physical strength, and great indeed must be the obstacle which he could not brush aside or surmount in the discharge of his missionary calling. The Rev. J. J. Dols was born at Sittard, Holland, March 6, 1848. He studied Latin, partly in his native city and partly at Veert, then philosophy at St. Nicholas, Belgium, lastly divinity at both the American College and the University in Louvain. He received priestly orders in 1874 at Bruxelles at the hands of the Papal Nuncio, and in the same year he came to America as a missionary priest attached to the Archdiocese of Oregon. After spending a few weeks in Portland, Oregon, he was stationed for three years at McMinville, Yamhill County, where he built the first church. He then labored four years at Gervais, whence he came to Montana in the spring of 1881.

Butte offered a splendid field to the ability and energy of this valiant priest. One of his first cares was to secure living quarters. He bought a modest, comfortable residence, at a cost of $3,000, which was ready for occupancy before the close of the year.

In a mining community like Butte, where accidents to limb and life were without number and almost of hourly occurrence, the need of a Sisters' Hospital was sorely felt. Steps were soon taken by Father Dols to supply this great want; he obtained a colony of Sisters of Charity from the Mother-House at Leavenworth, Kansas. The Hospital was named after St. James. The Institution received its first patient on the opening day, November 15, 1881. Its capacity was soon taxed to its utmost, and by 1890 the premises were expanded to twice their first dimensions.

By 1882-83 the number of Catholics in Butte had so increased, that the former church accommodations became utterly inadequate. Hence, in May, 1883, Father Dols, assisted by Father De Ryckere and Father F. Kelleher, laid the corner-stone of a new church edifice. It was ready for use by the end of the year, though its formal dedication did not take place till September 17, 1884. The new St. Patrick's is a neat brick structure on a stone

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foundation and with cut granite facings. Its cost was in the neighborhood of $18,000.

The field having become too large for one priest, the Ordinary sought to give Father Dols some help. But, unfortunately, the assistants failed to assist and had soon to be dispensed with, their absence being preferable and more serviceable than their presence. Nor was this the only unpleasant experience of the Butte church at this time. A small community opened there a school, but under auspices that were not favorable; their mission, in consequence, proved an utter failure.

Considerable dissatisfaction with Father Dols arose among some of the Butte congregation about this date. At first, the discontent could scarcely be accounted for. Before long, however, unlooked for events revealed the cause, malevolence and evil tongues were shown to be at the bottom of it all.

That on one occasion by publicly disapproving the Holy See, for condemning the Plan of Campaign and "boycotting"; and again, later on, by upholding in opposition to the Ordinary, a clerical tramp, some few of the Butte Catholics have not shown the filial respect and docile submission due to ecclesiastical authority by loyal children of the Church, is a matter of history and much to be regretted. The blame, however, should be made to rest where it properly belongs, that is to say, with the insignificant few, and not be laid at the door of all the members of that excellent and edifying Catholic community.

In December, 1885, the Rev. L. S. Tremblay, from Frenchtown, went to Butte and filled for about a year the place of Father Dols, who was permitted to take a much needed rest in a protracted visit to his native country. Hard work, no less than the noxious mineral fumes of that smoky city, impaired Father Tremblay's health, however, and he was called to Helena for a change. He thence returned to his former Mission of Frenchtown, while the Rev. H. J. van de Ven was now given charge of the Butte congregation.

The Rev. H. J. van de Ven is a Hollander, born at Hertogenbosch, October 3, 1856. He studied Latin in the diocesan Seminary, St. Michael's Seminary, at Haaren, and was raised to the priesthood in the Cathedral of his native place, June 11, 1881, by the Rt. Rev. A. Godschalk. In November of that same year he

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was apointed Curate at Allen, whence in October, 1883, he was transferred to St. Odenrode. He remained there up to May 1, 1886, when he entered the American College at Louvain. Here he devoted himself for several months to the study of English and then sailed for America, arriving at Helena, Montana, September 7, 1886, whence, shortly before Christmas, he was appointed to St. Patrick's, Butte, a charge he held and creditably filled for years.

About the middle of September, 1888, he was given an assistant in the Rev. Victor van den Broeck, who remained on the Butte Mission about three years. Father van den Broeck is a native of Halle, Belgium, where he was born October 16, 1863. He studied Latin and philosophy at Mechlin, after which he entered the American College at Louvain, where he made his theological course and where, June 24, 1887, he received his ordination to the priesthood. Upon his arrival in Montana, in the early part of September of the same year, he became one of the assistant clergy at the Helena Cathedral, and attended Great Falls, White Sulphur Springs, Three Forks, the Gallatin and Jefferson valleys, as well as other outlying stations. While here in Butte he visited for a time the Catholic settlements in Beaverhead and Madison Counties, Laurin, Virginia, Dillon and other places. We shall meet again with this young and zealous missionary priest at Miles City, where, early in September, 1891, he succeeded Father Cyril Pauwelyn who had been transferred to the Butte Mission.

A diminutive personality, but possessed withal of considerable activity, has won for Father Pauwelyn the complimentary sobriquet of "Ecclesiastical Beaver." He was born at Poelcapelle, West Flanders, Belgium, April 26, 1863. After his humanities made at Ypres, he studied philosophy at Roulers, and then theology, partly in the Seminary of Bruges, and partly in the American College at Louvain. He left Europe for the United States in company with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Junger, who was then returning from Rome, and arrived in Helena the latter part of September, 1885.

Father Pauwelyn was still a Deacon at the time. He received his priestly orders at Helena from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel on the 29th of the following November, and he has, thus, the

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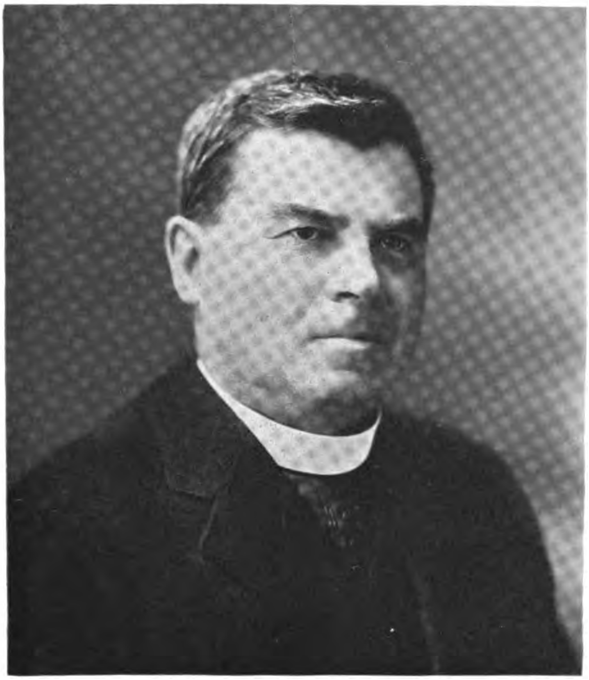
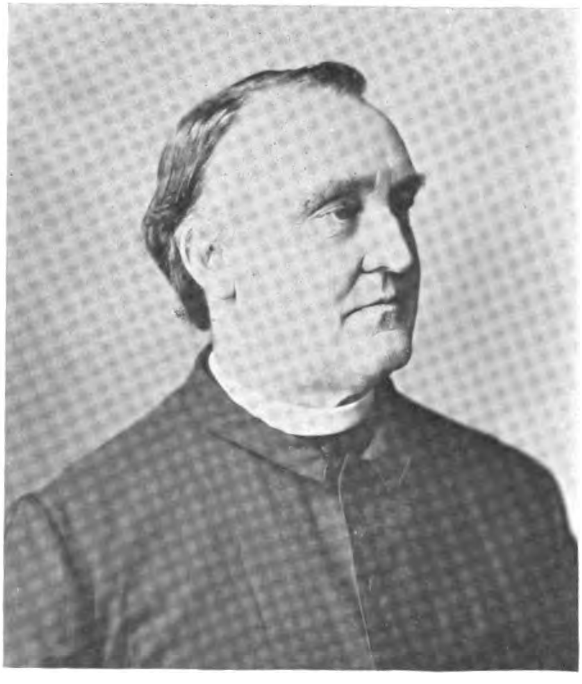


THE REV. CYRIL PAUWELYN
FIRST SECULAR PRIEST ORDAINED IN MONTANA



THE REV. JOHN J. VENNEMAN
A ZEALOUS NORTHWEST MISSIONARY

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privilege of being the first priest of the Helena Diocese to be ordained in the Cathedral of the Sacred Hearts and in Montana.*

Soon after his ordination, Father Pauwelyn entered upon the duties of active missionary life, and attended for about two years all the principal settlements along the Northern Pacific Railroad to the east of Helena as far as the Dakota boundary, and also some of the outlying settlements and camps in this vicinity. In October, 1887, he was assigned to Miles City, where he remained up to September, 1891, when he was transferred to Butte.

Keeping pace with the growth of this phenomenal mining city, substantial improvements were made at this period both in the pastoral residence and in the Sisters' Hospital at a considerable outlay of money. While the priests' house was remodeled and rendered more comfortable and complete in its appointments, the Sisters enlarged St. James' Hospital to more than twice its former capacity, making it an up-to-date institution in every respect.

But what reflects most credit on Father van de Ven is St. Patrick's Parochial School, a priceless boon for the Catholic youth of Butte. It is a large imposing pile and truly fills a crying want, as may be inferred from the large attendance of pupils, who number at this writing about four hundred.

It is rarely, however, that any substantial good can be accomplished without some difficulty and trouble, and the building of St. Patrick's Parochial School proved no exception.

Its erection had been authorized and encouraged by the Ordinary, but its proportions were to be on a much smaller scale, owing to his dread lest any of the churches under his care should run into debt. On the other hand, both the local pastor and the leading Catholics of the place realized the need of larger school accommodations than were sanctioned by the Bishop, and, besides, the members of the Butte Congregation seemed willing and ready to bear all the cost.

Upon these representations, the Bishop relaxed his former

*** Another ordination to the priesthood, the first ever held in our State, had taken place in the same Cathedral a couple of months before. It was that of Stephen De Rougé, S. J., to whom therefore belongs the honor of being the first priest ordained in the Helena Cathedral and in Montana.**

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restrictions and left the matter to a great extent in the hands of the Pastor and the Building Committee. Structure and furnishings cost in the neighborhood of $75,000, about half of which amount was met by subscriptions, donations, fairs and like resources. There remained on the school an indebtedness of some $40,000, no light burden, for sure, but yet bearable under actual conditions. For, considering the good prospects of the mines, the number of Catholics, as well as their prosperity, the debt could be discharged within a very reasonable time.

But, somehow, the Bishop appeared to be left, at least partly, in the dark about the total cost of the school and furnishings, and felt decidedly displeased when the amount due on the institution came to his knowledge. The same may be said of a large portion of the Butte Congregation, who freely expressed their surprise and dissatisfaction over the matter. Statements had been made to them seemingly at variance with the facts, or if the statements were correct, they could hardly have been more misunderstood.

Be this as it may, the financial state of the school became generally known just when the Pastor had gone on a leave of absence to visit his people in the old country, and Father P. Desire, of St. Paul's Church, Anaconda, had been designated as his successor at St. Patrick's.

On becoming aware of the heavy debt hanging over the school, Father Desire felt perplexed, and hesitated considerably about accepting the new appointment. It was during this interval that Bishop Brondel conceived the idea of inviting to Butte the Redemptorist Fathers, feeling it too heavy a responsibility upon his soul to leave so many of his flock without proper spiritual care. No sooner, however, had Father Desire consented to assume charge of St. Patrick's, than the project of bringing in the Religious was dropped by the Ordinary.

But as he still worried over the debt, Bishop Brondel thought it advisable to have the Hon. T. H. Carter confer with our Butte people on the subject. There was good reason to hope that Mr. Carter's suggestions, while practical and conducive to the end in view, would also be received even more readily than if coming directly from the Ordinary himself, as just at this time some few of the Butte Congregation did not appear to be so well dis-

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posed toward their chief Pastor as they ought to have been. Mr. Carter, however, was then in politics, and his opponents looked upon his going to Butte on the occasion as a move to boost political aspirations, which was enough to render his mission pretty much of a failure.

The Pastor was silenced, perhaps somewhat too hastily, for overstepping directions and not placing matters clearly before his ecclesiastical superior. Charges of misappropriation of funds in connection with the building of the school were also preferred against him, which, however, were all disproved by proper receipts and vouchers.

The final result of the unpleasant and regrettable incident was the loss to the Helena Diocese of the services of a zealous, popular and efficient worker, who now passed to labor in another field.

The new Parochial School has been confided to the Sisters of Leavenworth, who are ably conducting it. The one in charge and the head of the teaching staff is Sister Loretto, who will be remembered as one of the pioneer Sisters that came to Helena in the fall of 1869. After teaching for a time at St. Vincent's Academy, this city, she was put in charge of St. John's Hospital, where she won the esteem and respect of all our people. In 1875 she was recalled to Kansas, whence she returned to Montana, having been appointed to conduct St. Patrick's School in Butte.

Butte's Catholic population is reckoned today at nine thousand, and here is the number of baptisms and marriages recorded in St. Patrick's Church during the last three years:

	Baptisms	Marriages
1889	314	96
1890	322	91
1891	433	91

With this we close the narrative of both the Butte Church and the Deer Lodge Mission, the latter, as we have seen, being the parent of the former. And not of the former only, but also of many other churches sprung up in this section of western Montana. Which is indeed no small honor for Deer Lodge and no small credit for Father De Ryckere, its founder.

Upon his return from Europe, in September, 1886, Father

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J. J. Dols took the spiritual charge of the Catholics in Beaverhead and Madison Counties, to which field he had been assigned previous to his journey abroad.

At first he made his residence at Laurin, where he built a little house, costing $1,000. Later on, he constructed a small brick church, with a small annex in the rear for a rectory at Dillon, a new town and the seat of Beaverhead County. The funds for the structure were supplied him by the generous contributions of the people of the two counties, irrespective of creed. As a matter of fact, non-Catholic contributors to the work were in the majority. The new church edifice was blessed and dedicated August 19, 1887, under the name and patronage of St. Rose of Lima, an American Saint.

Father Dols labored on this field with zeal and success four years, the homes of Catholics and non-Catholics alike being open to him.

The Helena Diocese at this date had as yet too few priests to provide for the spiritual wants of the whole community whose numbers were everywhere on the increase. Northern Montana, especially, had now a larger percentage of Catholics than the country attended from Dillon. Hence in February, 1891, Father Dols was transferred to Great Falls, and the Dillon district had to be visited first from Butte, then from Deer Lodge, and lastly from Granite.

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Chapter XII.

MISSION OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, MISSOULA.

THE original area of the county has been placed in the neighborhood of 30,000 square miles. Its white population in 1880 numbered but 2,537. In the next official census, that of 1890, it had increased to 14,427. Coming down to but one year from the closing date of our chronicle, the figures just quoted may well be taken as a fair reckoning of the number of whites in the county at the time of our first writing. Since then, as all over the rest of the state, the population has been on a steady increase, so that three new counties, Ravalli, Flathead and Sanders, have been, in part at least, carved out of the original County of Missoula.

The name Missoula is beyond doubt of Indian origin, and no less significant than historical. It comes directly from the following Flat Head word, *lm-i-sul-e'tiku,* which is composed of several parts, and goes to show the wonderful structure of the Flat Head language.

Its initial *l* is a preposition, standing for "in, at, near or by." The Kalispels and Spokanes use more commonly *n* in its stead. The *i* is a prefix, meaning, "very, truly, altogether," and thus emphasizing the significance of the radical or root-word, to which it is prefixed. The root-word or radical in the name before us is *sul,* which means "cold, chilly," both in the literal sense, as "cold water, a cold room;" and also metaphorically, as "cold, chilled with fear." Hence emphasized by the prefix *i, i-súl* means "truly cold or very chilly" in the literal sense, whilst in its metaphorical sense it conveys the idea of great fear, arising from danger of impending evil.

From the root-word *sul* the Flat Heads form two verbs, one intransitive or passive; the other, transitive. The former is *i-chin-súl,* meaning, "I am or feel very cold" in the literal sense; or "I am frightened, chilled with dread" in the figurative sense. The transitive verb is *Yess-ul'em,* and means, "to take by sur-

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prise, to chill with right," and whose future tense is ***nm-iss-u'lem***. Note that *s* with the Flat Heads is always hard and equivalent to *ss*, as here written.

The last part of the Indian word under consideration is ***étiku***, which signifies "water." The Flat Heads have two nouns for water, ***seulqu*** and ***étiku***, using the former always by itself; whereas they never employ the latter, save in composition with other words. Hence it is frequently contracted in composition, that is, its first syllable alone *e*, but strongly accented, is appended to and made the ending of the compound, while the other two syllables, ***tiku***, are dropped altogether. All this is gathered from the Dictionary of the Flat Head Language, compiled by Jesuit Missionaries, and which has been mentioned in Part I of this work.

As already stated, the letter *l* when used as a prefix, as in the present case, stands for "at, by, near." We have, then, ***lm-i-sul-étiku*** and ***lm-i-sul-e'***, two forms of one and the same noun, the former entire, the other contracted. They are indifferently in constant use by the Flat Heads, and the writer has heard them countless times from their own lips. The meaning, then, of the word in question is, "by or near the cold, chilling waters." But in what sense did the Indians use here the term, literally, or metaphorically? For, as we have seen, it could be used in one way as well as the other. Did they intend to express the cool, natural property of some waters or stream, or rather the chilling experience which they had often encountered, and were liable to encounter again, near some particular stream?

There can be no reasonable doubt that the latter, and not the former, was their meaning. First, because the waters of mountain streams in this latitude and vicinity are all pretty much of the same temperature. Why, then, should any of them be specially designated by a property common to all?

But what places the point beyond controversy is the fact that Iroquois, half-breeds, white trappers and traders who lived or mingled with the Flat Heads, and could not but know what these intended to signify by the word, all understood and rendered it in French and English by "Porte d'Enfer" and "Hell's Gate." Who can question that by doing so, that is, by translating the Indian term as they did, those people sought to express, after

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the white man's way, what was really meant by the natives, namely, a locality or "waters" of ill-omen, of danger and impending evil?

The place or "waters" so designated by the Flat Heads was the canyon, whose mouth or west entrance opens out a very short way from where the Rattlesnake enters into the larger stream, some few hundred yards from the center of the original townsite of Missoula. For the Flat Heads and other tribes west of the main range, the canyon was the natural gateway to the buffalo plains, east of the Rockies. But whilst so, it was also a dangerous piece of country for them to pass through, owing to its being the best vantage ground for their deadly foes, the Blackfeet and Piegans, to ambush them on their way to, or when returning from the buffalo chase. Today the canyon is bare of all available timber, whereas within the writer's own memory it was still thickly wooded and a real forest. Large war parties, on the occasions just mentioned, would be lurking in those woods, in the fastnesses and narrow passes of the long defile, to attack and oppose the Flat Heads and all western Indians from going through.

All this, as a matter of fact, is Indian history, albeit unwritten. And hence the name which our Indians gave the canyon and its waters, *lm-i-sul-é,* and which is the equivalent of "Hell's Gate" or "Porte d'Enfer," as these expressions are often used and understood by the white man. Naturally enough, the ominous appellation passed to the first white settlement sprung up in the vicinity, some five miles from the mouth of the canyon. It was shared in by the river and by the whole valley as well, in both its French and English renderings, one and all being still called after "Hell's Gate" and "Porte d'Enfer" by old-timers.

Missoula, then, is the aboriginal *lm-i-sul-é,* only polished somewhat and euphonized. There can be no question about it. But whilst so, the meaning of the original Indian word has been entirely reversed. It first stood for a place of danger and evil omen, it now means a favored spot, a thriving, hospitable community, with a bright, promising future ahead. It then meant wild, desolate surroundings, the haunts of deadly foes. It means today the "Garden City of Montana;" a title indeed which it fully deserves at this time of our second writing.

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The beginning of Missoula dates from the winter of 1864-65, when C. P. Higgins, born of Catholic parentage, and Frank Worden, his partner in business, erected a sawmill, and soon after also a grist mill, on the present site of the town. Whence the first name of the place, Missoula-Mills, by which, however, it went only a short time, since the Mills appendix was dropped very soon after. From the Hell's Gate village, some four and a half miles below, where they had been trading since the summer of 1860, C. P. Higgins and Frank Worden moved their store closer to the mills, and thus became the first permanent residents, as well as the real founders of the new community.

In 1866 Missoula became the county seat, which gave the embryo town a decided impulse toward substantial growth. Necessarily, however, its progress could be only gradual, owing to its distance from the mines, and its being situated in the least settled part of the territory. Still, the advantage of its location otherwise, that is, with regard to the country south, west and north of it, all rich in varied and virgin resources, and of which it is the natural centre, cannot fail to make Missoula in the near future one of the most prominent communities of Montana. At this time of our first writing it has a population of some 5,000 souls, with every prospect of doubling and trebling the number in the short space of a few years.

The beginning of the local history of the Misosula Mission may also be traced from the Hell's Gate settlement.

Here, as previously related, a church for the white settlers was erected in 1863, by Father U. Grassi, at the time in charge of the Indian Mission of Saint Ignatius. In the spring of 1866 two Fathers from the Mission of Saint Peter, and whose closing we chronicled in Part I, were appointed to this new field, the Hell's Gate district, at least for the time being. Someone recording the fact at the time added in prayerful humor: *A porta inferi erue, Domine, animas eorum* (From the gate of hell, O Lord, deliver their souls). Record-books were still scarce in the Indian Missions at that date, as the entry just quoted appears in the Register of Baptisms for the Mission of St. Peter.

The two Fathers assigned to Hell's Gate were Anthony Ravalli and Camillus Imoda, but as they were hardly a week there when Father C. Imoda was recalled and sent to Helena, Father Ravalli

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is properly the one entitled to the credit of being the first resident priest on the Hell's Gate and Missoula Mission. There he resided about three years, doing much good both as zealous missionary as well as a skillful physician. In the former capacity, he went about looking for souls to save, in the latter, he was more frequently sought after, people coming or being brought to him from near and from afar to be relieved in their bodily ailments. His abode, a little log cabin by the church, was thus frequently turned into an infirmary, and may be said to have been the first private hospital in this part of the country. Hardly one entered it who did not come out improved, repaired, mended, and sometime, if we can use the expression, made all over, both body and soul.

While on this field, one of his first recruits was Mrs. Sims, a convert, whom he baptized in the little log church of St. Michael, October 1, 1866, General Thomas Francis Meagher and wife being the sponsors. An imperial folio would not suffice to detail all that is implied in this brief historical item.

It is here well to relate, that, though assigned to St. Mary's from its first reopening, Father Ravalli did not move thither till some two years after, that is, till a dwelling had been provided, as nothing of the kind had been left on the place. Father Giorda and Brother Claessens lived much of that time in a small cabin, the home of an Indian, who turned it over to them for their temporary use.

During his stay at Hell's Gate, Father Ravalli dispensed the ministrations of religion, not only to the few Catholics of that settlement, but also to those at the lower end of the valley, our Frenchtown people, and likewise to a couple of families at Missoula, at this time still in its infancy. On his moving up to St. Mary's, the spiritual care of the whole district fell to Father Menetrey, who off and on, held it for a number of years.

Missoula, in the meantime, was gradually forging ahead, and by 1868-69 it had outgrown both the Hell's Gate village, from which it had sprung, as well as Frenchtown. But somehow, to these two older settlements had fallen the privilege of having, not only churches, but also a Father to attend them, and whose residence was located in the first of the two places just mentioned. Hence services continued to be held in those older com-

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munities, and, as a consequence, for several years the Catholics of Missoula had no other church facilities than St. Michael's, at Hell's Gate, where a few of them, who were able to do so, would occasionally congregate to hear Mass on Sunday.

This proved a great inconvenience for them, and became more so as their number increased. But neither could matters be remedied, these being, as they seem to have been, the necessary result of unavoidable conditions. Priority, as well as possession, substantiated in churches already built, insufficient number of laborers on the field, higher authorities, very chary of any new step apt to weaken or hamper missionary work among the Indians, and lastly, the nearness of the two localities, Missoula and Hell's Gate being only some four miles apart, and, consequently, near enough to be both attended without having to provide new and special facilities in favor of Missoula—all seemed to combine to hinder and retard giving our people in the latter locality better advantages for the practice of their religion.

The first move in this direction was made in 1872-73, and seemingly by contraband, as it were, but yet not without clear indications of its having been disposed and prompted from on high, as will now be seen from the narrative.

Mother Caron, the Mother General of the Sisters of Providence, in 1872 came from Montreal to Montana to visit the colony of her Sisters at the Indian Mission of St. Ignatius, where, as narrated in the first part of our chronicle, they were established since the summer of 1864. The good Mother felt deeply impressed by the environment, and, above all, by the isolation of the little community in the heart of the Rockies and so far away from any other House of the Order. It was, further, God's disposition that she should meet here with a serious mishap, which forcibly accentuated that first impression, since the accident made her realize by her own personal experience, much more vividly, the disadvantages of the isolation.

Whilst helping in the kitchen, as she was standing between the stove and an open trap-door that led into the cellar beneath, on stepping backward without advertence to the treacherous opening, the Reverend Mother fell through and broke her arm in the fall.

This untoward occurrence, which happened December 7, 1872,

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compelled Mother Caron to pass the whole of that winter at St. Ignatius, and her long stay in that solitary spot made her feel more and more keenly the lonesomeness of her Sisters, and the many drawbacks attendant thereon. If only another House of the Order could be located within a reasonable distance! The two Houses would temper, at least somewhat, each other's isolation. It would then be practicable for their members to meet occasionally, or to be relieved by a timely change, and the like.

All this, and much more implied therein, will be easily understood when it is known that no letter correspondence short of sixty days could then be had by the Sisters at St. Ignatius and the Provincial House at Vancouver, Wash., whereas, they could correspond in less time by about one-third with the Mother House at Montreal, although more distant by many hundred miles than Vancouver. Hence, as this latter place, though much nearer, was nevertheless less accessible than distant Montreal, the little colony of St. Ignatius remained for many years directly dependent on the Mother House at Montreal, instead of being attached to the Province of Vancouver.

The writer, at the time in charge of the Mission, fully coincided with Mother Caron's views about the matter, although the realization of any such plan appeared very far off indeed under existing conditions. Still, it occurred to him that Missoula, a new and promising community, would be the right place where the contemplated branch-House could be established. He felt, besides, that if the thing came to pass it would also bring to our Missoula Catholics, without fail, what they stood much in need of, the services of a resident priest.

Entering into the project in real earnest, Mother Caron laid the matter before her Councilors in Montreal, and also before Father Giorda, the Superior of the Missions. The former fully approved the plan, whilst the latter, without disapproving it, thought its execution premature. The reason was obvious, the going of the Sisters to Missoula would require at once the services of a resident priest, and there were not in Montana Fathers enough to locate one in the new town. Still, as he declared, "all concerned in the project were left to the wisdom of their counsels."

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Asked by Mother Caron whether the Sisters, if they went to Missoula, could have one of the Fathers visit them at least once a month, until more for them could be done in this regard, Father Giorda was understood to answer in the affirmative, although a monthly visit, he felt, would not suffice, and could be no adequate provision.

All in all, a look of hopefulness seemed to light up the plan. And hence it was deemed advisable to secure, as soon as convenient, a site whereon the projected institution could be located, when the proper time to start it should arrive. Accordingly, the writer betook himself to Missoula and purchased of W. J. McCormick and wife a parcel of ground in the west end of the townsite, the ground consisting of two regular blocks, each of them being further augmented by six lots additional, which made the ground purchased equivalent to two and one-half blocks. Pine Street, running between the two parcels, was not yet open. But its prolongation might likely be required at some future date, and that before long. Hence a clause covering this point was made part of the conveyance.

With the ground went also a good frame building, which stood on the block south of the street line, where it had been erected for a private residence some two years before. But though finished, it had never been tenanted. The structure was roomy, comparatively new, and ready for occupancy at any moment. The property was secured for church, school and hospital purposes, at a cash consideration of $1,500 in round figures, the amount being less, as it would seem, than the house alone had cost the owners.

Later on, by agreement of all concerned, both parcels of ground were deeded over to the Sisters of Providence, one whole block being required for the hospital and the other for the academy. The Sisters substituted in exchange another church site, the block across the way, and a little nearer to the center of town.

When securing the location, the writer did not so much as dream that things would so soon take the turn which they now did. But Mother Caron, after much deliberating over the project, had determined on its speedy execution, and she herself would see it carried through before leaving Montana. That such a

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Mother Caron

Mother Mary Julian

TWO MOTHER GENERALS OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF PROVIDENCE, WHO WON THEIR SPURS IN MONTANA

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determination on her part was highly commendable has always been the writer's conviction.

Communities of religious women given to an active life and endowed with a missionary spirit are one of the brightest glories of God's Church in the more recent times of her history, and their influence and services in the cause of religion and education, or in behalf of suffering humanity cannot be overrated. Praying or teaching, at home, or in the public streets on their errands of mercy, nursing the sick or caring for the waifs of humanity, these valiant women, because of their saintly lives and even by their very garb, everywhere led souls to the knowledge, love and practice of Christian virtues.

That this must be particularly the case in new missionary fields becomes evident when one reflects that the lack of good example is here the greater, so, too, the conduct of those pious women must needs prove that much more exemplary. One individual light where many are glowing will hardly be noticed, whereas, if it be shining alone, and in the dark of the night, it will attract the attention of all. The following incident is to the point:

Early one morning, here in Missoula, whilst going to say Mass at the hospital, the writer heard loud sobbing, as of one in distress. Hastening in the direction of the sounds we found standing in the vestibule of the church a tall, rugged fellow, who looked the very picture of grief. That the man was in the lacrymose stage of a "bender" was the first thought that crossed our mind. But on inquiring what ailed and distressed him so, "Father," said he, "I cannot stand it any longer. I have been in the mountains the last twenty-five years, and have not seen a priest nor a church the whole while. I have just come to pass the winter in this town, and as I was going by yesterday morning at the break of day, I saw the good Sisters from yonder plodding through the snow to come and pray in this little church. The sight stunned me, and I have not slept a wink since. Please, Father, hear my confession; my pile is large, but with the help of God and the example of these saintly souls, I want to mend my ways and be a good Christian."

If so much is true of good example which, after all, is, so to say, but the shadow, or, if you please, the perfume and fragrance

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of virtue, what is to be said of the substance itself? of whole lives unsparingly and heroically spent in the service of God, and in behalf of youth or suffering humanity, in places, particularly, where piety and religion are hardly known; where educators are few, and where ills and wants abound, but scarce are the remedies and comforts?

It is true, however, that as these opportunities of doing good are due in great measure to the lack of spiritual helps which follows the dearth of priests, they who will labor in such fields must feel at times the spiritual poverty of their environment; that is, they will have to forego, now and then, some of their ordinary spiritual comforts, as daily Mass, frequent Communion, and the like. Nor can it be doubted, that for souls whose main object in life is to glorify God by sanctifying themselves, such spiritual privations prove much harder to bear than material ones. Piety is, of necessity, somewhat selfish.

But what hence? Is God's hand shortened, that He cannot provide for the spiritual wants of His loyal servants in some other way, best known to Himself? Or can it be imagined that either a greater service appeals to Him less? or that He can be more pleased to have us enjoy His company than see us quit it for His sake, and to do His bidding? So, also, if to expect His help in ordinary circumstances by other than the means of His appointing, would be, on our part, intolerable presumption, can it be less culpable not to hope for and count on His special assistance in special emergencies?

Hence the writer's conviction that Mother Caron's determination to locate Sisters at Missoula, whether timely or not in the eyes of human prudence, was none the less prompted from on high and, so to say, providential. For it is God's own way to work out frequently His designs, not only by setting at naught men's prudence, but by making use of our very imprudence to encompass the ends of His infinite wisdom.

But let us return to our narrative.

Having, then, resolved to carry out her project, Mother Caron named the Sisters whom she destined to found the house at Missoula. They were Sister Mary Victor, her traveling companion—gone since to her rest—and Sister M. Edward, transferred from St. Ignatius; the first named being in charge of

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the new foundation. The Reverend Mother had arranged to leave Montana in the spring, and, as Missoula lay in her course, had also set that time for the Sisters to go thither, as she desired to see them installed in their new home.

Accordingly, soon after Easter, Mother Caron and the little band, with the writer and Sister M. of the Infant Jesus in their company, set out for Missoula. In the narrowest part of O'Keeffe Canyon the roadbed—a stretch of some fifty yards—was found still covered over with an unbroken sheet of ice, and there being no way of getting round it, the travelers were confronted with a rather ticklish problem. Owing to her weight, advanced years, and her arm still partly bandaged and in a sling, the spot was extremely perilous for the Reverend Mother, as a slip might prove disastrous, and the course being considerably on the incline, there was danger of slipping at every step. With a stout staff in his free hand as a support, and to steady their footing, arm in arm, the writer and the Mother went over the ice without mishap, helped safely across by their Guardian Angels. The rest of the party got over the troublesome spot as best they could, but happily also uninjured, although not without some ludicrous occurrences.

On their arrival at Missoula, in the afternoon of the same day, April 18, the Sisters took possession at once of their new home, which they found gorgeously hung, draped and festooned from cellar to garret, with an incredible wealth and wondrous display of all manner and variety of spider work. Apart from two small boxes, there was not in the whole house a single stick of furniture of any kind, and Poverty's own home could never be richer in wants than this new abode. The same evening, as best they could under conditions, the Sisters cleaned out one of the rooms in the west end of the building, and fitted it up as a chapel, where the writer said Mass the next morning. The little oratory was the first place of Divine service in Missoula, and served as such for several months.

The first to call on the Sisters was Mrs. Thomas MacNamara, who came to greet them and bade them welcome with a basket of eatables, a gift timely indeed, and twice acceptable, because needed.

The advent of a Sisterhood in Missoula would doubtless appear

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to have been an occurrence of some importance in the history of the town. It is therefore not a little surprising that in his *Chronology of Missoula from 1870 to 1880,* one S. Barbour should have ignored the fact completely. Yet it is so, and from that document the historian of a hundred years hence may prove to his own satisfaction that no such thing as a Sisters' Community existed in Missoula within that period.

Mother Caron, a true lover of poverty, appeared delighted at the utter destitution of the new home, and would have preferred to remain and share it with her daughters. But the pressing duties of her high office were calling her elsewhere to look after the general good of the Order, in whose furtherance she had been considerably handicapped by her long stay in the mountains. Hence the next day she took her departure from Missoula and Montana, and on bidding farewell to her daughters, she bade them also be of good heart, and put all their trust in God and His loving Providence. She would send other Sisters to help in the work as soon as they should be needed, and, feeling as she did very hopeful for the future of that new foundation, she would do the best she could to advance it.

At Corinne, Utah—then the western terminus of the railway heading toward Montana—Mother Caron met some members of the Order who were coming west from Montreal. One of them was a young Sister, brimful of life, Mary Julian, the present Mother General, whom Mother Caron now assigned to join the Sisters at Missoula. She thus became a member of the new colony, and must therefore be counted as one of its founders.

Two other Sisters, Jane de Chantal and Odille Gignac, the latter a Tertiary or Coadjutrix, were also in the band, and they were assigned to St. Ignatius. Sister Jane lived there a number of years, and thither she is returned after being sent for a time to do duty at De Smet, Idaho, whilst Sister Odille has continued at her post since her first arrival, nearly forty years ago, proving herself all the while a good religious and a hard worker. Indeed, it would be difficult to tell which distinguishes this good Sister more in her humble capacity, her wonderful simplicity or her industry and usefulness in the branches of domestic economy. It is but truth to say that she has filled alone the parts of several for years, and that in the niceties of

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excellent dairying, according to connoisseurs, she could hardly be surpassed.

Here, incidentally, may also be mentioned another Coadjutrix, Sister Magnan, whose practical turn and industrious make-up place her above the common of her sex. She came to our mountains in the eighties when, with Mother Mary, the first Provincial of the Sisters of Providence in Montana, she went to Fort Benton. In 1890, she was transferred to the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Missoula, where she has been residing ever since. Sister Magnan is an expert mechanic, and whilst at home in house-painting and carpentry, she can handle almost all manner of tools with the ease and skill of a professional. The altar, a neat piece of work, as well as the pews, in the Academy chapel are all her work. So, too, the Sisters' Infirmary in the same Academy: plans, details, and practically all the rest, are her work.

A settlement still new, as Missoula was at this early date, could not but lack many of the conveniences of older and larger communities. Kerosene lamps and tallow candles still furnished the light. As to water, however, there was any abundance in the river running along the south side, and in the creek, called the Rattlesnake, skirting the east end of the town. But for domestic uses it had to be fetched in the old primitive fashion with pail or bucket, and not always without some trouble. The Sisters in this regard were worse off than anyone else of the town people: they lived farthest away from the creek, and though close enough to the river, it was no easy task to get water therefrom, the river banks nearby being both high and steep.

This drawback was partly remedied during the summer. C. P. Higgins, besides building the big race to run the mills, had also brought water on the town flat for irrigation purposes. Having been asked the favor, he kindly allowed the Sisters the use of his water-right. But the water had to be taken from a point near and opposite the present brewery site, and brought down to the Sisters, quite a good distance off. At this date, however, the stretch between the two points just indicated, and mostly all north of Spruce Street, was as yet "no man's land," that is, no fence or structure of any kind stood upon it. Hence, owing to the lay of the ground, it was comparatively an easy task to run a surface ditch the whole length of the way.

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So it was done with the help of a pair of horses and a plow. With his eyes fixed on the hospital, and stepping straight in the visual line, the writer pointed out the course by simply walking ahead of the team, whilst some squaws followed the man at the plow and cleaned out the furrow with hoe and shovel. Thus within a day or so, the Sisters had water running by their premises. It was a great convenience, beyond doubt, but short-lived, because it was certain to be cut off as soon as freezing weather set in. Hence during the winter, there was no alternative but to get water for domestic use, as best could be, from one or the other of the two streams, or by melting snow when it happened to be at hand. It was several years before Missoula had a city water supply, and longer still before the mains were extended as far as the hospital.

That the good Sisters had no easy time at their starting in Missoula may well be imagined. Apart from what has already been indicated, everything needed for housekeeping had to be provided, stove, furniture, beds, bedding and all the rest. Many articles, such as sheets, pillow-cases, towels, and the like, were made by their own hands. But difficulties notwithstanding, they soon had two private rooms and a small ward ready and comfortably furnished for the accommodations of patients, whilst the rest of the premises had also been put in the best of order, every nook and corner being made available and turned to some useful purpose. They named the hospital after St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, and in connection with it, they also managed to conduct a small school for children.

But what little, unpretentious affairs were not hospital and school at their commencement! It is, however, God's way to have small beginnings make great endings, and this, too, not by leaps and bound, but rather gradually and almost imperceptibly. The present is a clear and striking instance in point. Those good Sisters went to Missoula, not only unheralded, but not even noticed, and if they found a roof over their heads, they had nothing else with which to begin their noble work, save their bodily strength, an earnest good will, and great confidence in God and His Providence. The results are to be seen by all and speak for themselves.

Large, imposing piles in brick and stone replace today the

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little frame structure of 1873; and the embryo-hospital and embryo-school of the same date have grown and expanded into three institutions which, as to buildings, appointments, accommodations, equipment and personnel, no less than as to efficiency and success in their respective lines of work, are deservedly reckoned today among the best of their kind in Montana. In St. Patrick's Hospital from eight hundred to a thousand patients are annually treated and cared for, while the pupils in the two schools, the Academy of the Sacred Heart for young ladies, and St. Joseph's, a day and boarding school for boys under fourteen, number close to five hundred, some three hundred of these being boarders and coming from different points in Montana, and a few also from adjoining states.

And who will estimate, even approximately, all the good, religious, moral, intellectual, social and physical, that these three institutions have brought and daily bring to the whole surrounding country, and Missoula particularly? No, western Montana people especially, and, more especially still, those of Missoula and vicinity, can never be grateful enough for all they owe in this regard to saintly Mother Caron and her loyal daughters, the Sisters of Providence.

Whilst the writer was having his hair cut one day, there entered the barber shop a stranger, who, however, appeared to be well known to the tonsorial artist, for they greeted each other with noticeable warmth. "Yes, Fred," said the stranger, "I have just come down from the upper country, the biggest mining camp on God's green earth, and have brought my two sons to St. Joseph's School, conducted by the Sisters. I have seen several boys come home from there perfect young gentlemen, though to my personal knowledge they were far from well behaved when they entered. That is the school for my boys, said I to myself. And there they are, and shall remain, so long as their age will not bar them."

But let us proceed and see how, with the coming of the Sisters to Missoula, the local history of that church may also be said to begin.

With the first visits of the Father to the hospital, some of the town people came to hear Mass, and for their accommodation an adjoining room had to be made part of the little oratory

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described above. Sometime after, more space being needed for their work, the Sisters put up a small addition to the original building. More room became likewise necessary for the increasing number of Catholics who attended service, and so the whole east side of the premises, from the hall that ran through their length, was converted into a fair-sized chapel where from twenty to thirty grown-up persons could be comfortably seated. The altar stood at the north end, with folding doors in front and near it, so that with these closed, the place could be used for school purposes. With the doors closed it became a chapel, where the faithful of Missoula worshiped till the building of a church.

Early in November of the same year, 1873, the writer was assigned to Helena, his place at St. Ignatius being taken by Father L. Van Gorp, to whom fell also the spiritual care of the Sisters at Missoula. He visited them periodically for about three years, though they were visited occasionally also from St. Mary's and St. Michael's or Hell's Gate.

These periodical visits were indeed a great boon for both Sisters and people, but whilst sufficient perhaps for the latter, they were not so for the former. To be two, three weeks, and sometimes a whole month without Mass and Holy Communion, proved to the Sisters the hardest cross to bear. But this very difficulty had been foreseen and pointed out by Father Giorda, when discouraging, as premature, their going to Missoula. And since the stationing of a resident priest in the place did not exactly belong to him, but to the higher authorities in Europe, there was nothing left for the Sisters but to put up, as best they could, with their lot, till some relief should be forthcoming in God's own time. And come it did, and from a source undreamed of by any one. It is again history and worth recording.

Although Hell's Gate had dwindled into nothing, services still continued to be held there, just as before, and this because there stood the church and the priest's house. It now came to pass, that with the surveying of that section by the Government, church, priest's residence and a neighbor's house, one and all, were found to be in the same forty. Though the Fathers had the first right of entry, owing to priority of occupancy and

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improvements, theirs antedating the neighbor's by several years, Father Menetrey waived his right, and consented to the forty in question being entered as part of the man's claim, but, by mutual agreement, the man was to relinquish and deed over to the Fathers that fraction of the forty on which stood the church and residence. No sooner, however, had that good neighbor secured the patent to the ground than he ordered Father Menetrey off the premises bag and baggage, and no pleading, no entreaty availed to bring the sharper to a sense of equity and fairness.

As a consequence, Father Menetrey was now directed to move to Missoula, and make St. Patrick's Hospital his quarters, for the time being, while Father Folchi received instructions to repair also thither, and thence attend Frenchtown. Thus, by God's disposition, the meanness of a man was instrumental in giving to Missoula resident priests, just as an accident and the broken arm of Mother Caron had given it Sisters.

Father L. Van Gorp had both buildings, church and rectory taken down and all the material hauled to Missoula. The timbers that had formed the priest's house were now sawed up for firewood, but those that went into the construction of the church were put again together, reduced somewhat in length, and the building so constructed, and set up near the hospital, made a suitable class-room for boys. Sometime later it was moved to the Academy side, across the way, and has since been converted into an infirmary, for emergency cases among the school children.

Damaged by fire a short while ago, there it stands, dwarfed into a toyhouse by the palatial structures near and round it, but a silent witness of the progress that has been made.

The first baptism on record in the books of the Missoula church is that of Lucinda Pattee, daughter of David Pattee, whom Father Van Gorp baptized in the wee chapel of the Sisters, March 17, 1874. As we stated a little before, Fathers Menetrey and Folchi were the first priests to reside in Missoula. The latter, however, remained there hardly a year, and during the while had the spiritual care of the Frenchtown Catholics for his special missionary duty, whereas Father Menetrey, now

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alone, now assisted by one or another of his confrères, was the Pastor of Missoula for several years.

In the beginnings of his pastorate Father Menetrey fenced in a cemetery site, a two-acre plot or thereabout, at the foot of the hill, just north of the town, but with no other title to the ground than occupancy and improvements. It is still serving its object as the resting place for the departed. Part of it, however, has been found ill-suited for graves, because quite rocky, save a thin cover of earth on the surface. Owing to this, and also to the fact that with the increase of the congregation the cemetery would soon be inadequate, steps were taken by the writer, sometime later on, to have it enlarged by the addition of some seven acres to the original site. And furthermore, title to the whole plot was acquired and made secure by patent.

In 1877, the establishment of a military fort, some four miles to the southwest, while adding to the material prosperity of the town, increased, somewhat, also the congregation, several of the soldiers being Catholics. Some four years later the approach of the Northern Pacific Railway from both east and west began to bring into Missoula quite a number of newcomers, and now steps were taken by Father Menetrey to build a church. For up to December, 1881, our Missoula Catholics had worshipped down at the Sisters', in the hospital chapel, as we related above.

The new church was opened and dedicated under the title of St. Francis Xavier, December 11, 1881. It was a frame structure, costing close on three thousand dollars. On its completion, Father Menetrey, who since his first coming to reside in Missoula had been quartered at the hospital, moved up to the church and roomed in the sacristy for some two years, that is, until he built a small residence that cost about $2,000.

Sometime after the erection of the new St. Patrick's Hospital, the old landmark that at one and the same time had served for church, hospital, school, and Sisters' dwelling, was turned over to the McCormicks, its original owners, who have moved it to the corner of Owen and Warren Streets. And there it stands, as it was years ago, but minus the little porch over the front door. Strange to say, the little porch appears,

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somehow, even more conspicuous in the writer's mind by having ceased to be, than it did when extant!

In the summer of 1879, Western Montana had its first episcopal visitation. The Metropolitan of Oregon—at this time Administrator also of the Vicariate of Idaho, which took in Western Montana—deputed his Coadjutor, the Most Rev. Charles J. Seghers, to visit that whole jurisdiction. Accompanied by Father J. M. Cataldo, S. J., the Superior of these Missions, the distinguished Prelate came over the Cœur d'Alenes Mountains by the Mullan Road, and tarried several days in Missoula County, visiting Frenchtown, Missoula, and the two Indian Missions of St. Ignatius and St. Mary. He administered Confirmation in each of these places, except Missoula. The small percentage of Catholics in the community—hardly one to seven at this time—and also the fact that Father Giorda, who was empowered by Apostolic indult to administer that Sacrament within his jurisdiction, had confirmed eight persons there on July 4, 1875, account for Archbishop Seghers' finding no one to confirm on his first visit.

He returned in 1882, and on June 23 confirmed seven Missoula people in the little frame church.

On this second visit to Western Montana, the Archbishop and the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Missions, Father J. M. Cataldo, S. J., entered into a mutual agreement, pursuant to which, as soon as could be, the Jesuit Fathers were to be relieved of the spiritual care of both Missoula and Frenchtown. This agreement, however, was subsequently modified with respect to Missoula, the Fathers were to continue in the spiritual charge of this community, as will be seen more opportunely when we shall speak of the erection of the Helena Diocese.

Some two years after the second visitation of Archbishop Seghers, the little Missoula church witnessed a rather unusual and striking occurrence.

When speaking of the Deer Lodge Mission we referred to John Maguire importing Robert Ingersoll to deliver lectures through Montana. Bishop Brondel felt very indignant over the matter, and happening to be at the time in Missoula in the discharge of his pastoral duties, in an outburst of zeal one Sunday morning he denounced John Maguire, and excommunicated him

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by name from the altar and before a crowded congregation. This created quite a sensation, not only in Missoula, but throughout the whole of Montana, and perhaps elsewhere in the West. The more so, that the subject against whom the censure had been fulminated was rather popular with the miners and western people in general. John Maguire's faith had become dormant, somewhat, at the time. But later on he seemed to repent of his course, and there appears to be no doubt that he was shriven before his death.

In June, 1888, Father Menetrey, whose health had begun to break down under the weight of years and cares, was relieved from active missionary duty, and his charge now fell to Father Alexander Diomedi, S. J., whose shoulders were well fitted for the burden. For he is a man of grit and uncommon energy, or, to use a Western expression, a genuine "rustler," as can be seen by his work. He has put under roof a spacious and fine church edifice, in brick and stone, measuring 54 by 122 feet, outside dimensions, the largest and costliest church today for the whites in Montana. We say for "the whites"; as the church being erected at the Indian Mission of St. Ignatius. likewise of brick and stone, is on a somewhat larger scale, although by no means more than a few feet.

Doubtless the new Missoula church will be a lasting monument of Father Diomedi's zeal and enterprise, no less than of the earnestness and generosity of the people of the town and vicinity, who have generously coöperated in its erection. The cornerstone was blessed and laid August 19, 1891, by the Ordinary, who likewise, and but a little over one year later, or October 9, 1892, opened the new St. Francis Xavier for Divine service.

But though used continuously from this date, the interior remained unfinished, being simply roughcast, until it was frescoed and given the elaborate and artistic appearance which it presents today. Its paintings and mural decorations, a work of considerable magnitude and much admired, are all from the brush of J. Carignano, a Coadjutor Brother of the Society of Jesus, who devoted to the task some sixteen months of unremittent study and arduous labor. The fourteen Stations of the Cross, in oil, are also from his brush, and were executed

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St. Francis' Church, Missoula
Brother Garignano, its Decorator

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by him under very peculiar and decidely uninspiring circumstances for an artist. He painted them when chef at Gonzaga College, Wash., and whilst he was cooking for a community of over one hundred persons. Having screened off a little corner from the rest of the kitchen and turned it into a studio, he there spent some four years over these canvases, devoting to them every minute of time that he could possibly steal from his pans and pots.

Yet, despite these unfavorable conditions, the oils are not without artistic merit, and, though not entirely original with him in conception, they still manifest the ability of a true artist in their execution. And this the more so, when it is known that the Brother's work is the result of native talent, as he never had the opportunity and advantages of any professional training.

Here, incidentally, may also be mentioned that whilst handling the brush with more than ordinary skill, the Brother was likewise a noticeably quick worker and prolific in his art productions. For besides the work just spoken of, he has decorated with frescoings the large church at the Indian Mission of St. Ignatius, and several other churches and chapels in Idaho, Washington and Oregon; whilst single pieces by him or groups in oil are to be seen here and there, not only over altars, but in institutions, classrooms and even in private houses.

And now returning to St. Francis Xavier, if not quite an artistic jewel, as time and again intelligent visitors have been pleased to call it, it is, all in all, a devout and finished church, of which Missoula people have reason to be proud.

It is, therefore, to be hoped that its tasty and devotional character will not be detracted from by innovations and incongruities, such as misdirected devotion is not seldom wont to bring into our churches, at the expense not of good taste only, but also of piety itself. For after all, good taste is but conformity with order and the fitness of things, the lack of which, if anywhere repugnant, is never more so than in the realm of religion and piety. Since, directly occupied as these virtues are with the honor and service of God, where can order and the fitness of things be better demanded than in whatever belongs to them? It follows that whatever does not harmonize with order, good taste or the fitness of things, is necessarily also at variance with

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true religion and piety, and can be nowhere more out of place than in God's own house. Still people seemingly pious and devout want now this, now that devotional object in a church, where no suitable place for it is to be found. The result is that at times real oddities are on exhibition in some of our churches.

As too much light would have soon damaged and ruined the fresco work. especially where exposed to the direct rays of the sun, another improvement became now necessary; the original plain windows had to be replaced by others of stained glass. And these were readily and cheerfully provided by the congregation at an outlay of some $1,600. Harmonizing with all the rest, the stained glass adds much to the completeness of the interior, and sets it off to the best advantage. Each window is a memorial.

A pipe organ of moderate size, but first class and up to date in every particular, is a more recent addition to the equipment of St. Francis Xavier's. It is the make of Hook and Hastings, Boston, Mass., whose instruments are reckoned among the best in the country, and is actually a duplicate of the organ which at the Chicago World's Fair was awarded the First Prize for excellence. It has cost, set up and ready for use, nearly $6,000. Its action is pneumatic throughout, while the bellows are operated by a modern electric motor. The organ was purchased as a memorial of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception.

We may well recall here and do recall with unalloyed pleasure the anniversary just referred to and its fitting celebration by our Catholic people of Missoula. Entering into the spirit of the occasion, they approached the Holy Table in goodly numbers, and with true and simple piety paid honor to God's Holy Mother. In the evening, the statue of Our Lady, escorted by fifty little girls in spotless white and carrying white lilies in their hands, was borne in procession within the church, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the function.

A feature of the celebration was the lighting up of the church tower by electricity the evening of the vigil and the feast. The illumination was, indeed, remarkably conspicuous, it being seen from a considerable distance over the whole valley. Even non-Catholics were thus led into paying some honor to Our Lady,

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if no more than by wondering at and admiring what Catholics were doing in her homage.

Still another improvement in the line of church furnishings, and the last to be mentioned, is a large new bell weighing a ton and something over, exclusive of mountings. It was cast by the St. Louis Bell Foundry, St. Louis, Mo., and carries the following inscription:

LAURENTI, BENEDICTE, FRANCISCE, IGNATI
O COELITES, MISSOULAE FAVETE
LAUDO, MONEO, PLORO
D. O. M.
VIVIS, DEFUNCTIS
QUAM AUREUM PASTORIS IN S. J. JUBILAEUM MIHI ATTULIT
LIBENS VITAM IMPENDO.

The inscription was suggested by the adjuncts of place, time, persons, to all of which it makes due reference. It is, therefore, historical, and we add here its meaning for the benefit of anyone who may have forgotten his Latin. In the first and second lines, St. Laurence and St. Benedict, whose names were given the writer in Baptism, then St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the church, and, lastly, St. Ignatius, the Founder of the Society of Jesus, are invoked in behalf of Missoula. In the third line, the bell is made to express its chief functions, celebrating feastdays, warning the living, and mourning the dead. It further declares in the remaining lines that to the honor of God, the Best, the Greatest, as well as to the good of both the living and the departed, it gladly devotes the life or being which it received on the occasion of the Pastor's Golden Jubilee, as a member of the Society of Jesus.

The last words bring out the fact that the purse, which friends tendered the Pastor on the fiftieth anniversary of his religious life, was employed in securing such an object which, whilst doing honor to God, should benefit also the community at large, but especially the members of the congregation, living and dead. The bell cost a little over $1,000, all incidental expenses included, and was blessed by the new Ordinary of the Helena Diocese, the Rt. Rev. J. P. Carroll, February 18, 1906.

Here let us note that with the installation of the new bell the old and smaller one did not end in the discard pile, nor go out

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of commission simply by being silenced. It was transferred to the Academy of the Sacred Heart, across the way, and has lost none of its sweet tone, except perhaps to the ear of some tardy and slothful youngster. There it has been swinging and sounding all along as ever before, but now it summons the children to school, whereas it formerly called both the young and their elders to church.

Continuing our narrative, there comes before us something quite different from any of the happenings chronicled in the last few paragraphs, a sad occurrence indeed, that deeply grieved the whole congregation, to the shedding of tears on the part of several of its members. It was about this time that burglars entered St. Francis Xavier's in the stillness of the night and carried off what they thought of value. Forcing open one of the small windows in the basement, they ascended to the upper part of the building by the back stairway, which leads to the rear of the altar and to the sacristy. They took the chalice that served on ordinary days, and a ciborium that stood beside it on the vestment table, and with these, they took also the small britania box, containing large altar breads. The ciborium was filled with particles, ready for consecration in the morning, it being the first Friday of the month, when a larger number of devout people are wont to receive Holy Communion.

But the most horrible part of the robbers' work was to break open the tabernacle—which they did from the rear—and to take and carry off ciborium and lunette with their sacred contents.

Good Brother Lynch, as he went to unlock the church shortly after five o'clock in the morning, beheld with horror what had been done in the night. Some large hosts were picked up from the floor, others on the steps of the back stairway and near the window through which the burglars had come in and made their exit. A pile of particles was found on the vestment table and as these were more than either ciborium could contain, it was naturally inferred that the thieves had thrown there together on one pile the contents of both ciboriums. In this predicament there was no alternative but to consecrate the particles under condition, as the writer did at the next Mass.

On the sacrilegious outrage being announced to the congregation in the morning and again the following Sunday, not a few

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wept, and one of the members coming forward of his own initiative, claimed the privilege of replacing, as he did, at his own expense the sacred vessels that had been stolen. As an act of public reparation, the Blessed Sacrament was kept exposed a whole day during the week and this brought out a noticeable and edifying manifestation of faith from our people and emphasizing likewise their sorrow at the sad, deplorable occurrence.

The civil authorities found no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. But there seemed to be no doubt that they were strangers and old hands at entering and desecrating churches for plunder. For, as reported by the public press at the time, several places of worship, all the way from the Pacific Coast to Montana, were entered and burglarized in similar fashion. Only a few days after the deed just recorded the same individuals or pals of theirs, gained an entrance into the Sisters' Academy across the street, bent, as it was generally believed, on plundering the chapel. Some of the Sisters became aware of the burglars being in the house, but were too frightened to stir. Unmistakable signs of the robbers' presence were found here and there in the hall and in some of the classrooms the next morning. But, somehow, they failed to locate the chapel and decamped the way they had entered, by one of the small windows in the basement.

What the burglars took from the church was never recovered, except the silk covering of one of the ciboriums. It was picked up some weeks after the burglary by some one who found it a short distance from the east end of the railroad bridge spanning the Rattlesnake.

It was about this time that San Francisco was visited by the destructive earthquake and consequent conflagration, which threatened its very existence. Even young people in far-off Montana had been much impressed by the appalling calamity and were often heard discussing it among themselves. It is what here in Missoula, over at St. Joseph's School, two little youngsters, between eight and nine, were doing one day, shortly after St. Francis Xavier's had been desecrated by burglars. One of the Sisters happened to overhear the lads and became quite interested in their discussion. "Yes, I do tell you," said one, "that what was done here in Missoula the other day was a much greater evil, a greater misfortune than the big earthquake and

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fire of San Francisco." "That cannot be," replied the other. "It is," insisted the first, "in San Francisco the hand of God was on men; here in Missoula the hand of men was on God."

The little fellow had heard from the altar that the smallest venial sin is a much greater evil than any material misfortune whatsoever, were it even the destruction of the whole world. Evidently, this truth of faith, utterly ignored by the vast majority of our fellow-beings, had entered and struck root in the boy's mind.

But right here a word of explanation is in order, nay, demanded by the last few items, which, as the reader could not fail to notice, bring down closer to date by some fifteen years the local history of the Missoula Church. Why this? And why such partial extension only, instead of bringing right up to date all the rest of the original work? The reason is to be found in the fact that with the appearance of ***Indian and White in the Northwest,*** in 1894, the writer was assigned to duty in the state of Washington, where he spent several years, after which he was sent back to his former camping grounds in Montana. Put once more, at least partially and for a time, in touch with Montana happenings, he could incorporate them in their proper place, extending thus, as he did, the local narrative of the Missoula Mission. But to bring the whole book, or any other part even down to our own day was a task beyond the writer's power, shorn as he was of every facility to accomplish it. And this is what he has alluded to in the Preface to this Second Edition.

After this necessary explanation we may now proceed, or rather retrace our steps, since, first of all, we must return to the earlier or "ancient" history of the Missoula Church and close its narrative with a brief reference to its former dependencies.

With the closing of St. Mary's Mission, whence not only the Flat Head Indians, but also the whites throughout the whole Bitter Root Valley were attended, the spiritual care of the latter passed to the Jesuit Fathers residing in Missoula, who now began to visit at stated times the principal centres, Florence, Stevensville, Hamilton, and other smaller settlements, Lolo, Victor and Corvallis.

At Florence a frame structure that had been erected for a hall was purchased by Father Diomedi and converted into a

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place of Catholic worship. Bishop Brondel blessed it, naming it after St. Augustine.

Old St. Mary's is where the faithful of Stevensville and vicinity convene for Divine worship. Fifty years ago none but Indians met there to honor and praise God, their Creator and Saviour. Thirty years later, a sprinkling of pale faces, a few straggling whites, appeared among the children of the forest. Today the aborigene is no longer seen thereabout and his church, together with his lands, are occupied by the white man. Since our first writing Stevensville has grown into a thriving community which, as years roll by, bids fair to keep growing.

Hamilton, farther up in the valley, is an entirely new community, whose beginning at the time of our first writing was quite recent, but ere long it may surpass many another place in this part of Montana. Father Diomedi, whose bodily eyes are weak and rather poor, but who is keen and far-sighted otherwise, has secured in the new and promising settlement a desirable site where a church will shortly be erected. And all this has come to pass since our first writing. For, as we revise our first edition, Hamilton numbers some three thousand souls, and is become the chief and leading place of the whole Bitter Root Valley. The name of Marcus Daly has been associated with that community from its first beginnings, and that remarkable man's activities and enterprise may be said to have largely contributed to its growth and development.

The Hamilton Church has been named after St. Francis, the *Poverello* of Assisi. It is a good-sized frame structure, though peculiar, somewhat, in architecture. Hamilton has had a resident priest for some years, and, as a consequence, the various places which formerly were attended by the Jesuit Fathers from Missoula, are become part of his pastoral charge.

Another dependency was Bonner, which lies some eight miles east of Missoula, and where some forty Catholic families, mostly French Canadians, are living, the men being generally employed in the saw and planing mills and sash factory established in that locality. It is only a few years hence that Father Loiseau, S.J., who had charge of and took great interest in that industrial settlement, erected there a neat frame church on ground kindly

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donated for the purpose by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. It has been named after St. Ann, and Catholic members of the community vied with each other to have it complete and furnished as best they could. Possibly because of the language, Bonner has become an annex of Frenchtown, whence it is regularly attended.

Horse Plains, which is now simply Plains, and Thompson Falls, both to the northwest, were also for sometime dependencies of the Missoula Mission. But they have ceased being such now a good long while, so long in fact that it is like ancient history to refer to them in this connection.

And no less like ancient history will appear at this date the following figures, which give the number of Baptisms and Marriages held in the Missoula Mission the last three years preceding the first appearance of *Indian and White in the Northwest.* They were taken at the time from the records of St. Xavier's and are as follows:

	Baptisms	Marriages
1889	55	9
1890	81	15
1891	82	23

There now remains to resume and bring to completion the local history of the Frenchtown Church, which we shall do in the next chapter.

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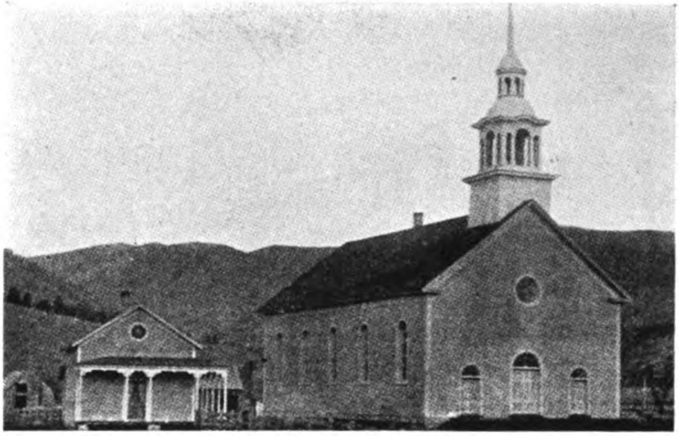
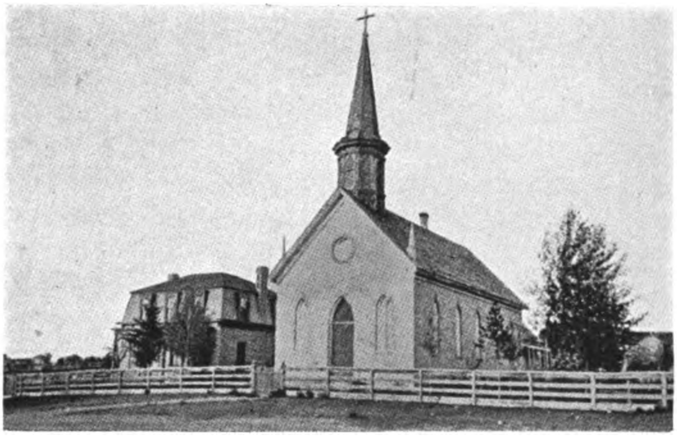


Church and Rectory of St. John Baptist, Frenchtown



Church of the Immaculate Conception, Deer Lodge

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Chapter XIII.

FRENCHTOWN MISSION. FIRST MISSION PREACHED TO THE WHITES IN MONTANA.

FRENCHTOWN, a Catholic settlement from its beginnings, has grown into a distinctively Catholic community, composed mostly, as its name indicates, of French-speaking people, that is, French Canadians.

A church or chapel, as we stated before, was erected in this farming settlement by Father Grassi in 1864. It remained a dependency of the Indian Mission of St. Ignatius, whence it had sprung, for a number of years and from its erection till the summer of 1884 was attended by Jesuit Fathers who visited the settlement, first from St. Ignatius, then from Hell's Gate, later from St. Mary's; lastly from Missoula.

The Fathers who from one or the other of these different places made occasionally missionary excursions to Frenchtown were the following: U. Grassi, J. Menetrey, A. Ravalli, James Vanzina, J. M. Cataldo, L. Van Gorp, A. Parodi, Jerome D'Aste, J. Guidi and A. Folchi. Father Menetrey, however, labored there longest and resided in the place for some time. Hence he may be called, with good reason, the first Pastor of Frenchtown.

The discovery of gold in Cedar Creek and adjacent gulches below Frenchtown in 1869 brought quite an influx of population in this section of Montana. The gold excitement, however, did not last long, but during the while it did, several mining camps sprang up in the Cedar Creek region, which Father Menetrey attended at stated times from Frenchtown, where he was residing. With the giving out of the diggings, most of the people left, not only the miners, but likewise those who had moved to Frenchtown or had settled here and there in the vicinity because of the mines. Notwithstanding, some straggling few remained, adding thus to the scant population of the district.

In the mid seventies, Father Giorda, assisted by Father L. Van

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Gorp, gave a few days mission in the village church, the first mission ever preached to whites in Montana. God blessed the work in a perceptible manner and what, particularly, seemed to dispose the people to the action of grace on the occasion, was a gruesome incident. The Fathers had gone through the town the day before to invite everybody to attend the exercises, which would begin the next day. All seemed to be willing with the exception of two notorious individuals who not only spurned the invitation, but took occasion from it to mock the mission and missionaries with open contempt in the presence of several others, who were much scandalized by such conduct. The next morning one of the two scoffers, whilst at work in the grist mill, hardly a stone's throw from where the Fathers were preaching, came to his death, being instantly killed by an accident. The sad occurrence, in all its details, made a profound impression on the whole community, and not a few looked upon it as a visitation from on high and a warning for all. Though somewhat later on, an equally sad and mournful ending befell the other also: he was found burned beyond recognition, literally to a crisp, in his own shop.

We have mentioned above that the Superior of these Missions had the faculty from the Holy See to administer Confirmation to both Indians and whites within the limits of his jurisdiction. Availing himself of the privilege, Father Giorda confirmed forty-two people here in Frenchtown, February 21, 1875, and eight in Missoula, July 4, of the same year. But it was his personal observation that, whilst it made little or no difference with the Indians by whom they might be confirmed, whether a Bishop or priest, as a matter of fact white people did not care to receive Confirmation at the hands of a simple priest. Hence he was rather loath to use the privilege among the whites.

Four years later, August 19, 1879, Confirmation was again administered in the little log church of Frenchtown; not, however, by Father Giorda, but His Grace, Charles J. Seghers, who had come on his first visitation of Western Montana. On his second visitation, four years later, the saintly prelate administered the same sacrament in the little log church of the village, whose site, however, about this time, or very shortly after, that

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is, in 1879-80, was changed for another more desirable, closer to the center of the town and more convenient for the people.

In 1881-2 two Sisters from Missoula taught the public school of the Frenchtown district, where most of the settlers were Catholics. The opening of a private school in the same locality seems also to have been contemplated by the Missoula Community at this time. But if at all conceived, the scheme never took the shape or form of a practical move.*

The agreement pursuant to which the spiritual care of Frenchtown and vicinity was to be taken out of the hands of the Jesuit Fathers went into effect in the summer of 1884, with the arrival of the Rev. L. S. Tremblay, the first secular priest assigned to that charge. Hailed with great joy by the whole community, the first steps of the new Pastor were directed toward the building of a better and larger church, the old one being not only shabby and rickety, but inadequate for the congregation. The new edifice is a frame structure, yet solid and substantial above the common. It measures forty by eighty feet, and cost, in round figures, some eight thousand dollars. It was blessed and dedicated under the title of St. John the Baptist, whilst the original church had been named after St. Louis.

In December, 1885, Father Tremblay went to Butte, where he remained a little over a year, Frenchtown during the while being visited three or four times by Father Dols. In the fall of 1886 a Canadian priest was put in charge of the Frenchtown Mission, who held it only for a few months. Father Tremblay returned in 1887, a little before the opening of spring, and stayed till the fore part of the next January, when poor health caused him to leave this part of the country for a milder and more congenial climate in Utah. This left Frenchtown again without a priest for several months, that is, till the following September, when the Rev. Honoré B. Allayes became the Pastor of that community.

Father Allayes is a native of Woesten, West Flanders, Belgium, where he was born July 4, 1857. He began his studies at St. Louis College, Dixmuide, and continued them in the Little

* A school was eventually established in Frenchtown by the Sisters of Providence.

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Seminary of Rousselare. In October, 1878, he entered the theological Seminary of Brouges, where he was raised to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. J. J. Faict, August 2, 1882. After filling the duties of a Professor in the College of Mouscron, West Flanders, he was promoted to the Rectorship of the Catholic schools at Blackenberghe. Longing, however, to devote himself to missionary work in the United States of America, he resigned his position in 1888, and after a short stay at the American College, Louvain, he left his native home for the field of his choice, namely, Montana, whither he arrived in the month of July, and where he soon proved himself a devoted and excellent worker. His being assigned to the Rectorship of the church and Mission of Frenchtown was, indeed, no small blessing for our Catholic people of that district.

The field first confided to Father Allayes, shortly after his arrival in Montana, consisted of the Frenchtown Valley proper only. Recently, however, it has been vastly extended owing to the very rapid settling of that portion of the County which lies north and west of Flat Head Lake. This section of Montana just opened to settlement by the Great Northern, which traverses it on its course to the Coast, has attracted quite an immigration. Kalispel and Columbia Falls have come into existence the last two years and rank already among the promising communities of our new state. In each of these two towns a church is being built by Father Allayes, as the places belong to his jurisdiction and are attended by him from Frenchtown.

To reach those places the missionary must travel a distance of at least 120 miles, partly by coach, partly by rail, and partly also by boat. First, by coach from Frenchtown to De Smet or to Missoula; then by rail to Ravalli; now again by coach to the foot of Flat Head Lake; lastly by boat to the head of the same lake. The journey or route is, indeed, varied, nay, charming, as it runs through a scenery and landscape of wood and prairie, hill and dale, land and lake, brook and river, white and Indian, the equal of which is hard to find.

Several new settlements have also risen along the Northern Pacific Railway between the western boundary of the Jocko Reservation and the Idaho line. With the exception of Plains, of which we shall say a word directly, they likewise have been

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attached to the Frenchtown Mission, and are under the pastoral care of Father Allayes. Thus far, however, no church in any of them has been erected.

Horse Plains, now simply Plains, is a little village west of and adjacent to the Jocko Reservation. The lay and shape of the locality has all the appearance of a large amphitheater and is a charming spot. The settlement contains several Catholic families, and has also a neat little church built in 1889, by the Jesuit Fathers, who for several years have been attending the colony from the Mission of St. Ignatius. The church was blessed and named after St. James, the Greater, by the Ordinary, the Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, October 6, 1889.

Apart from Plains, the Catholic population of the district spoken of, and which numbered only five hundred at the close of 1888, had risen to more than three times as many by the beginning of 1891, with a corresponding increase in the number of Baptisms. These counted sixty-two in 1891, whereas there were no more than twenty-three in 1888.

It is well to put on record here that Father Allayes is entitled to the credit of having recently discovered a new method by which mosaic work is greatly facilitated. The process recommends itself by its simplicity, and is substantially as follows: Upon a glass plate, placed over the object to be reproduced in mosaic, is traced a transparent copy of the object. This tracing is then followed out with mosaic blocks corresponding in shade and color to the shades and colors of the original, the various blocks being worked in from the opposite side of the transparency and, lastly, cemented together. When the cement has set and by its hardening the different parts are bound and firmly held together, the glass plate is removed from over the object and now the work is polished and finished up. By such simple and easy process portraits, paintings and colored pictures of any kind can be reproduced in mosaic with far greater facility and perfection than could be by the old methods. The invention is protected by letter patents in the United States and several foreign countries.

As will be told in a separate chapter devoted to the memory of Montana pioneer missionaries who have ended their course, Father Allayes has passed away, and the northern part of the

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field cultivated by him has been divided into several Missions, with a resident priest in each, which goes to show how this whole section has been advancing during the last few years.

As to the portion of the field directly west of Frenchtown, it, too, has been opened to settlement and civilization, although not to a very large extent owing to the nature of the country, which is mostly mountains. Nevertheless, several towns and settlements have come into existence here and there along the tortuous course of the branch line of the Northern Pacific, which zigzags its way into Wallace, Idaho, from Montana. And, no doubt, similar results will also follow on the wake of the Milwaukee, now building over part of the same territory. But the new places, so far, have been attended from Frenchtown. For all young communities are like minors, they must outgrow their dependency.*

With this we close our chronicle of the Frenchtown church, and pass on to local history of Catholicity in several places in Eastern Montana.

* The places referred to have outgrown their dependency and are now attended by a member of the diocesan clergy who resides at Superior.

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Chapter XIV.

SUN RIVER, LEWISTOWN, GREAT FALLS.

THE places which in chronological order now demand our attention are those just named in the heading of this chapter.

Here, however, two things are to be borne in mind by the reader: first, that we write of these places as they were, not as they are; secondly, that, as our narrative does not come further down than the close of 1891, we need not apologize for the meagre and beggarly account given in these pages of both Lewistown and Great Falls. The former's growth and development in later years has been almost phenomenal. Even more so is this the case with Great Falls, it being today an Episcopal See over which the Rt. Rev. Mathias Lenihan benevolently rules, and also the second largest city in the state. But future happenings are not matter of history, and since what is here simply alluded to came to pass subsequently to the time limit of this chronicle, obviously we could not but abstract from it and pass it by.

The same applies to every other community in the state, whether the question be of incipiency or progress, that is, of new settlements in the first stages of formation, or of communities already formed and progressive. For many new towns have sprung up the last twenty-five years all over Montana, whilst Catholicity has been gaining and forging ahead everywhere. Should not all this have found a place in these pages by bringing the present edition of *Indian and White in the Northwest* up to date? It would seem so, although, as already stated, it was not to be, circumstances beyond the writer's control being in the way. This, however, is altogether irrelevant. For abler pens will not fail to take up and do the whole subject full justice, a thing hardly to be expected from the present writer.

But let us proceed with the earlier history of each of the places indicated.

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Sun River District.

Sun River is a small farming and stock raising settlement and among the oldest in Montana. It contains several Catholic families, for whose benefit Father Prando in 1883 erected a small chapel, locating it close to the right bank of the river and naming it after St. Joseph.

Whilst Fort Shaw, established a few miles from the same spot in 1866, has been quite recently abandoned, new communities have come into existence in other parts of this whole district. Mitchell, Craig, Wolfcreek, along the Montana Central Railway, Augusta and Florence, on the South Fork of Sun River, as well as Choteau, on the Upper Teton, are all new settlements. These different colonies, with several others scattered over a large tract of country, are occasionaly visited from St. Peter's Mission.

We have at hand no official figures giving the exact number of Catholics in this section. But from other sources and sufficiently reliable, they can safely be reckoned at one thousand in round numbers and rather above than below.

Lewistown.

This is a prosperous and very promising community by reason of the various resources such as rich mines, fertile lands and best ranges and pastures for stock, which are all tributary thereto. It is also the seat and principal center of Fergus, a new county created in 1885. It having been opened to the whites only recently, this part of Montana is as yet but thinly settled. But it cannot be doubted that it will contain a large population in the near future.

Among the first settlers of Lewistown and vicinity are a number of Crees and Red River half-breeds, who formerly had their homes in the Judith Basin, and in the neighborhood of the Little Rockies for many years, and thence moved into this new section. They are all Catholics besides being also active and industrious above the average for half-breeds. As to the white population, in both the town and surroundings, it is but partly of the faith, pretty much as elsewhere.

Our good people of this community, by common accord and entirely on their own initiative, have erected and furnished a neat little church, which is a credit to them and their practical

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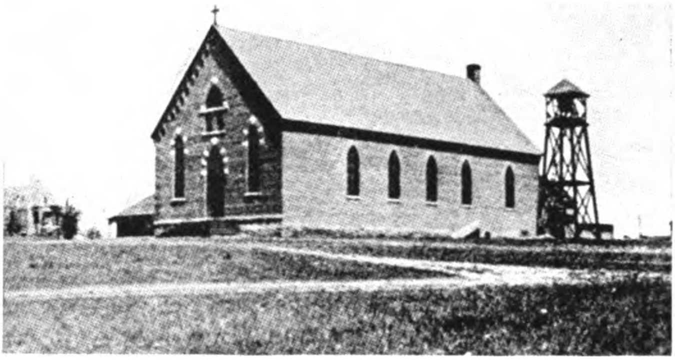
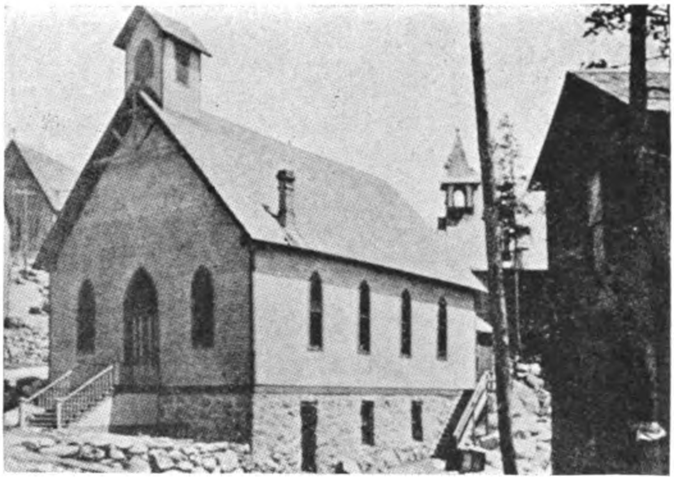


St. Ann's Church, Great Falls



St. Andrew's Church, Granite

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faith. Henry Brooks, an exemplary Catholic and the very kind gentleman whom we met, as related in Part I, at the bedside of Father Rappagliosi, caring for and nursing the dying missionary with the tenderness of a mother, was the leading spirit and prime mover in the enterprise. Mr. Juneau, one of the first settlers of the town, donated the site; and the chapel was blessed and named after St. Leo by Bishop Brondel, September 2, 1888.

The Catholic community of Lewistown and environs numbers close on eight hundred and has been visited for several years from St. Peter's Mission, a distance of 140 miles.*

Great Falls.

Although the last to come into existence and still in its infancy, dating no more than eight years back from our writing, this community is very apt to outgrow every other in the state. This, at least, is the writer's belief and what he ventured to express time and again from the early seventies, when the locality, apart from its mighty waterfalls, was hardly anything better than a wild and howling desert.

Yet this very locality had attracted the attention of Lewis and Clark in their travels, who speak glowingly of all this section, but particularly of the spot where Sun or Medicine River and the Missouri come together, the present site of Great Falls. Paris Gibson is credited with being the founder of the new community, and rightly so, although he himself yields much of the credit to the foresight, energy and enterprise of James Hill, of railroad fame. Great Falls has today (this was some twenty years ago) a population of five thousand souls.

The place was first attended by Jesuit Fathers from the Mission of St. Peter. Later on it became a dependency of Helena, it being visited for sometime by some of the clergy attached to the Cathedral, nominally, by Father A. H. Lambaere, who erected on the site a brick church. The first Mass therein was offered up by the Ordinary himself on Rosary Sunday, 1890. The dedication of the church, however, did not take place that Sunday, but on a subsequent occasion, when the Bishop blessed the new edifice formally and named it after St. Ann.

Including Barker, Neihart and Sand Coulee, the Catholics of

* Lewistown, of course, now has a resident pastor with two assistants.

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the district are reckoned at one thousand in round figures. It is now their good fortune to have a resident priest ministering to their spiritual wants, Father J. J. Dols, recently transferred to this new field from Dillon.*

The Sisters of Providence are preparing to locate in Great Falls, where it is their intention to erect and conduct an up-to-date hospital, suitable and commodious buildings for the purpose being under actual construction. There can be no doubt that it will be a valuable asset, and an additional factor of the town's

* The following comparative statistics are taken from the Catholic Directory and will give one an idea of the marvelous growth of the Diocese of Great Falls from the time it was segregated from the Diocese of Helena which comprised the whole state of Montana, 1904, to the present time, 1922. Diocesan Priests, 1904, 11, 1922, 49; Priests of Religious Orders, 1904, 5, 1922, 16; Total number of Priests, 1904 16, 1922, 65; Number of Churches, 1904, 24, 1922, 125; Missions and Stations, 1904, 28, 1922, 140; Ecclesiastical Students, 1904, 6, 1922, 26; Academies and Schools, 1904, 1, 1922, 14; Orphans' Home, 1904, 0, 1922, 1; Hospitals, 1904, 4, 1922, 7; Catholic population, 1904, 10,000, 1922, 39,450. From the foregoing statistics it will be seen that the number of priests, churches, Missions and Ecclesiastical students is much greater in the Diocese of Great Falls, which is only 18 years old, than the original diocese which comprised the whole state of Montana, during the preceding 64 years. Today the Diocese of Great Falls is blessed with sixty-five pious, learned and most zealous missionary priests who have been instrumental in bringing many converts into the Church and in building over one hundred churches, schools and parochial residences during the past ten years.

Recapitulation. There are three different Religious Orders of Men and seven different Religious Orders of Women in the Diocese. There are a dozen schools and academies located in the following places. Great Falls—St. Mary's Institute and High School, conducted by the Sisters of Humility—Home for Working Girls, conducted by Dominican Tertiaries. Mother House, Sacred Heart Academy—Mother House and Novitiate of Sisters of Humility. Roundup—St. Benedict Parochial School, Ursuline Sisters, West Great Falls, St. Thomas Orphans' Ursuline Academy. Billings—St. Patrick's Parochial School, Sisters of Charity (Leavenworth). Havre—St. Leo's Parochial School, Daughters of Jesus. Livingston—St. Mary's Parochial School, Sisters of Charity. Miles City—Sacred Heart Academy, Ursuline Sisters—St. Xavier—Indian Industrial School, Ursuline Sisters—St. Paul, Indian Industrial School, Ursuline Sisters—St. Labre—(Ashland P. O.) Indian Industrial School, Ursuline Sisters. Three more parochial schools will be erected the coming year. There is one Diocesan Orphans' Home at Great Falls and six large hospitals in the following cities: Great Falls—Columbus Hospital—Sisters of Charity of Providence. Billings—St. Vincent's Hospital—Sisters of Charity (Leavenworth). Fort Benton—St. Clare's Hospital—Sisters of Charity of Providence. Havre—Sacred Heart Hospital—Sisters of St. Francis. Lewistown—St. Joseph's Hospital—Daughters of Jesus. Miles City—St. Mary's Hospital—Presentation Sisters.

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advancement, by bringing in its train care, relief, comfort and many another blessing in behalf of the suffering members of the community. For fortunate, indeed, are all new communities having some such benevolent and religious establishment in their midst. Its erection coinciding with the celebration of the fourth centenary of America's discovery, the institution is to be be known as Columbus Hospital, after the name of the great discoverer.

And with this we leave Great Falls and the whole of northern Montana and return to the local history of the Helena Mission and its dependencies.

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Chapter XV.

THE SISTERS AND THE INDIGENT SICK OF THE COUNTY. THE INSANE AND THE ORPHANS.

THE reader will remember that we parted with the Helena Mission toward the close of 1870, just after the opening of St. John's Hospital.

Needless to say, the new institution proved from the start a signal blessing for many poor sufferers from the town and vicinity who were brought in for care and medical treatment. As a consequence, the accommodations proved inadequate and had to be enlarged a couple of times within the space of a few years.

At the beginning, only private patients sought admission into the hospital. But soon after, the indigent sick of the County of Lewis and Clark, and later on those also of Jefferson and Meagher Counties were confided to the Sisters' care. This arrangement continued for several years, and while it secured much better treatment for the patients, it also entailed considerably less expense on the counties.

At last, however, some wise official made the astounding discovery that in the case of sick people depending on public assistance, a poorer treatment, but withal much costlier, would be a gain and preferable to any other that had the disadvantage of being better and costing less! On the strength of this argument—utterly unintelligible to plain common sense, but clear enough to the eyes of an-axe-to-grind policy—the indigent sick of Lewis and Clark County were withdrawn from the Sisters and sent back to the poor-farm.

The action was justified on the ground that the *too great care* which the Sisters took of the patients increased the number of applicants for admission into the hospital, and thus brought a much greater and unnecessary expense on the county. We ourselves heard the plea seriously advanced by the members of the Board.

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But, apart from the *humane,* we mean inhuman, philosophy that underlay the reasoning—the philosophy of spoiling and making the meat unpalatable lest some hungry fellow should ask for a bite—it is to be observed that the Sisters admitted no patient as a county charge unless he was sent to them by the Commissioners themselves or their authorized agent, the county physician, and presented, besides, the proper hospital permit, signed by one or the other of those officials. Now, the applicants for the privilege of being considered and treated as paupers would be persons really destitute and in need of public assistance or the reverse. If the former; how could they be refused by the Board? Was there not a poor fund levied for that very purpose? And let it be said to their credit and honor, no more substantial sympathy and more unstinted liberality were ever shown toward poor suffering fellow-beings than by our Montana people. If the applicants were not in need, and yet hospital permits were issued to them, on whom could the blame fall except the officials themselves, by whom alone the permits were issued?

But strange enough, while the Commissioners were setting up the plea of *too much care,* there lay before their eyes the official report of their county physician, charging the Sisters with the very opposite, that is, with *want of care* toward the same patients, and specifically, with "feeding them on pious talk, instead of supplying them with well prepared and wholesome food." The report is on file in the county clerk's office.

But, it may be asked, why such contradictory statements? Could there be any collusion between the Board and their physician, that under one or the other of these trumped up, albeit contradictory charges, the patients might be removed from the Sisters with some pretense or semblance of legality? We cannot say. This we know, however, that it was a foregone conclusion that the Commissioners would leave the poor sick with the Sisters no longer and that the physician's report, if not due to collusion, could only be prompted by prejudice.

If that medico had been an unbiased professional man, he would have known that religion, even from no more than a medical point of view and as admitted by the best and wisest physicians, is an agent of unexceptional curative value, all its

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own, and that a little pious talk at the lips of a gentle Sister of Charity has cheered and comforted in their ills and bodily aches thousands of sufferers.

But since it was not care, but *no-care* that the Commissioners wanted, and this, according to the report just referred to, they had already secured in St. John's Hospital, does it not seem that the proper thing for them to do would have been to leave their patients where they were, that is, in the hands of the Sisters? Quite so; only, that the charge of lack of care brought against these devoted souls was so utterly groundless, on its face and in the Commissioner's own and everybody else's eyes, that the one plea on which those gentlemen sought to justify their action was not want of care, but the very reverse, that is, because county paupers were *too well* treated and had too good a time at the Sisters' Hospital.

As they had done for several years past, so also now the Sisters put in their bid for the care and maintenance of the indigent sick of the county. But the Commissioners were resolved that the contract should no longer go to them; and to make sure of this, as well as to carry their point with some apparent show of fairness and legality, *straw bids,* so-called, were brought into play and made to do the work. The change proved anything but welcome to the patients, but there was no helping the poor fellows.

Being present when the Commissioners gave out the contract, Mother Josephine, at this time in charge of St. John's Hospital, created no little merriment in connection therewith. Straw bids were mentioned on the occasion, and as *straw bids* and *straw beds* sound much alike, somehow the good Mother misunderstood the former expression for the latter, with the further misapprehension that the Sisters were being actually blamed for giving to county patients none but beds of straw to sleep on. Upon this, she rose to her feet and entered a solemn protest before the Board and the rest, declaring that there never had been in St. John's Hospital such a thing as a straw bed.

The Sisters cared for the poor and sick of this county (Lewis and Clark) from 1871 to 1880, and for those of Jefferson and Meagher Counties from 1872 to 1886.

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Besides tending and nursing the sick and poor of these counties, the insane of the Territory were also in their keeping for several years. Thus, the first insane asylum in Montana was conducted by the Sisters of Leavenworth, and remained an annex of St. John's Hospital up to the establishment of the present institution for the insane at Warm Springs, Deer Lodge County.

The taking of this work from the Sisters had much the look of political jobbery at the time. Nevertheless, some such measure would have had to be adopted by the authorities before long, it being rendered necessary by the ever increasing number of the demented.

The quarters, left vacant by the removal of the insane to Deer Lodge, were now turned to another purpose; they were entirely remodeled and converted into a home for orphan children. The new institution opened its doors in April, 1880, under the name and patronage of St. Jerome, because Jerome happened to be the Christian name of the first orphan received. How many little ones have since found in this plain and unpretentious dwelling a comfortable home, and more than a home's fostering care at the hands of the good Sisters in charge!

This new establishment was also the first of its kind in the Territory, and thus to the Sisters of Leavenworth is due the credit for conducting the first insane asylum as well as the first orphanage in Montana.

Though its location was not the best, owing especially to want of space and to the rocky character of the grounds, the orphanage remained for several years an annex of St. John's Hospital, and with no more than twenty to thirty orphan children to be housed and cared for, it answered its purpose fairly well. But as their number kept increasing, site, accommodations and all became altogether inadequate and undesirable. Hence good Mother Josephine, a true mother to every motherless child she came upon, now resolved to build a new home for the orphans, and such as, with regard to location, size, appointments and comfort, should leave nothing to be desired. Her efforts in that direction met with gratifying success, even beyond her sanguine expectations and, since last October, seventy-five little ones live contentedly and happy in one of the

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best, most comfortable and most solidly built structures in Helena.

Furnishings included, the building has cost over $40,000. It stands just on the city limits, to the north, and on a site donated for the purpose by the Jesuit Fathers, it being a parcel of a hundred-acre tract purchased by them some time before and on which they contemplated erecting a college. The edifice is a conspicuous landmark, an inspiring pile of stone and brick, 80 by 100 feet, three stories high, stairs and floors all hard maple. It is heated throughout by water and so arranged in construction and its every appointment that, though under one and the same roof, the boys' department is entirely separated from that of the girls.

Though construction work did not begin till the opening of spring in 1892, all preliminary arrangements were perfected before the close of 1891. Work on Mother Josephine's new home for the orphans continued, to the wonder of many, through the spring and summer of 1892-93, a season of unparalleled business depression and financial embarrassment. But despite unfavorable conditions, the good Mother went steadily ahead with her task, till she brought it to completion. Hers was the cause of the orphan, which is God's own cause, and who working solely for God has ever been left to want for ways and means?

When transferred to their new home the orphans counted just forty-two; their number has more than doubled during the last few months.

But by whom are so many helpless little ones clothed, fed, maintained? By Him Who clothes the lilies of the valley and feeds the birds of the air, by the good God, through the charity of His servants. For no state or county aid may be extended to these helpless children, because a denominational institution has them in its keeping.

The new orphanage was opened and dedicated in a befitting manner by Bishop Brondel, who, assisted by the clergy of the Cathedral, formally blessed it and, placing it under the patronage of the head of God's own Holy Family on earth, named it "St. Joseph's Orphans Home." Quite a number of people were present and some of the leading citizens, who spoke on the

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occasion, set forth very appropriately the advantages and importance of the new institution.

Well worth mentioning in this connection is the marble altar erected in the orphans' chapel by the Galen family as a memorial of Matilda Galen, to whom due reference is made elsewhere in this book. Indeed, husband and children could not have better interpreted the wishes of wife and mother than by the erection of a monument, in itself and all its adjuncts, so expressive of religion and charity, the distinguishing characteristics of that thoroughly Christian woman.

And now let us retrace our steps and return to the early seventies, since, as the reader must have noticed, in giving the history of the Orphans' Home connectedly, we have had to anticipate even to the point of extending the time limit of our narrative.

In November, 1872, Father Van Gorp, whose health was failing somewhat from active missionary work, left for St. Louis, Mo., his place in Helena for the while being taken by Father Giorda. A serious attack of erysipelas during the winter brought the latter to death's door, his recovery being well-nigh despaired of at one time. But skillful treatment and careful nursing, together with many a fervent prayer poured forth in his behalf, obtained the saintly man a longer lease of life for the good of these Missions.

Father Van Gorp returned in the spring considerably improved in health, but before many months it became apparent that the light, keen air of this altitude affected his heart unfavorably. A change, in consequence, was now decided upon by the Superior who, late in the fall of 1873, assigned Father Van Gorp to St. Ignatius, while the writer received orders to go to Helena in his place. "It is but a temporary arrangement," wrote Father Giorda, but without ceasing to be temporary such arrangements often admit of considerable stretching, as came to pass in our own case. This, our first stay in Helena, lasted over ten years.

In October, 1871, the place had been visited by a big fire which had left the larger part of Main Street in ruins. But far more disastrous was the conflagration of January, 1874.

It was about a quarter of 7 A. M.—we were then at the altar saying Mass—when the alarm rang out. On re-entering

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the sacristy we were terror-stricken at the sight of the sea of seething flames below, in the direction of Wood and upper Main streets, and turning toward the Sisters, who were praying and making their thanksgiving, we told them they had better hasten out as everything around was ablaze. Sparks, cinders, flaming shingles and live brands, driven through the air by a furious gale, fell everywhere on the hill as thick as snow flakes in a winter storm. The little church, the Fathers' house, as well as the hospital and the Academy, caught fire several times from falling cinders, and how they escaped being wiped out, as were so many other buildings, may well be looked upon as bordering on the miraculous. The Sisters extinguished incipient fires here and there with a little holy water, all the water supply that was left. In a few hours hundreds of thousands worth of property melted away whilst several people were also seriously injured.

In the afternoon the writer walked over the burnt district to view the devastation wrought in the morning, and words could hardly express his astonishment at seeing laborers already at work clearing away debris and hot embers preparatory to the erection of new and more substantial structures on the bare and blackened lots. Surely, here was pluck and recuperative energy enough to inspire one with confidence in the permanency of the town, and therefore, prompted by the example before us, we now resolved on some improvements much needed on Catholic Hill.

The first of these improvements was to replace the little steamboat bell with a large one weighing 2,000 pounds, exclusive of mountings, and costing, freight included, $846. It was cast in Troy, New York, and its transportation to Helena from Corinne, Utah, the nearest railroad terminus at the time, took over sixty days. It sent forth its first sounds whilst being blessed, June 29, the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and from then on it rang out the Angelus daily at 6 A. M. noon and 6 P. M. The laboring people of the town, especially on workdays, took their time from it, while on Sundays and holydays of obligation the lukewarm Catholic had scarcely an excuse for his tardiness at Mass.

By this time, however, the old church had become much too small for the worshipers. Hence, at a general meeting of our

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Catholic people, held August 16, 1874, it was unanimously resolved to erect a new and larger church soon. As a step in that direction, five members of the congregation were appointed a Building Committee, with L. F. La Croix, chairman, and Major Robert C. Walker, U. S. A., secretary, to coöperate with the pastor, and devise means and ways to attain the object in view. The pastor and the Building Committee finally accepted plans and specifications for a building of the following dimensions: Main building, 43 by 95 feet; rear prolongation, 18 by 22 feet; the whole structure to be of solid brick with stone foundation and facings of cut granite.

Building operations started soon after, two Germans, H. Miller and his partner, H. Tamm, a non-Catholic, both stone masons by trade, laying the foundations gratuitously. The blessing of the cornerstone took place with solemnity September 29, Father Giorda officiating, and Father Van Gorp, from St. Ignatius, preaching the sermon for the occasion, while Father A. Diomedi, who had arrived from Europe three or four days before, directed the music. The foundations were completed before winter set in and work on the superstructure, which started with the opening of spring, 1875, continued through the summer and fall.

The year was one of great depression and discouragement for the whole of Montana, fully half the male population of the Territory stampeding to the Black Hills, drawn thither in crowds by the reports of fabulously rich finds made in that country. While some of our Helena people appeared to pity the Fathers for undertaking the erection of a rather large and costly building in such unfavorable times, leading non-Catholic men of the town would point to the massive rising walls as a sure indication that "up on Catholic Hill there was faith in Helena. Why should not the rest of the community be just as hopeful and equally confident?"

By the latter part of September the building had been put under roof so that work on the interior could be continued through the winter without interruption. The new church was blessed and opened for service on April 9, which was Palm Sunday, 1876. Of the out-of-town clergy only Father F. Kelleher, from Virginia City, attended the ceremony.

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The whole cost of structure and furnishings came to $38,413.00, over one-third of the amount being contributed by non-Catholics. The figures given include also the cost of the pipe organ, an outlay of $1,235.

The pipe organ here referred to was the first instrument of the kind brought into Montana, and while we allude to it we are reminded of a trivial incident not worth retailing, except for its being a striking proof that truth sometimes is stranger than fiction.

Some few months after the instrument had been set up, there arrived in Helena a musical wonder, such at least according to the newspaper notices that announced his coming. He claimed to be a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory and to have performed as a professional organist in the Cologne Cathedral, the Duomo of Milan, and other celebrated places in Europe. Having sought an introduction through Father Venneman, then our companion and whom he had met in the street, he was invited to test a small reed organ that stood in the parlor and which had just been bought for the new church in the Boulder Valley. He played "Sweet Bye-and-bye," seemingly quite at home. He was requested to render a piece of two well-known masters, but "he had not with him his repertoire, and to play by heart was unprofessional." On the music being set before him "his eyes were poor, and unfortunately he had forgotten his glasses." Our faith in his ability was considerably shaken by this time, still we took the fellow to the organ loft, and were going to "pump" and fill the bellows for him when he dumfounded us by asking: "What is this for?" The query was about the pedal of the keyboard! ! ! The musical fraud went bull-driving the next day, an occupation likely more suited to his talent.

Some four years after he had left, Father Van Gorp returned to Helena, but he remained only a few months, his health again failing. Affected with valvular trouble of the heart, the physicians advised a lower altitude. He was therefore sent back to St. Ignatius, a place much to his liking and already found more suited to his physical condition, and there he labored for a number of years.

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The building and furnishing of the new church had cost more than had been expected. But whatever indebtedness was incurred for the purpose by the 1st of January, 1883, it had been canceled to the last cent. And it may be well to put here also on record that while there were not wanting some good people who found fault with the edifice as being too large when under construction, so, too, the same type of individuals found fault now because the Fathers had not built a larger church.

The old frame church had been moved out of the way some distance back, and services continued to be held therein all along till the opening of the new edifice in the spring of 1876. It was then transformed into a hall and class-room for boys, and served this double purpose for some years, that is, until the ruthless hand of progress lay hold of it and tore it down to make room for the boys' school and parish hall erected in 1890 by Bishop Brondel at a cost of some eighteen thousand dollars.

Contemporaneously with the building of the new church, improvements were also made in St. John's Hospital, which was considerably enlarged by Sister Loretto, and also at the Sisters' Academy, where a large frame building, 40 by 100 feet, was put up by Mother Vincent, at this time in charge of the institution. This new structure was intended for a boys' school and an exhibition hall, and served its double object for some years. It, too, however, fell under the destroying hand of progress, as did also the older and original St. Vincent's. Those wooden buildings had served their usefulness and now were done away with, to be replaced by a solid stone and brick structure no less substantial than up-to-date in all appointments.

In November, 1874, Father C. Imoda was assigned to reopen the Mission of St. Peter, his place here in Helena being now taken by Father J. Menetrey, who from his first arrival took up the work of the former, namely, the charge of the outlying stations, as the special field of his labors.

Though reduced by the coming of Father F. J. Kelleher, who the year before had taken under his pastoral care Beaverhead and Madison Counties, and now still further contracted by the reopening of St. Peter's Mission, whence the settlers in Northern Montana were again to be attended, the missionary district of Helena still remained very extensive. It included the Boulder

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and Missouri Valleys, Crow Creek, Radesburg, the two Gallatins, with Three Forks, Bozeman and Fort Ellis. Camp Baker, called afterward Fort Logan, Diamond City, as well as White Sulphur Springs, were also visited from Helena. These were the farthest settlements to three of the four points of the compass, while within a shorter radius lay, to the south, Unionville, Clancy. Jefferson City with its adjacent mining camps; to the northeast, Canyon Ferry and Cave Gulch, and lastly, to the northwest, Silver City, with the mining villages above it and in the surroundings of what is known today as Marysville. Father Menetrey visited each and all of these places for three years, doing everywhere much good and endearing himself to all classes of people by his genial and cheerful ways.

St. Joseph's Church, a neat frame structure at Canton in the Missouri Valley, was built through his endeavors in 1875-76. In a farming community where settlers must necessarily live far apart, it is no easy task to pick out a site acceptable to all whereon to erect a church. It was so here, the farmers being divided and much at variance with one another on the subject. But finally they decided the matter by putting it to a vote, and with but one dissenting voice, agreed on the present location. The ground was donated partly by Michael Driscoll, now a venerable patriarch of the valley, and partly by A. Hash, a non-Catholic. The people forming the settlement are mostly Catholics, very industrious, and constitute one of the best communities in Montana.

The missionary district of Helena, as described above, remained substantially the same up to 1881, when the Northern Pacific Railway, heading toward Montana, commenced to draw many immigrants into the Yellowstone country, who took up lands and settled along the surveyed course of the road. Several new settlements were thus formed between the Dakota line and the Gallatin Range, east of Bozeman.

But before speaking of this extension of the field, we must retrace our steps to recount some previous events, that is, the first Episcopal Visitation of Montana and other happenings of interest which occurred before 1881, and of which we shall treat in the next chapter.

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Chapter XVI.

EPISCOPAL VISITATION OF EASTERN MONTANA. BATTLE OF BIG HOLE.

IT WAS shortly after his appointment to the Vicariate Apostolic of Nebraska, to which the eastern part of Montana belonged, that the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor signified to the missionaries on the field his intention of making an early visit to this distant portion of the Lord's vineyard that had been committed to his care.

Accordingly, in the latter part of May, 1877, he set out from Omaha on his long apostolic peregrination and after visiting Virginia City and some of its dependencies, where he administered Confirmation to a number of people, he directed his steps toward Helena, where he arrived on June 8 late in the evening.

Several prominent Catholics had gone out as far as Montana City to meet and thence escort the Prelate into town, but were disappointed. Owing to the exceedingly bad condition of the roads the coach from Virginia City on which the Bishop was expected and due early in the afternoon did not arrive till about midnight. His Lordship had intimated to the Fathers in Helena by letter that he wanted no public demonstration and beyond doubt the lateness and quiet of his arrival must have more than gratified his wish.

The succeeding Sunday, June 10, at the late Mass he confirmed 145 persons, several adults and even some gray-haired people being in the number, and in the evening he lectured to one of the largest audiences that ever crowded into the church of the Sacred Hearts. He spent the week in Helena and at a reception tendered him by Mr. John Blaine and his wife at their residence on Rodney Street, a large number of people called to pay him their respects regardless of caste or creed.

On the following Saturday, accompanied by Father Menetrey, the Bishop went to the Missouri Valley, where on the next day, June 17, he confirmed 45 people, several of them being adults

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and well advanced in years. H. Rosenbaum, now deceased, and his estimable wife were the favored hosts of the Bishop on the occasion.

Being desirous to see an Indian Mission whilst in Montana, he crossed over to the west side and made a flying trip to St. Ignatius. We had the honor and pleasure of being in his company in that excursion and heard him remark a couple of times on our way back to Helena that: "a visit to that Indian Mission was well worth a journey from Omaha spite the unequal churning to be endured in a Montana coach and over Montana roads."

The Flat Head Indians from his pen and published in the III. Vol. of *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society* of Philadelphia, is a beautiful and charming description of his visit and we have quoted from it several times in these pages. But we must add here a circumstance not mentioned by his Lordship and yet an interesting incident of what was to him the "ever memorable journey to the pious Flat Heads of St. Ignatius." The coach stopped for the night at Bearmouth, a station between Deer Lodge and Missoula, where the sleeping accommodations at the time were of the poorest. Still the man in charge made an effort to have a fairly clean bed for the Bishop. Invited to share the same bed with him, we declined respectfully. We lay down on an apology for a couch and had a good refreshing sleep. But we were indeed surprised in the morning when someone about the place kindly, though rather witlessly, informed us that a poor fellow had died of the smallpox in those quarters and on that very couch only a few hours before we had reached the station. However, neither the Bishop nor the writer felt any the worse for the circumstance.

The evening of his return to Helena the Bishop delivered a lecture for the benefit of the church which was considerably in debt at the time. The next day he was called upon by a committee of gentlemen of the congregation, who tendered him a purse of some three hundred dollars for his traveling expenses. He declined the offering with thanks, remarking at the same time that all his traveling expenses were paid already and suggested that the purse made up for him might well be turned over to lessening the debt on the church.

A few hours later an ambulance, placed at the Bishop's dis-

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posal by an old-time friend of his, General John Gibbon, in command at Fort Shaw, drew up before the residence and his Lordship now left Helena to visit Northern Montana, which also belonged to his jurisdiction. Going first to Fort Shaw he was the guest of his friends, General Gibbon and family, for a couple of days and gave Confirmation to some of the soldiers and several civilians. He then proceeded to Fort Benton, confirming there several people of the town and the surroundings and thence, as he had planned, he returned to Omaha by boat.

The impression which Bishop O'Connor left on the people of Montana, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, was very favorable, his visit being still recalled and spoken of with pleasure by all.

But no less favorable and no less lasting appears to have been the impression made on him by Montana and her people. In a letter to the writer, dated "Omaha, March 31, 1879," the Rt. Rev. Bishop expresses himself as follows: "You and I may not live to see it, *but the day is not distant when Montana will be one of the most fruitful and flourishing as well as the most beautiful portions of God's vineyard;* and this will be owing in great measure to the labors and virtues of those who have already borne there the burden of the day and the heats." We *underscore* some of his words because of the quasi-prophetic ring which they appear to carry.

Of the people, the Bishop has this to say: "It may be that I saw only the bright side of their character, but certain it is, I never met a people with whom I was better pleased." As to Helena people, in particular, he thus concludes his *Flat Head Indians:* "The third day brought us back to Helena, where we were welcomed by the most hospitable and warm-hearted people I have seen in the far west."

And no doubt that the Bishop was a close and keen observer of both persons and things, as can be seen from the following. While here in Helena, two young ladies called to pay him their respects. After they had left, "I surmise," said he to the writer, "that the two young lady visitors received their education from some of our Sisters, their whole exterior, composed, refined, modest, yet frank and open, has left on me that impression, and I feel certain it is so." So it was, the two young ladies having received their education at St. Vincent's Academy, this city.

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The favor bestowed on Eastern Montana by Bishop O'Connor in 1877, Archbishop C. J. Seghers conferred on Western Montana in 1879, two years later, and again in 1882. But we must not anticipate, as other visitors, far different from them of whom it is written: *How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that preacheth peace . . . of him that preacheth salvation,* call first for our attention. The visitors of whom we must now speak are the invading Nez Percés, who, breaking into open warfare against the whites in Idaho, were at this date heading toward Montana, causing the greatest alarm.

The first news of the Indian outbreak in Idaho arrived at St. Ignatius whilst Bishop O'Connor was visiting that Mission, and came direct by special runners sent to our Indians from the lower country. The Bishop appeared much concerned about the disturbance, and made particular inquiries to ascertain the actual dispositions of the Catholic Indians, fearing much that they might be drawn into making common cause with the Nez Percés.

He saw the chiefs and other leaders of the tribe, spoke to them words of peace, and directed them to follow in everything the counsels and advice of the Fathers. The Indians, on their part, assured the great Black Robe that, though they were and always had been on friendly terms with the Nez Percés and not a few were related to them by blood, none of their own people at the Mission and in the Bitter Root Valley sympathized with them in their revolt against the whites. And far from giving in to threats or coaxing, as they had already intimated to the Nez Percés, they were ready, if things came to that pass, to take sides and fight for the whites.

The Bishop felt much relieved by these assurances of loyalty on the part of the Flat Heads. But foreseeing that false and exaggerated reports would likely be sent out and would alarm the country, as soon as he reached Missoula, the first telegraph station in his course, he sent a lengthy dispatch to the New York *Herald,* with the intention of forestalling rumors.

The whole country knows how loyal and how true to their word the Flat Heads proved to be, and we need not repeat the story. But it is well to put on record, upon the authority of Father Cataldo, that with the exception of one single Catholic woman, whom Father Cataldo himself had instructed and bap-

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tized and who was the wife of one of Chief Joseph's men, all the others in the rebel band were pagan Indians.

Whilst Chief Joseph with his following was heading toward the Bitter Root Valley, U. S. soldiers had entrenched themselves at the mouth of the Lolo to intercept him. On nearing the spot, the Nez Percés chief sent some of his men ahead with the request that they should be allowed to pass peaceably. Upon being refused, he outwitted the troops by cutting across the woods higher up, detouring unperceived into the valley near Victor. He now continued on his course up the valley, crossed over to the Big Hole Basin, entirely unaware that General Gibbon with his command was pursuing him. The Nez Percés were encamped at the very mouth of Trail Creek, when they were surprised by the troops who had stolen upon them in the darkness of the night. The attack was made at break of day, August 9, and the battle that ensued proved one of the bloodiest and most desperate in the annals of Indian warfare, though the combatants on either side were comparatively few.

General Gibbon's force consisted of 146 regulars and 34 civilians, all told, 180 men, and two-thirds of them were killed or wounded in the encounter, not a few being hit several times. Joseph had at least twice as many warriors on his side, and 80 of them were buried on the battlefield by the troops. According to his own statement, made after his capture, 208 of his people had either been killed outright or had died soon after of wounds received in the fight. We heard it said by General Gibbon himself and several others of his command, that if the Indians had followed up the advantage which they gained in the beginning of that bloody struggle, his whole force would have been annihilated, just as the year previously Custer's command had been wiped out by the Sioux on the Little Horn.

The news of the battle, with a call for medical and other assistance, reached Helena, Saturday, August 11, between 10 and 11 A. M., and not quite an hour later, two Sisters of Charity, Benedicta and Mary Liguori, accompanied by the writer, were on their way to the battlefield. The impromptu Helena Relief Committee had supplied us with transportation, and Major R. C. Walker, U. S. A., kindly volunteered to be our escort. Helena had no Mass the next day, Sunday, Father Menetrey, the other

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priest attached to the place, being then on duty in some of the outside Missions.

Our little relief party arrived at Deer Lodge in the evening rather late. We said Mass there early the next morning, and taking along Sister Mary Xavier in the place of Sister Benedicta, who had become indisposed during the night, we left before the dawn of day for French Gulch, and reached that mining camp between 1 and 2 o'clock P. M. Parting here with the Sisters, who were directed to wait there for further instructions, the writer and Major Walker continued their journey, and that evening joined the corps of volunteers who were encamped on the banks of the Big Hole River, some fourteen miles this side of the battlefield. Here we met two Protestant clergymen. They were also members of the relief committee, as ministers of religion, but they carried with them their rifles and a good supply of ammunition.

After eight or nine miles' march early next morning, word came from General Gibbon that he was on the move with his command and the wounded, and wished the relief party to select a convenient camping place, where his men would arrive in a couple of hours or so.

It had been the writer's lot to see the horrors of war on a much larger scale indeed. On June 24, 1859, he was in Verona, a short distance from Solferino, where on that day some twenty-seven thousand men were killed or wounded. He there saw masses of torn and mangled humanity, the memory of which nothing can ever obliterate from his mind. But then the hundreds and thousands of wounded had there also hundreds and thousands of kind, willing hands and sympathizing hearts to provide them with shelter, medical assistance, nursing, and other comforts, thus rendering their sufferings less terrible. But here in the wilderness, amid bleak prairies and desolate woods, a hundred and more miles away from civilization, the poor sufferers, albeit comparatively an insignificant number, were still far too many to be attended to and made comfortable by their companions, anxious as the latter were to help them.

The relief corps was pressed into willing service, a halt of some four hours being made, that the sufferers might have a

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little rest, whilst their wounds were dressed by the surgeons and nurses.

On hearing that there was a Sisters' Hospital at Deer Lodge, General Gibbon was highly pleased, and thereupon gave orders to move on, that his wounded men might be in the hands of the Sisters. We went ahead to give notice of their coming. We reached Warm Springs in the night of the 14th, had Mass there early the next day, the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, and thence hastened to Deer Lodge, where the Sisters were soon hard at work preparing for the sufferers who were brought in the following day.

It had been impossible for several days to dress the wounds properly while on the road, and in doing so now, they were found in several cases literally alive with maggots. The number of Sisters in Deer Lodge being insufficient for the emergency, other Sisters came over from Helena, and all that true Christian charity could do for poor suffering fellow-beings was done by those worthy daughters of St. Vincent for the wounded of the Big Hole battle.

Before dismissing the subject, we must chronicle a singular incident of the battle which we learned from some of the soldiers who had been themselves eye-witnesses of the occurrence. When the troops attacked the Nez Percés camp, a squaw rushed out of a tepee and fell on her knees in front of a group of soldiers who were pouring volley after volley into the lodges or tepees behind her, whence the Indians were returning the fire. There she remained kneeling, all the while blessing herself with the sign of the Cross. The strange conduct of the woman and her remaining untouched by the storm of bullets whizzing round her puzzled the soldiers. One of the officers called out to his men in these or similar words: "Boys, do not hurt, spare that woman; there is some charm about her."

We know that the incident has been discredited in *The New Northwest,* of Deer Lodge, by our friend Duncan McDonnald, who, after the capture of Joseph, interviewed some of the Nez Percés across the line. Nevertheless we believe the incident, simply because the testimony of eye-witnesses is not offset by hearsay. We further observe, first, that Duncan McDonnald, as can be gathered from his own account, did not interview all the

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Nez Percés who survived the Big Hole battle. Secondly, that those Indians, being all pagans, as we stated above, were not and could not be in a condition to notice the sign of the Cross. And, lastly, that, since the squaw in question, as is made clear by the details of the occurrence, knelt facing the soldiers and with her back to her own people, she could easily be seen bless herself by the former, but not by the latter. Hence, the testimony of the soldiers is not weakened, much less destroyed, by any contrary assertion.

We also infer that the woman referred to must have been the one instructed and baptized by Father Cataldo, since on his own declaration there were no Catholics in Joseph's band, except one solitary woman, and as a rule Catholics only are wont to bless themselves with the sign of the Cross. All of which would seem to indicate that the subject of the occurrence could be no other than the woman spoken of by Father Cataldo.

But let us return to the local history of the Helena Mission and relate other occurrences of this period. In doing so, however—as noted already in the preface to this second edition—we would have the kind reader bear in mind that, though we would have preferred to suppress ourselves in the following and other incidents recorded in these pages, we could not do it without detracting from historical accuracy, since it fell to our lot to have more or less part in what we must now record in compliance with the wishes of our Superiors. Modesty and simple veracity need not part company: they are sister virtues and may therefore rightly go hand-in-hand in one's own writings.

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Chapter XVII.

SOME HANGINGS AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

IN 1875 the even course of routine missionary work in the Helena district was broken by two executions, one in August, the other in October.

At the beginning of the May, Frank Warl, an industrious, hard-working man and a Catholic, was found murdered at his coal pits at Ten Mile. It soon came to light that the horrible deed had been perpetrated for plunder by three individuals known about town, two whites and a black, or, more properly, a mulatto. While the one last mentioned and another of the trio were soon after apprehended, the third and, from every indication, the chief criminal, managed to escape. Time and again it was more than hinted that he could not have evaded capture but through the help of a secret society to which he belonged, and whose members were able to see him safe out of the country. True or not, we cannot say.

His two accomplices who fell into the clutches of the law were tried, convicted and condemned to death. Neither was a Catholic, but both asked for a priest, and the writer now visited them for several weeks, to instruct them as well as to prepare them for their doom. They were to be executed on the same day, August 13, but a technical flaw discovered at the very last hour in the trial of the mulatto, delayed his execution till the following October. Both were received into the Church, and died apparently in the best dispositions of sincere repentance.

Two other executions took place some time later on, one at Radesburg, in March, 1880, which was attended by Father Guidi, and the other in Helena in February, 1881.

The criminal in the latter case was a revolting specimen of humanity, who had grown up in the woods, more like an animal than a human being, and who never knew what restraint of one's passions meant. He was convicted of murdering his own employer, one J. Tacke, a well-known settler, who lived only a

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few miles from town, along the Bozeman road. When attempting to run away, the murderer found the horse he tried to ride so unmanageable that he had to trade him off at Silver City for another mount, as he saw no other chance of escape. But this very transaction furnished the clue that quickly led to his capture.*

Informed by the sheriff that Tacke's murderer had been captured and was locked up in jail, we called to see him at the invitation of the same official, who had described the man as "a hard-looking case." We found him all that, seemingly stolid, stupid, and devoid of human feelings. We visited him in his cell several times from that on, and for the first two weeks we hardly got from him a coherent sound. The doctor who examined him pronounced the prisoner "a wild man." However, to our own and everybody else's surprise, all this was changed, and seemingly entirely of a sudden.

Here is the story as told by himself to the writer. A couple of nights before, whilst perfectly awake, he saw in a corner of his cell the strangest kind of a light, which struck terror into his heart. He now spoke with ease and intelligently, instead of giving out meaningless grunts as before; his whole appearance had also undergone a noticeable change, the guards themselves wondering at his transformation. He was instructed and given the rites of the Church, and persevered to the last in the best disposition, meeting his death with entire resignation, not to say cheerfulness, as he was not only willing, but quite glad to atone for his crime.

A few days before his execution we had enrolled him in the Brown Scapular of Our Lady. The physician officially appointed to certify to the man's death, on the body being lowered for him to examine the neck, whether it had been broken in the drop, noticed the strings of the Scapular. He tugged at them and brought the Scapulars out, which he held for

* The murder was committed in the stable where the horse stood in his stall at the time, apparently, not wishing to carry the slayer of his master; the animal time and again snapped at the rider's legs, as if to punish him and throw him off his back. Hence, as told by the unfortunate wretch himself, he knelt more than sat on the horse on his way to Silver City, and as the animal would not move for him, except by fits and starts and through continual pounding, he did not get to the place—no more than eighteen miles away—till after sunrise the next morning.

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a while in his hands, scanning them with apparent curiosity. He now turned to the writer and asked "what that thing was for." The man, though considered a good physician, happened to be a very poor Catholic. But even so, he knew well enough what Our Lady's Scapulars were. He now put them back and, in the act of doing so, made quite audibly the sneering remark, "checked through." The ludicrous side of the cutting sarcasm —as if there had been question of a mere piece of baggage— made the writer bite his lips to suppress an involuntary smile, which could never have been more out of place. But then, instantly also, came to our mind the thought that the cynic, like Caiaphas of old, had very probably said much more than he had meant.

Shortly after the execution wild rumors began to spread through the town that the place where poor Tacke had been murdered had become haunted, different people asserting that they had seen some strange light, now floating around and over the premises, now gliding along the fence, now inside the house, now in the stable or in the field close by. The strange phenomenon lasted a couple of months and, as anyone can see for himself by reference to the Helena papers of that date, the whole community became absorbed in the apparition.

The writer spoke with several trustworthy persons who assured him that they themselves with their own eyes had seen the mysterious light, not once, but several times, and that there could be no doubt as to the truth of the thing, whatever its cause. On being spoken to, and asked our opinion concerning the affair, without ever alluding to what had occurred in the jail, we simply remarked that, most likely, some shrewd fellow had cast his eyes on the ranch of the murdered man, and with a view to get it cheap by frightening off other competitors, had manufactured and trotted out the shining ghost. Then, as well as after, many theories were advanced to clear up or explain the thing away, but we must candidly confess that the strange occurrence has ever been, and still is to this very day, an unsolved riddle in our mind.*

*The murder was committed by the light of an ordinary hand lantern, and when the man first spoke to us of the frightful glare he had seen in his cell, we simply thought that, being as he was under sentence of death, his

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Continuing our record—though no longer of hangings, but of other incidents of the period—the following may well appear as much out of the usual run of things as what we have just related.

A plasterer by trade, who would occasionally indulge a little too much in drink, and a chum of his, a bricklayer, who also suffered from the same weakness, were sleeping in the same cabin. Suddenly our friend, the plasterer, began to scream and plead piteously for help, as if somebody had hold of him and were trying to throttle him. This woke up his room-mate who, after inquiring what was all that fuss about, bantered him considerably about snakes, dreams and nightmares, though neither of the two had tasted any liquor for several days. The plasterer felt as if he had passed even more than through a life and death struggle, and did not relish the joking. On the contrary, addressing his chum by his full name and surname: "I have taken my last drop," said he in a stern and serious voice, "come with me and right now let us go to the priest; it is too dreadful a thing to fall in the clutches of and be strangled by 'Old Nick!' " More bantering was the reply.

About the dawn of day there was a ring at the Father's door-bell, and there stood our friend the plasterer, who had walked several miles and who, on being let in, said to the writer abruptly: "Father, I want to go to confession, and take the pledge for life." And so he did; becoming, from that on, a most exemplary Christian, and spending the rest of his days in rounding up and bringing topers to the priest. His name was Henry Carroll.

Another, who would likewise bring topers to the priest, was Con McHugh, a thing the more remarkable because he kept himself a liquor store. This lamented old-timer, one of the most charitable and kind-hearted citizens of Montana, at the beginning of Lent, 1878, heard the priest suggest from the altar that abstinence from drink through that penitential and holy season would be the proper virtue to practise; it could not but please God, and many a blessing was surely in store for all who would abstain from any unnecessary drink through the whole

imagination had worked the faint flickerings of the hand lantern into the huge light that frightened him so much. He saw the same glare two days before his execution, and the poor wretch trembled as a leaf while speaking of it.

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of Lent. He there and then resolved to follow the priest's advice and be a total abstainer the whole Lenten season. Owing to some peculiarity of his constitution, he was now told by his physician that if he kept his pledge it would doubtlessly cost him his life before the end of Lent. "It does not matter," he said to the doctor, "I will stand by my resolution." Taken sick some ten days after, he passed away about mid-Lent.

Finley McCrea is a name still familiar to many Helena people as well as to others who mined in the surrounding camps. The piety of that sturdy old-timer was indeed remarkably fervent, no less than solid. Week after week for several summers he walked the distance of something over *forty miles* to hear Mass on Sunday. He mined in Cave Gulch, some twenty-two miles from town, and leaving there on foot Saturday afternoons he would reach the church Sunday mornings, go to confession, receive Holy Communion, assist at the late Mass, and after partaking of some refreshment with the Fathers, he would set out again for Cave Gulch and be promptly at his post Monday morning.

Cast in the same mould seems to have been a nephew, as well as a namesake of his, a younger Finley McCrea. He had a placer claim some three miles southeast of Helena, which he owned jointly with a partner. Pressed by the latter to work on the Feast of the Assumption, though fully justified because of their scant supply of water, he bluntly told his partner that "there was not gold enough in the country to induce him to do any unnecessary labor on a feastday of obligation;" and throwing down his shovel, came to town to go to confession for the Feast.

It was here in Helena where the tiny slips called May Blossoms or Spiritual Flowerets were first introduced, to honor Our Blessed Lady during her May Devotions; and those little readings have proved the cause or occasion of many an incident no less interesting than edifying.

To those just related we could well add not a few other incidents. But we must forego doing so, to proceed with our work.

Father Menetrey left Helena in November, 1877, and those who came to labor on this field after him were Fathers J. Guidi, J. G. Venneman, P. Barceló, and for a couple of months also

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H. J. Camp. Father Guidi was attached to the Helena Mission from November, 1877, to the fall of 1880, and again at a later date, as we shall see further on.

Father J. G. Venneman arrived in the spring of 1880, and remained until August, 1882. In 1881 he built the Boulder Valley church, named after St. John the Evangelist, and was the first priest who from Helena visited Miles City, being sent thither at the request of the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor. Father Barceló arrived in Helena in the month of September, 1880, and remained, more or less permanently, in the place several years.

We bring this chapter of incidents to a close by recording a last occurrence which, while perhaps new, is likely to prove interesting.

At the time of our history there lived in Helena with their families some near relatives of James G. Blaine, one being John Blaine, his brother, and the other Blaine's sister, Elisabeth, married to Major Robert C. Walker, U. S. A. Elisabeth was much devoted to her brother James, and he in turn cherished a special fondness for her. On his being discussed as a probable candidate for the Presidency, she felt uncommonly worried lest some serious mishap should overtake him. She laid her fears open to him one day by letter, and asked him whether he would not accept and carry on his person a medal of Our Lady, which she would send him from Montana. On his answering that he would gladly do so, Elisabeth sent him a tiny gold medal, blessed at her own request, and acknowledged by the recipient with expressions of thankfulness. The writer speaks whereof he knows, every particular having been confided to him by Mrs. Walker herself.

A couple of years or so after, while on his way to a Protestant church one Sunday morning in the summer, James G. Blaine, overcome by the heat, fell prostrated and unconscious at the entrance of the edifice. Friends were soon bending over him, doing all they could to revive him; whilst loosening his garments over his breast and around the neck, there was exposed to view a tiny gold charm hanging from a little cord on his neck: *There is no accounting for the idiosyncrasies of great men,* whispered in surprise one of the group, as he pointed to the *thing* with a nod of the head. The charm on Blaine's neck was

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the little medal which his sister had sent him from Montana.

The order of things, as well as gratefulness, bid us turn our eyes toward His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Charles J. Seghers. True, we have referred to him already several times in connection with our subject, but only incidentally; whereas the prominent part he took in promoting Catholicity in Montana entitles him indeed to something more than an incidental reference here and there.

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Chapter XVIII.

ARCHBISHOP CHARLES JOHN SEGHERS AND MONTANA.

SOMETIME after his appointment as Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Oregon—who at this date was likewise the Administrator of the Vicariate of Idaho, which comprised also Western Montana—Archbishop Seghers set out to visit the whole of that Vicariate, and came into our territory first in 1879, and again in 1882. Both times His Grace went from one settlement to another and through every mining village, administering the sacrament of Confirmation to quite a number of people, adjusting religious matters and looking into the spiritual wants of every place.

Authorized by the Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska under whose jurisdiction lay the Vicariate of Montana, that is to say, the eastern part of our territory (see Ecclesiastical Organization of Montana, above, Chapter II) he honored Helena with his presence, and confirmed, September 21, thirty-eight persons in the Church of the Sacred Hearts. In the evening he delivered a lecture on education, which made a deep impression on the whole community.

Archbishop Seghers was no less favorably impressed with Montana and her people than had been Bishop O'Connor, and this favorable impression, resting on his personal observations through several months, made him conceive a great interest in the spiritual welfare of the country. He espoused Montana's cause before the Holy See, and by his representations and advocacy, the whole territory was first united into one Vicariate, and then, just one year later, made into an Episcopal See.

The untimely and tragic death of this apostolic Prelate is still fresh in every mind. Burning with zeal for the conversion of the Indians of Alaska, he resigned the Archiepiscopal See of Oregon to return to his former Diocese of Vancouver Island. "Adieu, dear Bishop," wrote he on July 6 to his friend, Bishop Brondel, "I leave for Alaska, and God knows when, and whether

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I shall ever return. Pray for me." On the 13th of the same month he set out for that frozen country, and while in his tent, some sixty miles from all habitation, the nearest point being Nulato, about 6 o'clock a. m., November 28, he was murdered by his attendant.

The Archbishop was sleeping between two Indian guides on the one side, and his white attendant, one Fuller, on the other. The murderous wretch, who had appeared very restless during the night, and had been asked by His Grace why he did not go to sleep, got up early that morning to rekindle the fire. Shortly after he went out, took the gun from the sleigh and returned. He now roused his victim, who woke up only to see the flash of the gun, which the assassin held pointed at him. The very same instant the doomed Prelate crossed his arms over his breast and lifted his eyes heavenward. Though shot close to the heart, he remained in the sitting position which he had taken on waking, a few seconds, just long enough for the murderer to think him still alive, and to attempt to fire a second time. Upon this, the two Indians sprang upon the assassin to disarm him, and the Archbishop fell over.

All this took place very quickly; the two Indian guides who were eye-witnesses of the tragedy saw it finished before they realized what was occurring.*

The body of the murdered Prelate was arranged by the two Indians and brought by them to Fort St. Michael, where July 16, 1887, it was temporarily buried. The remains were disinterred September 11, 1888, and taken on board the U. S. warship *Thetis,* in charge of Lieut. Commander Emory, who conveyed them to Victoria, Vancouver Island.

An inquest held over the body by two physicians of the place revealed that death had been caused by a bullet wound over the left breast, cutting the main artery a little above the heart. On November 16, after most impressive obsequies, at which Bishop Brondel, of Helena, Montana, delivered a most touching funeral oration, the body of the martyr Archbishop was consigned to its permanent resting place, prepared to receive it in a vault beneath the Cathedral.

* These particulars are from the lips of Father P. Tosi, S. J., the Superior of the Alaska Mission.

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The lamented Prelate was last seen in Helena in March, 1885, when after an extended journey through Europe, he was returning to his See of Victoria, to which he had been reappointed at his own request. He was then the guest of his friend, Bishop Brondel, for a few days, and celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral, March 19, the Feast of St. Joseph. In the evening, clad as an Alaskan, he appeared in the same Cathedral before a large audience and pleaded in a very interesting lecture the cause of his favorite Mission of Alaska, which he was preparing to revisit and for which a year later he was to lay down his life.

With this tribute of respect and gratefulness paid to his memory, let us now proceed and speak of the church in Montana as organized through his endeavors. We shall introduce the chief Pastor with whose appointment the organization was perfected and formally inaugurated.

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The Right Rev. John Baptist Brondel, D.D.
FIRST BISHOP OF MONTANA

The Most Rev. Charles Seghers, D.D.
MARTYRED ARCHBISHOP OF ALASKA

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Chapter XIX.

THE RT. REV. JOHN BAPTIST BRONDEL. MONTANA'S VICARIATE INAUGURATED.

JOHN BAPTIST BRONDEL, the first resident Administrator of our new Vicariate, and the first Bishop of Helena, was born in old, quaint and thoroughly Catholic Bruges, West Flanders, Belgium, February 23, 1842, and received his first instruction from the Xaverian Brothers, a Community that had been recently established in his native city. After ten years given to his Latin courses, in the College of St. Louis, having chosen to devote himself to the Missions in North America, he entered the American College at Louvain. He was raised to the priesthood at Mechlin by His Eminence Cardinal Stercks, December 17, 1864, and having been received by the Rt. Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet for the Diocese of Nesqually, Washington, he set out for his destination by the way of Panama, reaching Vancouver on All Hallow's Eve, 1866.

The duties of professor together with those of a missioner occupied him for some time, after which he was assigned to Steilicom, on Puget Sound, where he spent some ten years, and whither he returned from Walla Walla, having done missionary work there also for a while. During his pastorship at Steilicom, he built churches at Olympia and Tacoma. Whilst attending with great zeal to his priestly ministry on the Sound, he was elected Bishop of Victoria, Vancouver Island, and received his consecration at the hands of the Most Rev. C. J. Seghers, December 14, 1879.

Some four years later, April 7, 1883, the Holy See appointed him Administrator of the Vicariate of Montana, where he was now to reside, although retaining at the same time his title of Bishop of Vancouver or Victoria. This action of the Holy See formally organized the Vicariate, and the organization was inaugurated by the Administrator's arrival upon the field.

We shall soon greet and welcome our chief Pastor. In the

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meantime, as we wait for him to come, let us chronicle some happenings which, whilst they belong to the local history of the Helena Mission, also preceded by a few months his arrival in our midst.

In 1883 Easter Sunday fell on the 25th of March, and was an ideal, perfect spring day, in keeping with, and enhancing the joys of the great festival. There being no Sunday School, early in the afternoon the writer crossed over for a short while to the Academy grounds, where the young lady pupils were recreating. It was all sunshine externally as well as inwardly, and everybody appeared filled to overflowing with the brightness and joyousness of the day. However, a pungent odor seemed to be in the air, becoming more perceptible as one moved toward the reservoir that stood within the premises to the south.

The reservoir had been placed there some years before by the city, as a measure of precaution in case of fire, and had passed to the Sisters with the grounds purchased by Father Van Gorp. In the transaction, however, the continuance of its use by the city had been reserved, but, in turn, the city had to see to its maintenance, that is, provide the water, and make all needed repairs. For over a year the city authorities and the water company had been at loggerheads on the subject of refilling the reservoir and keeping it in a proper condition. As a consequence, not having been renewed for so long a time, the water had become exceeding foul. To aggravate matters, a neighbor, the west side of whose dwelling stood but ten feet from the east edge of the reservoir, had secretly made this the cesspool of his premises for a couple of years.

That Easter Sunday night several of the Academy pupils were taken ill. The disease was dread diphtheria, and by the third day St. Vincent's Academy had actually become a hospital.

To cut the sad story short, seven youthful lives were quenched in a few days, that is, from April 23 to May 7, and two more some few days after. The contagion spread, the Scannell family becoming the greatest sufferers, four or five children being carried off by the scourge within a week.

Mae, the eldest of the five and the only survivor, would seem to owe her safety to an act of apparent heartlessness on the

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part of the writer. She was visiting with some friends out of town and started home at once on hearing that there was sickness in the family. We were assisting the dying within—there were three in the throes of death—and had just left their side to get a mouthful of fresh air at the front door, when Mae happened to be nearing the house. Hailing her from where we stood, we bade her go to some of her friends, as under no condition could she be allowed to enter the premises. She begged, entreated to be let in, her eyes streaming with tears. However, most reluctantly the brave young woman did as bidden, and withdrew with faltering steps. She is today Mrs. James Walker, having married Robert C. Walker's son, James, a nephew of James G. Blaine.

Michael Scannell, one of the four whom God hastened to gather to Himself, was the brightest lad we had ever known. A year or so before—he was then a little mite between eight and nine—being asked in Sunday School whether anything could make itself, he became thoughtful. "No, Father, a thing cannot make itself." On being further asked why a thing could not make itself: "Because it ain't yet," he replied; expressing thus concisely and most tersely the philosophical axiom: *Prius est esse quam operari;* in other words, a thing must be before it can work.

Aged from grief and sorrowing, Mr. and Mrs. Scannell are still mourning the loss of their children. But they do so in humble submission to Him who *killeth and maketh alive,* and comforted in their bereavement by true Christian faith.

A protest was made by the town folk against the pesthole on the hill, and the nuisance was partly abated by dumping into it several wagon loads of quicklime. Soon after, however, it was condemned and filled up.

Somewhat unstrung by the happenings just related, the writer felt the need of a little toning up by a short relaxation. Further, the new Administrator being expected to arrive ere long, it seemed desirable to have at hand such information about the different places of the Vicariate as would be of usefulness to him on his arrival. We therefore resolved to visit that spring the northern and eastern parts of the territory with which we were less familiar. Accordingly, leaving Helena about the mid-

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dle of May, the writer visited Sun River, St. Peter's Mission and Fort Benton; and thence by boat went as far as Bismark. He now retraced his steps toward Montana, visiting on his homeward journey all the new settlements along the Northern Pacific Railway, Glendive, Miles City, Billings, Livingston, and also Bozeman. He stopped some days in each of these places, where he said Mass, heard some confessions and instructed a few children. About the middle of July he took the home stretch from Bozeman, partly by coach and partly by rail, on a construction train.

It was the first railroad train with a passenger coach to come near Helena, and the occasion had brought half the town to that terminal spot. Good Brother Megazzini had come there, too, with a vehicle, to meet the rambler. As the cars were an hour or so behind the time announced, the Brother tied the horse to a wagon, there being no fence or post of any sort in the vicinity, and walked over to inspect the track and watch the incoming cars. At the approach of the locomotive the old plug became quite lively, and before the Brother could reach him, broke loose and ran off, demolishing the whole rig in his mad run.

Upon this, a personal friend, who, by the way, was the sheriff, kindly invited us to ride uptown in his own conveyance, and gave us the place of honor on the front seat beside himself and a deputy of his, the writer sitting between the two. This proved the occasion of a grim joke, for the papers announcing our return stated also the circumstance that the sheriff and a deputy had brought the Father back to town, which, after all, was nothing but the truth.

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Chapter XX.

THE DIOCESE OF HELENA.

HELENA heard that summer for the first time the whistle of the locomotive, and the Northern Pacific Railroad Company that had struggled for many a year to accomplish the gigantic work, finally spiked the last nail of the steel highway which brought Montana in closer contact with the outside world, east and west. No doubt, it was an event of the greatest importance, of far-reaching consequences for the development of the country.

But from the viewpoint of religion, morality, and the spiritual welfare of the whole community, no less important was the arrival in our midst of the Mitred Envoy graciously vouchsafed Montana by Leo XIII, our Lord's Vicar on earth. The Rt. Rev. Administrator arrived on his new field early in the summer and began his apostolic labors by first visiting the western part of the Vicariate.

His Grace Archbishop Seghers by letter had urged Bishop Brondel to leave Vancouver Island and hasten to Montana, in imitation of the Blessed Mother of God, of whom it is written in the Gospel that she *went into the hill country with haste;** hill country being rendered in Latin by the word *montana.* Bishop Brondel did so, and, as a coincidence, received the Bulls of his appointment at Butte, July 2, the Feast of the Visitation of Our Lady, the very day on which Holy Church honors the mystery to which the words quoted by Archbishop Seghers referred.

But yet, "hasten slowly" is the best and wisest course to follow, as a general rule. His Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda, using the same words with regard to the matter in question, remarked to Dr. Shultz, Pro-Rector of the American College, Rome: *Administrator Montanensis abiit in Montana cum festinatione.* His Eminence alluded thus to the

* Luke i: 39.

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fact that the new Administrator had gone to Montana before having in his actual possession the Bulls of his appointment, an oversight unintentional, beyond doubt, yet serious enough to call forth the animadversion. However, any and all irregularities that might have attended the innocent oversight were soon remedied by the Holy See.

Having visited the western part of the Vicariate, the Rt. Rev. Bishop came over to the east side of the mountains and took up the visitation of the rest of Montana.

Besides administering to the spiritual wants of his flock, his Lordship had also another object in view in his first visit of the Vicariate, and this was to select, after seeing the country, the place best suited for his permanent residence. As Helena was doubtlessly the most favorable location, the Jesuit Fathers, who had been the first and only priests there since the community had come into existence, offered to withdraw and turn over to the new Administrator church, premises and whatever property rights they had acquired on Catholic Hill. While by this timely and most commendable disposition on their part, they facilitated and hastened the erection of the new Bishopric, they were thus instrumental in Helena becoming an Episcopal See as well as the name of the new Diocese. This is made clear in the Bulls of erection, wherein Leo XIII alludes to the matter by the following words: *Conventione facta cum Sodalibus Societatis Jesu,* etc.

The property was conveyed to his Lordship by Father J. M. Cataldo on the authority of the Father General of the Society. Being shown the draft of the conveyance by the same Cataldo, the writer, who was connected with Helena at the time, suggested that there be inserted in the agreement the restoration of the church of Missoula to the Society. The grounds of the suggestion appealed to the Superior, and a clause to that effect having been added, Bishop Brondel, as well as Father Cataldo, and also the writer appended their signatures to the conveyance.

The paper, however, had not been drawn up in the technical phraseology of the law, nor in the strict form usually followed in similar transactions. It was therefore replaced, at the Bishop's own request, by another which carried the date May 1, 1884, and the signatures: J. B. Brondel, Jos. M. Cataldo, S. J.;

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C. Imoda, S. J., and Joseph Guidi, S. J. From this latter document we copy the following as pertinent to our subject:

The party of the first part (that is, J. B. Brondel) gives to Jos. M. Cataldo, S. J., the party of the second part, the right, possession and deed of all the property of the white Mission in Missoula, with all future improvements, to be henceforth the property of the Society of Jesus, in consideration of the property of the Society of Jesus in Helena, Montana, which by this agreement is deeded to the said Right Reverend J. B. Brondel, Bishop of Helena, the party of the first part. Given, etc.

It was also provided in the same agreement that another place along the course of the railroad would be confided to the care of the Society by the Bishop.

In compliance with this clause, and with the further view to facilitate and help along their missionary work among the Crows, Bishop Brondel tendered Billings to the Jesuit Fathers. The reason of this will be better understood when it is known that the Crows depreciated the Black Robes and their work among them, because they did not see them occupy any place among the whites in that whole section. Whence they concluded that the Fathers could do little for the Indians when they were doing no work among the whites, and, as a consequence, this loss of prestige impaired the efficiency of the Fathers' ministry among the natives.

The tender was accepted. But some time after, as appears from the Archives of the Diocese, and before taking actual possession of it, the place was surrendered by the Superior on the ground of his inability, for want of men, to assume the charge.

The Bulls creating the Helena See and appointing to it the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel as its first Bishop were issued by Leo XIII March 7, 1884.

With due appreciation of the favor bestowed on Montana and the city of Helena in an especial manner, the Catholic community, in general meeting assembled, adopted unanimous resolutions and took proper steps toward a becoming expression of their grateful feelings and filial devotion for their chief pastor. Accordingly, on the occasion of the first Diocesan Synod, the Hon. T. H. Carter, on behalf of the whole Catholic

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community, presented to the Rt. Rev. Bishop the following address and testimonial:

RIGHT REVEREND JOHN B. BRONDEL, BISHOP OF HELENA:

Esteemed and Venerable Sir:

As a committee selected by the Catholic Congregation, we humbly assume the pleasant duty of bearing testimony to your Lordship of the great veneration and profound respect in which the members of the Congregation hold your exalted spiritual position, and their sense of gratitude for the conspicuous favor shown them in the selection of Helena, as your Lordship's Episcopal See.

In making this presentation on behalf of the Congregation, we desire to express our thankfulness to God for the great blessing bestowed upon this Territory in the creation of the Diocese of Helena, and of our deep feelings of gratitude to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII for his kind consideration and paternal solicitude for our spiritual welfare.

We further and particularly desire formally to bid your Lordship welcome to Helena, and to express our cordial appreciation and affectionate regard the Congregation entertains for your Lordship's distinguished attributes. We but voice the conviction of the entire people in saying that your pious example, dignified, prudent and wise course of action during your residence in Helena, have elicited the profound respect of all the citizens of the community, to the signal benefit of the church, and that in the hearts of this Congregation your Lordship has secured abiding confidence, veneration and love. Actuated by a desire to give some substantial expression to these existing sentiments, we most respectfully tender your Lordship the enclosed Certificate of Deposit, and beg you to accept it as a donation from the Cathedral Congregation, accompanied as it is with their fervent prayers for your preservation and continuance in the enjoyment of good health.

The address was delivered on the front steps of the episcopal residence and, besides being spoken in a manner no less pleasing than impressive, elicited the warmest approval from both the clergy who surrounded his Lordship, and the laity who were present in great numbers. The Rt. Rev. Bishop's reply was couched in language appropriate and grateful. The certificate of deposit represented the sum of $650.

With the transfer of the Mission to the new Bishop, Helena had ceased to be a residence of the Society of Jesus. But as it did

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First Diocesan Synod

J. Menetrey, S.J. Jos. Cataldo, S.J. Jos. Guidi, S.J. F. Eberschweiler, S.J. R. De Ryckere P. Barcelo, S.J. L. Tremblay
E. W. J. Lindesmith J. J. Dols Jos. Damiani, S.J. C. Imoda, S.J. L. B. Palladino, S.J.
Bishop Brondel Jerome D'Aste, S.J.

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not seem advisable for the Jesuit Fathers to withdraw entirely and at once from the place, a couple of them still continued to reside there. It is clear that it could hardly have been otherwise, there being no secular priests in the new Diocese to replace the Jesuit Fathers. Hence the sudden and entire withdrawal of the latter, besides proving detrimental to the spiritual welfare of the faithful, would have also much displeased the Ordinary, as obviously, instead of lessening it, it would have added to and aggravated the difficulties of his position. This will explain why, notwithstanding the fact that Helena had ceased to be a residence of the Society of Jesus, some Jesuit Fathers still remained on duty in the place, not only for the time being but for several years after.

The writer remained till the latter part of December, 1883, when on his being assigned to another field, he was superseded in Helena by Father C. Imoda, who, as we shall see later on, died at his post. His place was now taken by some of his confrères, namely, Father P. Barceló; then, for awhile, by Father A. Ragaru, and lastly again by the present *incumbrance,* we mean ourselves, who have camped on Catholic Hill ever since our return from St. Ignatius Mission in the spring of 1887.* Adding to these, whom we have just mentioned, Father J. Guidi, who also had previously labored on this Mission and who, returning, was now Father Imoda's companion for about a year, we shall have named all the members of the Society of Jesus who to the present day have resided in Helena at the service of the Ordinary from the date of his arrival.

* The author, as he states elsewhere, has been stationed in various places in Washington and Montana since leaving Helena.

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Chapter XXI.

DIOCESAN SYNODS. A CLERICAL IMPOSTOR.

THE first Diocesan Synod just alluded to in the preceding chapter convened June 24, 1884, under the presidency of the Ordinary and was attended by four Secular Priests and nine Jesuit Fathers, as follows:

Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, Bishop of Helena; Revs. Jos M. Cataldo, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Fathers in the Rocky Mountains; Peter Barceló, S.J., Missionary among the Crows; Jos. Damiani, S.J., Fort Benton; Jerome D'Aste, S.J., St. Mary's Mission; Remigius De Ryckere, Deer Lodge; John J. Dols, St. Patrick, Butte; Jos. Guidi, S.J., Cathedral; Camillus Imoda, S.J., Cathedral; E. W. J. Lindesmith, U. S. A. Chaplain, Fort Keogh; Jos. Menetrey, S.J., St. Xavier, Missoula; Lawrence B. Palladino, S.J., St. Ignatius Mission; L. S. Tremblay, S.T.L., Frenchtown.

The opening day, being the Feast of St. John Baptist, the Patron Saint of the Bishop as well as that of the Diocese, was made the occasion for blessing and laying the cornerstone of the new St. John's Hospital.

The plans and specifications for the new structure were prepared gratuitously by William Sweeney, of Baltimore, Md., at the request of his brother, John M. Sweeney, an old-timer and much respected citizen of Helena whom we have mentioned several times in this narrative and who, not long after, passed away to his reward.

The original frame structure erected fourteen years before was moved aside sufficiently to make room for the new edifice. The annex used for their own quarters by the Sisters was moved and joined to what had been first the insane asylum and later the first orphans' home. Of the old land-marks the one remaining and still serviceable is the addition put up by Sister Loretto.

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Being veneered with brick it could be utilized in the plans and was left to form the rear part of the new structure.*

The ceremony of blessing and laying the cornerstone was unusually impressive, thirteen of the clergy, the largest number of priests that had ever come together in Montana, being present and taking part in the function. Later in the day, at the dinner served in honor of the occasion by the Hospital Sisters, the clergy indulged in the pleasantry of toasting the Rt. Rev. Bishop in twelve different languages, namely, Greek, Latin, English, Flemish, Italian, German, French, Blackfoot, Crow, Flat Head and Nez Percés. His Lordship replied in Chinook.

Two other Synods have been held since and it will be well to refer to them here.

The second took place in June, 1887, its meetings or sessions being attended by seven of the secular clergy and six Jesuit Fathers. Like the first, it also was made the occasion for the blessing and laying of the corner-stone of a new edifice, the present St. Vincent's Academy, the ceremony being again conducted with unusual circumstance and solemnity. The institution from humble beginnings has grown to be, perhaps, the foremost of its kind in Montana.

In the same Synod the Secular Clergy, following the lead of the Ordinary, petitioned the Father General of the Society of Jesus for the establishment of a College in Helena. Owing to circumstances unexceptionally favorable at the time the petition was granted.

The people of Helena, however, otherwise so far-sighted in everything calculated to advance the prestige, influence and prosperity of their city, failed for the moment to appreciate the opportunity. Attempts made to forward the project met with little encouragement and the College, first intended for Helena, has since been located in Spokane, where it has admittedly become an important factor in the growth of the "City of the Falls." However, it is with no little pleasure that we are able to record in this second edition the fact that Helena can, with pride, point today to Mt. St. Charles, a high-class Catholic Col-

* Still later on, and at a comparatively recent date, the hospital was again enlarged, remodeled and almost entirely reconstructed, and is to-day one of the best appointed institutions of its kind in Montana.

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lege, which has recently been created in the capital city of Montana by the Rt. Rev. J. P. Carroll, the successor of the late Bishop Brondel.

The third and last Synod was celebrated four years later, that is, in June, 1891, nine secular priests and five Jesuit Fathers participating in its deliberations. By comparing one Synod with the other it will be seen that the secular clergy of the Diocese were increasing though not very rapidly.

About the time of the events chronicled above, there came to Helena by way of Great Falls an individual claiming to be one of the Oblates M. I., who labor so zealously and so successfully on the missions across the British line. He was a middle-aged man, of medium height, partly clad as a cleric, but rather unrefined in both appearance and manners. In fact, his looks and ways led several into the suspicion that the man was really a Jew, but whether such or not, so far as we know, has not been clearly established. He spoke French fairly well, but poor and broken English, while his accent showed him unmistakably a German.

His coming had been announced to Bishop Brondel by a telegram from Great Falls, not received, however, until an hour or so after the man's arrival. The message had been signed presumably by one of the Bishops of British Columbia, but the signature was a forgery. The fellow had represented himself in that part of the country as the Superior of the Jesuit Fathers of Montana. He now represented himself as the Superior of the Oblates M. I., across the border. He called himself Father Lawrence, or Père Laurent, in French.

Bishop Brondel received his visitor rather coolly and not without some misgivings, at first, but thrown off his guard by the forged telegram, soon became much interested in the stranger and, in a way, fascinated by him and his innumerable stories, which bordered on the marvelous. According to his account he had been a personal and intimate friend of President Carnot, of France, and a favorite of Pius IX, had also for several years been a missionary in China, where he had suffered for the faith, to the point of being left for dead by his executioners. In confirmation of which he showed an ugly scar on his person.

The Bishop happened to be reading at this very time the life of Venerable—now Blessed—John Baptist Vianney, the Curé

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Third Diocesan Synod

R. De Ryckere	H. Allaeys	L. B. Palladino, S.J.	A. Diomedi, S.J.	C. G. Follet
R. Crimont, S.J.	A. H. Lambaere	J. J. Dols	P. Desiere	J. Rebmann, S.J.
		Bishop Brondel	C. Pauwelyn	A. A. Coopman
		A. Van de Ven		J. Damiani, S.J.

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d'Ars, which gave the shrewd fellow the chance of playing a trump card. He now began to speak of his long intimacy with the servant of God, declaring that he had lived with him a number of years so that he had come to be known as the *Petit Curé* d'Ars by the people, who would call him by no other name.

While his Lordship appeared to be all wrapped up in his visitor and the man's tales, the writer and Father Follet could hardly bear the sight of the stranger and would absent themselves deliberately from his company. He spent some two weeks in the Bishop's House and said Mass every morning, but a glance at his conduct whilst at the altar convinced the writer that the stranger had woefully forgotten his rubrics if, indeed, he had ever learnt them.

It was a Saturday, late in the evening, that his Lordship entered our room to chide us, good-naturedly, for our distant manner toward the guest. Charity covereth a multitude of sins and according to the teaching as well as the experience of St. Francis de Sales, it is no easy matter to combine virtuously the simplicity of the dove and the prudence of the serpent, as our Divine Saviour bids us do. Hence it is that good souls, of all others, are the most liable to be imposed upon by designing, artful people. The reason is obvious. Of the two, namely, the risk of wounding charity by suspicion and distrust and that of being duped by frauds they dread the former far more than the latter, being as they always are solicitous not to sin, and caring little whether they suffer themselves. Thus their very goodness making them, as it does, more unsuspecting, renders them also much more liable to be imposed upon by cunning impostors.

We had caught the man in a couple of inconsistencies incompatible with straightforward and sincere conduct. We mentioned these to the Bishop, who was startled and hardly closed his eyes in sleep that night.

The guest had left the premises rather early in the morning to go to St. Helena's Church, where by previous arrangement he was to hold services and preach to the German congregation. The Bishop felt justified in examining the man's belongings and found in his valise several letterblanks, with the Episcopal coat-of-arms on them, which the stranger had hurriedly taken from the Bishop's study, where he had been left alone no more than

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one or two minutes. The Bishop found there also one of the four parts of a breviary, which, however, did not correspond to the season and which had written upon it the name of Father Dols. Bishop Brondel now hastened to the German Church, intending to say Mass there himself, if he could do so without creating a scene that might cause scandal. It was too late, the man was already at the altar.

At dinner, during which not a single word was spoken, the stranger sat to the Bishop's left and surely he must have noticed the changed attitude of his host, though neither he nor Father Follet knew the reason. Immediately after dinner the Bishop followed the fellow upstairs and curtly, yet with becoming dignity and perfect self-control, ordered him out of the house. We could not but admire on this, as well as on other occasions, Bishop Brondel's mastery over himself.

Notices were sent out to all the priests of the Diocese to put them on their guard against the clerical fraud, who, notwithstanding, succeeded in deceiving a number of people, not in Montana alone, but in Idaho, Washington and Oregon. In the meantime, as his past unsavory record became better known, it also came to light that he had been in jail one or more times.*

One Sunday afternoon whilst our school children were assembled in the hall back of the church to rehearse for the closing exercises, a terrific storm broke out, one peal of thunder after another shaking us up rather unpleasantly. Suddenly there came a blinding flash accompanied by a deafening crash. The lightning had shattered the turret on the southeast corner of the building and a globe of fire somewhat smaller in size than a football, but perfectly spherical, blinding by its glare, was seen speeding along the angle of the structure beneath the shattered turret. It cut diagonally across the stage, where at the moment several of the pupils were standing, making its exit by one of

* Strange to say, some six years later the same individual appeared again on the Sound and in other parts of the Northwest. But he had promoted himself in the meanwhile, as he now went about in episcopal paraphernalia playing the Bishop. He was no longer simple Father Lawrence, but had become the Rt. Rev. Rupert, Bishop of Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. As such, he introduced himself to the Rt. Rev. A. J. Glorieux, of Boise, Idaho, who, however, soon discovered and exposed the impostor. According to reports, he was caught elsewhere sometime later on in transactions at variance with the law of the land, and was again placed in durance vile.

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the open windows on the west side. Thank God, no one was harmed. The young people as well as the Sisters who were with them and those who sat near the path of the bolt were shocked into momentary insensibility.

Here we shall leave for a while the local history of Helena and turn our attention to some of its dependencies. This we shall do in the next three chapters, in the last of which a brief reference will also be made to our cemeteries.

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Chapter XXII.

DEPENDENCIES OF THE HELENA MISSION.

BOULDER AND THREE FORKS.

AMONG the earlier dependencies of the Helena Church are the Missouri Valley and the Boulder Valley settlements. We have spoken of the former already. The Boulder Valley settlement also contains an industrious and thriving community of ranchers and farmers, who are likewise mostly Catholics. It was one of the first agricultural centers to spring up east of the main Range, and lies some forty miles south of Helena, whence it has been attended more or less regularly.*

The little church, whose picture is shown herewith, was built by Father Venneman in 1880-81, the site for it having been donated by Michael Quinn. It is named after St. John, Apostle and Evangelist, and lies about the center of the valley.

As we write, another church or chapel is being constructed at Boulder City, a new and promising town at the upper end of the valley and since some time the seat of Jefferson County. Clancy, Jefferson City, with Comet and Gregory, two mining camps up in the mountains, but comparatively near, are also among the old-time settlements of the district. Wickes, Basin, Woodville, with Elkhorn, are all newer additions.

Boulder will ever enjoy the privilege of having been one of the places where Christianity was first preached and the holy sacrifice of the Mass first offered in Montana. As related in Part I, Father P. J. De Smet, coming over from the Big Hole basin with the Flat Head Indians in the summer of 1840, tarried a number of days with them at the lower end of the valley and presumably on what is known as Jefferson Island.

Three Forks, in the vicinity of what became known for a time as Gallatin City and close to the historical spot where Father De Smet parted with his Flat Head neophytes on his first journey

* Boulder has had resident pastors for several years.

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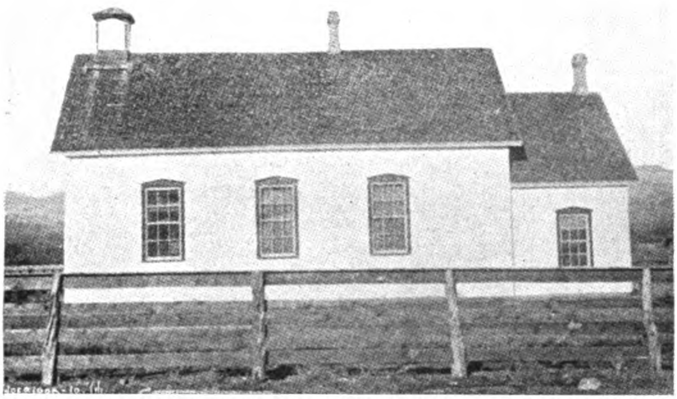

St. John's Church, Boulder Valley

Church of the Holy Rosary, Bozeman, Montana

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to our mountains, was the third dependency to have a chapel. It was erected by Father Guidi, who had now returned for awhile to Helena. The site, consisting of half a block, was donated by a corporation of non-Catholics who, besides, contributed $200 in cash toward the building of the church.

Dr. William Tracy, so well known today as a kindly gentleman and leading physician, resided at the time in Three Forks and though not a Catholic, served on the committee chosen for the building of the church, proving himself one of its most efficient members. The chapel was blessed and named after the Holy Family by Bishop Brondel, July 25, 1886.

Bozeman and White Sulphur Springs.

Next in order is Bozeman, 98 miles from Helena by stage and one of the oldest and prettiest town-sites in the state. It lies at the head of a fertile valley which has been named very appropriately "Montana's Granary." It has today a population of 2,500 souls and is the seat of Gallatin County. Somehow, the proportion of Catholics has always been less here than in other parts of Montana. Nevertheless, some of the best Catholic families live in this district, embracing the two Gallatins and Middle Creek. Fort Ellis, established in 1867, but quite recently abandoned, stood about four miles east of the town.

Steps toward the erection of a church in Bozeman were taken as early as 1879 and two whole blocks for the purpose were offered by a non-Catholic gentleman of the place. The ground, meant to be a gift to further the cause of religion, lay between the present railroad depot and the business part of town. It would have been a very good site whereon to build the church, but the misrepresentations made to the Superior by someone badly informed, led to its non-acceptance.

In 1880, the writer received instructions to go over to Bozeman and look up another church location. He did so, spending several weeks there for that purpose. He failed, however, both because of the small number of Catholics in the town and because the previous offer had been declined.

But what he had failed to do was accomplished later on by others, namely, by Father Guidi and the Rev. C. Pauwelyn, who gave to Bozeman the present church. The former commenced it, while the latter completed it. The site consists of four lots

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and was donated by Walter Cooper. The Ordinary blessed the new church August 29, 1886, naming it after Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary.

In the latter part of August, 1889, the Rev. Amatus R. Coopman was assigned to Bozeman as Pastor of the place and its dependencies. He is an active and energetic worker from Sweveghem, West Flanders, Belgium, where he was born April 21, 1863. After his Latin studies he entered the American College at Louvain, where June 29, 1888, he received priestly orders and whence he came to Montana, reaching Helena on the 13th of the following September.

Up to the time of his appointment to Bozeman, the Rev. A. R. Coopman remained attached to the Cathedral whence he visited, on his special missionary duty, several outlying settlements When he was changed to Bozeman the two Gallatins, Three Forks and other places, first visited from Helena, became also part of his field.

White Sulphur Springs, which for years had been attended from Helena, passed likewise at this date to his care and soon felt the good effects of Father Coopman's zeal and efficiency. Dr. Wm. Parberry, a long-time resident of the place, though not a Catholic, had donated some years before a site for a Catholic church. It took but a short time for Father Coopman to have a church under construction. The chapel has since been completed and named after St. Bartholomew.

White Sulphur Springs is a picturesque mountain town of some 500 inhabitants and owing to the healing properties of its mineral springs whence it takes its name, promises to be in the near future one of the best health resorts in the Northwest. A great drawback to its advancement has been, so far, its remoteness from other centers of population and the difficulty of reaching it, the spot being accessible only by the roughest kind of mountain roads.

Toward the end of August, 1891, Father Coopman was transferred to Livingston, and now Bozeman fell to the care of Father Lambaere. Soon after, however, the latter passed over to the west side and the Bozeman district became part of the new district of Livingston, whence it was to be attended for the time being and until some better arrangement could be made for the Boze-

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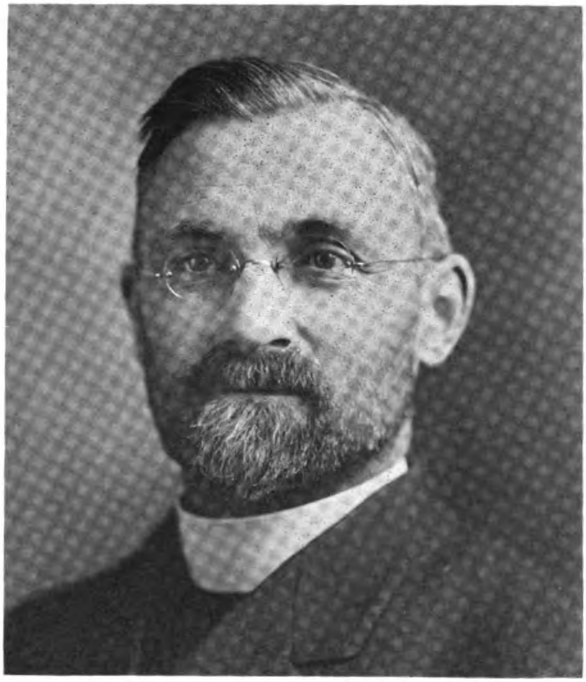

The Rev. Amat A. Coopman

The Rev. Francis X. Batens

VETERAN SECULAR PRIESTS OF MONTANA STILL LABORING IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD

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man community. Likewise, White Sulphur Springs was now again to be attended from Helena.

The one to whose care the place last mentioned has been committed is the Rev. Francis X. Batens of the Cathedral. This young missionary priest is a recent addition to the clergy of the Diocese and hails from Haasdonk, East Flanders, Belgium, where he was born December 11, 1868. After his humanities and the course of philosophy pursued in the Seminary of St. Nicholas, he entered the American College at Louvain in 1888, where he received the priesthood at the hands of the Rt. Rev. A. J. Glorieux, June 29, 1891. In the following September he left Belgium for Montana, arriving at Helena October 12th. Upon his arrival he was given the pastoral charge of White Sulphur Springs and also of the Boulder and Missouri Valley settlements and their dependencies where he is daily growing in the esteem and affection of all these scattered communities intrusted to his missionary zeal.

Marysville.

Among the earlier dependencies of Helena the nearest one where a chapel has been erected is Marysville, the center of a rich mining district, twenty miles northwest of Helena. The town which contains today about 1,000 souls, among them some three hundred Catholics, owes its existence to the famed Drum Lummon mine, discovered by Thomas Cruse about fifteen years ago, and which he sold in 1882 to an English Company for one and a half million dollars.

Thomas Cruse, the lucky finder of this bonanza, is a plain, brainy son of Ireland, who, without sporting the sheep skin diploma of a university or college, is endowed, nevertheless, with more common sense than falls to the share of ordinary mortals. The simple fact of his having leaped at one bound from the lowly plane of hard manual labor to the very pinnacle of wealth, untouched by giddiness and without the least cooling off in the practice of his religion, is evidence enough of an uncommonly well balanced head and the soundness of his heart.

March 2, 1886, was a day long to be remembered in Helena. On that morning with unusual splendor and circumstances was celebrated an impressive ceremony in the Cathedral of the Sacred Hearts, witnessed by as many as could crowd into the sacred

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edifice. It was the marriage of Thomas Cruse and Margaret Carter, an estimable young woman of rare accomplishments and singular piety. But how short are life's joys here below! On the 27th of the following December Margaret Cruse had passed away. Not before, however, she had left to her grieving husband a live part of herself, a sweet baby girl. May the child grow in age, wisdom and grace and may she never set greater store by the fortune than the faith and piety of her parents.

Clustering around the Drum Lummon are several other mines well known for their richness which have supported smaller communities of miners for many years. They, too, have been visited from Helena.*

The Marysville Church was built in 1886 by Father C. Pauwelyn, liberally assisted by the whole mining community irrespective of creed. Still, Annie Dillon, a pious and energetic young woman of the place, is entitled to special credit, having proved herself the most efficient promotor of the work. The chapel stands on a site donated by Thomas Cruse, and was blessed by the Ordinary on September 29, 1886, under the title of Our Lady of Lourdes.

It has since been enlarged and improved, is today one of the neatest, tidiest and best furnished chapels to be found in any outlying Mission of the Helena district. These improvements are all due to Father C. G. Follet who attended Marysville and to whom a more extended reference is made further on in our narrative.

* The principal of these mines, apart from the Drum Lummon, are the Penobscot, at one time nearly as famed as the former, and lying almost on top of the main Range; the Blue Bird, at Mount Pleasant; the Belmont, adjacent to Marysville; the Gloster, a little to the northwest; the Jay Gould and the Empire, one and all, within the radius of a few miles.

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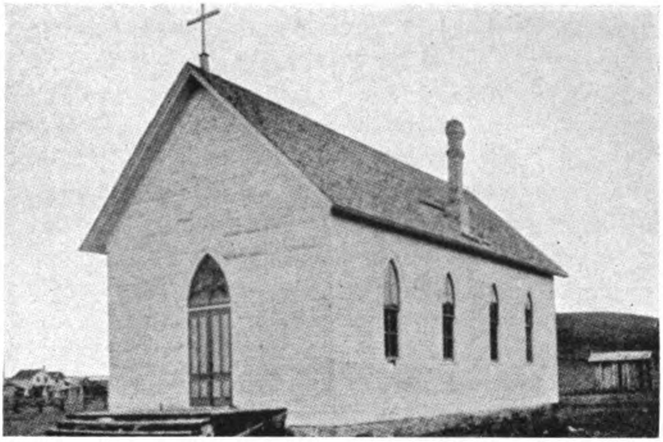
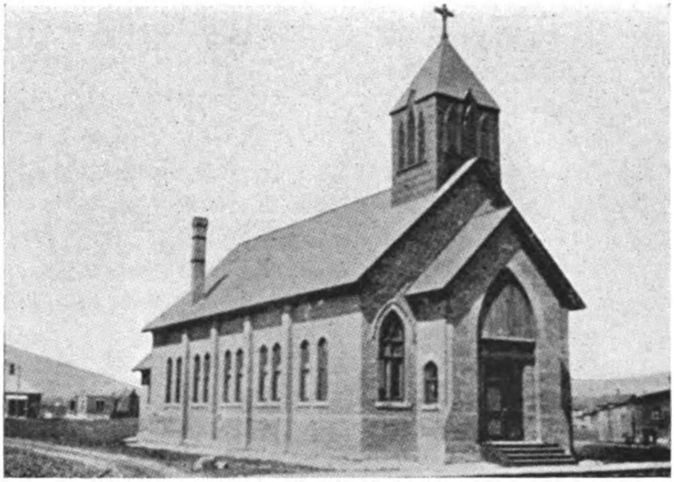


St. Leo's Church, Lewiston



St. Mary's Church, Livingston

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Chapter XXIII.

MILES CITY, GLENDIVE, BILLINGS, LIVINGSTON.

FROM the earlier dependencies of which we have spoken in the preceding chapter, we now pass on to those of more recent date. Most of these came into existence since the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad and lie between the Bozeman or Gallatin Range and the Dakota line.

Miles City.

The first to be mentioned is Miles City on the banks of Tongue River near its confluence with the Yellowstone and whose beginnings date from the establishment, in 1876-77, of Fort Keogh, in whose vicinity the town is built.

The place derives its name from General Nelson Miles, U. S. A., so well known in the annals of Indian wars, while its growth may be said to have commenced with the approach of the railroad, in 1881. The place was first visited by one of the Benedictine Fathers from Bismark, Dakota, who also about this time took the first steps toward building a church by securing the site.

In the meanwhile, the Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, of Cleveland, Ohio, became U. S. A. Chaplain at Fort Keogh, and for some years was the only priest between Bismark and Helena. Though as U. S. A. Chaplain he had to spend most of his time with the soldiers at the Fort, still when not on actual duty there he was authorized by the officers in command to attend sickcalls and do other missionary work in the surrounding settlements, particularly in Miles City because of its proximity to the Fort. The Miles City Church, named afted the Sacred Heart, was erected by him and he may be said to have been, as a matter of fact, the pastor of the place for several years.

But he did a large amount of good, not in Miles City alone and the Fort where he commanded the respect and esteem of everybody, civilian, soldier, rank and file; his ministrations extended to every settlement in this part of Montana. People loved to

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hear him and while his instructions and lectures were always pleasing and often original, they proved no less effective. For his frank, soldierly way of speaking appeared to impart both a special charm as well as a special force to his words.

After serving his full term of military chaplainship, Father Lindesmith, in 1891, returned to the Cleveland Diocese, his departure being much regretted both at Fort Keogh and Miles City.*

As related elsewhere, Miles City was visited from Helena first, by Father Venneman in 1881-82, then by the writer in the summer of 1883, and by Bishop Brondel in January of the following year, 1884, when the latter went thither to receive in person the Christmas gift, the colony of Ursulines, sent to Montana by Bishop Gilmour.

In October, 1887, Father Pauwelyn was stationed here and during his stay made several improvements in the church grounds and the premises. Glendive, Forsyth and several other settlements in this section were attended at this date from Miles City.

Changes followed later on, Father Pauwelyn going to Butte and Father van den Broeck coming to Miles City.

The Ursulines have established a day and boarding school for young ladies. It has been named the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

Glendive.

About 90 miles east of Miles City lies Glendive, the border city of eastern Montana. Here in the spring of 1886, a Protestant meeting house was purchased for $1,500 and fitted up as a Catholic church, Mass being said therein the next day for the first time by Bishop Brondel. The blessing of the church took place on the 12th of the following September when it was dedicated to St. Juliana, whose Feast occurs April 6, the day on which the building had been bought from the Congregationalists of the place.

We find recorded in Bishop Brondel's diary that a genuine Indian war broke out there during one of his visits to Glendive. It was, however, of short duration and the battlefield did not

* Father Lindesmith is the inventor of what goes under the name of artificial coal or punk, so convenient in church functions whenever the use of the censer is required by the rubrics. His preparation, besides being always handy and easily ignited, burns slowly, emits no odor and is perfectly smokeless.

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extend beyond the jail, where three Sioux Indians and two whites were at the time held in confinement by the law. The prisoners had been living peacefully together and apparently on terms of friendship. One day, after a protracted game of cards, it was noticed that the Indians grew taciturn and sulky and shortly after they were seen daubing themselves with paint. This done, without other warning than a savage yell, with knives in their hands, they sprang upon the two whites who were soon lying on the floor weltering in their own blood. Two of the savages strangled themselves instantly after the treacherous deed, while the third was seized upon by the bailiffs before he could do away with himself. Bishop Brondel was summoned to the bloody scene and had time to give the last rites of the Church to one of the two whites who proved to be an Italian. The other survived.

Billings and Livingston.

Retracing our steps westward, but without leaving the section east of the Bozeman Range, the next two towns and dependencies where churches have been erected are Billings and Livingston. While the latter nestles at the foot of the Range just mentioned, the former lies about half way between it and Miles City. Both places sprang up in 1882-83 and have since advanced to moderate dimensions, Billings contained some 1,500 and Livingston close on to 4,000 people.*

The latter place is the gateway to the Yellowstone National Park, a land of world-wide fame and visited yearly by thousands of tourists.†

The first Mass in Billings, as well as in Livingston, was said by the writer in the early summer of 1883, at which time the latter place was mostly a town of tents and canvas dwellings. He revisited Livingston in the following October when he administered the first two baptisms in that new community,

* At the time of publication (September, 1922) Billings is credited with a population of 15,100 and Livingston of 6,311.

† Apart from a small and insignificant fraction, this land of many wonders belongs geographically to Wyoming. But being inaccessible by rail otherwise travel to it is through Montana, over the Northern Pacific Railroad, and by way of Livingston, whence a branch of the main line takes the tourist to the Park.

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whilst the first baptisms in Billings were conferred by Father Barceló the following November.

Later on, the Rev. J. Halton, who for a short while became one of the Diocesan clergy, was given charge of Livingston, whence he also attended Billings. In this latter place he secured two lots for a church, but no further steps were taken in that direction until after some time when the people themselves took the matter in hand and of their own accord erected on the ground previously secured a church costing $2,000 which the Ordinary blessed and dedicated August 21, 1887, under the name and patronage of St. Joachim.

The site for a Catholic church in Livingston was donated by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. It consisted of four lots and thereon the foundations of a church were laid in 1884-85, but no move toward the superstructure was made until the appointment of Father Coopman to Bozeman. As to him now fell also the charge of Livingston, his energy and push soon brought the building to completion. The church, a neat, substantial brick edifice, is a credit to him and the Catholics of the place. Mass therein was first said on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, 1890. Its formal blessing, however, did not take place until January 24, when it received the title of St. Mary.

Previous to the opening of the new church services were held in a small frame building, which had been an Episcopalian chapel. Father C. Pauwelyn purchased and fitted up the structure for Catholic worship, naming it after St. Bernard. Sometime after it was moved from its original location to what was erroneously supposed to be the church ground donated by the railroad company. On the error being discovered the old frame was sold.

While Father Coopman's place of residence was Livingston, his missionary field extended over four counties, namely, Gallatin, Custer, Park and Yellowstone, having in each of them dependencies to look after. Within his mission district was also included the National Park, confided to him by the Ordinary of Wyoming, because, whilst that region of natural wonders falls within the canonical jurisdiction of the latter, it is not easily accessible except by way of Livingston.

In connection with the Yellowstone settlements may also be mentioned Fort Custer, established on the banks of the Big Horn

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Our Lady of Lourdes, Marysville

Church of the Sacred Heart, Miles City

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in 1887. The Fort was first visited from Helena by Father Barceló, who on his missionary excursions to and from the Crows, never failed to spend there some time, to dispense the comforts of our Divine religion to a goodly number of Catholics in the garrison.

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Chapter XXIV.

ST. HELENA'S CHURCH. CEMETERIES.

THE last dependency still to be mentioned in order to complete this part of our subject is St. Helena's Church, located on Ninth and Hoback Streets, Helena.

Within the last two years the increasing number of Catholics in the city rendered necessary the building of another church for their accommodation. The Cathedral had now become too small for the congregation, and many of our people lived too far to attend it and gather therein for worship. As a consequence, a desirable site for a new church was secured in the northeastern part of the city, where lived a number of Catholic families, mostly of German extraction, and there the new church was erected under the name and patronage of St. Helena.

The prime mover in the work was Father Meurer, C.SS.R., who, as we shall see a little further on, came with other confrères to give missions throughout the Helena Diocese. The beginning as well as the speedy completion of the new church are due to his earnest endeavors and efficiency. The corner-stone was laid by the Ordinary in the presence of a large crowd, March 10, 1889, and construction proceeded with such activity that Easter Sunday saw the building opened for Divine service. The church was a neat and substantial brick structure, appropriately furnished and costing complete $5,700. Its formal dedication took place September 27, 1891, when the Ordinary, besides blessing the church, blessed also a new bell for the same, and thus rendered the occasion doubly interesting and solemn.

The Rev. Charles G. Follet was pastor of St. Helena's, attending it from the Cathedral. Born in Alveringhen, West Flanders, Belgium, April 16, 1863, he made his primary studies in the parochial school of his native place, whence in 1877 he passed to the College of Furnes for his humanities. He studied philosophy in the Seminary of Roulers, and thence, in September, 1884, he entered the American College at Louvain, receiving his

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minor orders in December, 1885, at Mechlin at the hands of Archbishop Goosens. On June 24 he was raised to the priesthood at Louvain by the Rt. Rev. Van den Branden de Reeth, from whom he had also received in the same college subdeaconship and deaconship respectively in June and December of the previous year. Two months after his priestly ordination he set out for America with Father van den Broeck, arriving at Helena September 19, 1887, where he was attached to the Cathedral.

His first missionary duty was to attend Wickes, the Boulder and Missouri Valleys and also Marysville. He was appointed principal of St. Aloysius Select School for Boys, teaching the highest grade himself for one year. With the arrival among us of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd—of whom we shall give a more detailed account a little further on—he was entrusted with the spiritual care of that new institution and shortly after to him fell also the charge of St. Helena's Church. Father C. Follet is a fine, tall well-built man, an earnest worker, as well as a fluent and pleasing speaker.

A new church on the west part of the city is also contemplated, a convenient site having been donated by a non-Catholic gentleman, the lamented Col. C. A. Broadwater.

By way of complement, we append here the following figures taken from the books of the Cathedral and exhibiting the number of baptisms and marriages had in the city of Helena and all the outlying stations the last three years:

	Baptisms	Marriages
1889	252	40
1890	238	38
1891	259	48

To the above are to be added 101 baptisms and 18 marriages celebrated in the Livingston district and recorded in the books of the Livingston Church. Also 39 baptisms and 9 marriages had in Miles City, Glendive and Billings, which are entered in the Miles City Church records.

CEMETERIES.

What has been said in this chapter completes the record of all our churches in Montana. But as in the eyes of Catholicity resting places for the dead are no less necessary and no less

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sacred than places of worship for the living, it is but proper that we should add here also a word about our cemeteries.

The cemetery owned by the Helena Church and that as well belonging to the church of St. Francis Xavier, Missoula, have already been referred to in our chronicle. Besides these two, the other Catholic communities that have cemeteries are the following: Billings, Boulder Valley, Lewistown, Livingston, Miles City and Missouri Valley on the east side. On the west side: Anaconda, Butte and Frenchtown.

The churches of Benton and Deer Lodge, properly speaking, have no cemetery of their own, though grounds are reserved for them in the common town cemetery wherein to bury their dead.

The plot for the Boulder Valley cemetery was donated by Michael Quinn, as he had donated likewise the site for the church. while N. Oualette gave the ground for the Lewistown cemetery.

Two of these resting places for our faithful departed have been consecrated, the Boulder Valley cemetery and that of Miles City. But the former has since been desecrated by the interment therein of remains excluded by the Church from hallowed ground. Hence the only consecrated cemetery in Montana is that of Miles City.

We now return to Helena to take up and bring to a close what there still remains of its history.

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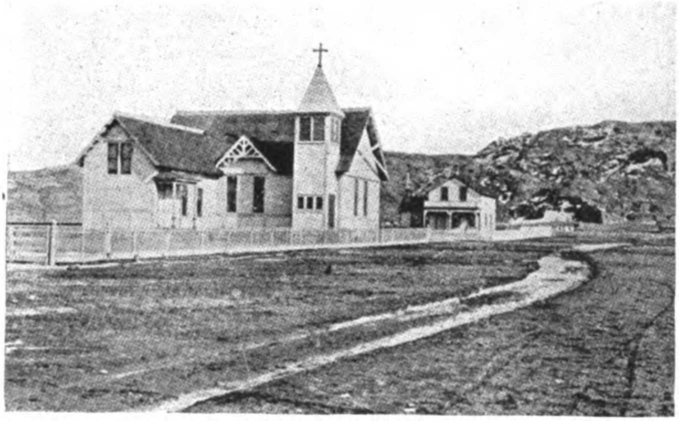
HOLY FAMILY CHURCH, THREE FORKS



ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH, GLENDIVE

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Chapter XXV.

FATHER CAMILLUS IMODA. FATHER JAMES BOUCHARD. HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL JAMES GIBBONS IN HELENA. MISSIONS BY THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS.

THE first event that we must chronicle in opening this chapter is a sad one, namely, the death of Father Camillus Imoda, which occurred at the Episcopal residence in the night of June 17 and 18, 1886.

Father Imoda had returned to Helena in the fall of 1883 to assist the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel in the discharge of parish and missionary duties at the Cathedral. His health had been impaired by exposure and the many hardships he had endured on the Indian Missions and, as a consequence, for some years back he had become subject to occasional attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. These caused him at times intense pain, yet he never relented in the performance of duty and, notwithstanding his sufferings, he was always ready to indulge in an innocent joke.

The Sunday that preceded his death as he was the only priest at the Cathedral, he attended to all the services alone, that is, after hearing several confessions, he read the eight o'clock Mass and sang the late Mass at 10.30, preaching at both Masses. He presided at Sunday School, held from two to three in the afternoon and also gave an instruction to the children and officiated again at Vespers and Benediction in the evening. *I will come to thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know at what hour I will come to thee** was the text of his evening instruction, the fourth and last for the day, as well as the last of his life.

The following Thursday, in the forenoon, he spent some hours with the architects and contractors of the new Episcopal residence, laying out the grounds, examining plans, etc., and attended in the afternoon to some business in town. Toward evening he

* Apoc. III, 3.

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appeared to be suffering more than usual and consulted Dr. Morris, who prescribed some stimulating liniment to relieve the pain. Later on, the same evening, he complained of his pain to Brother Megazzini, who made the remark. "Father, it may strike the heart." "As God wills," replied Father Imoda with a smile.

He had retired to rest when Father Pauwelyn came to him shortly after 10 o'clock and the two Fathers were together for a while, hearing each other's confession. This was the last time he was seen alive.

Knowing well that the Father needed rest, his not rising in the morning at the usual hour for Mass created no apprehension on the good Brother's mind. Later on, however, as repeated calls and knocks at the Father's door elicited no response, the Brother became alarmed. He now called the architect of the Bishop's House, who stood only a few yards off giving directions to the workmen and the two raised up the sash of the front window of the Father's room, the door being locked from the inside, to explore the situation. On first seeing the Father they thought he was sleeping, but he lay on his cot cold in death, though his countenance bore the peaceful expression of one asleep.

The sad news spread through the city quickly and was a shock to the whole community. On the body being examined by Dr. Morris and other physicians, the immediate cause of the Father's death became apparent. A clot of blood had been forming near the heart and now becoming detached from the spot that held it, closed the artery like a plug, preventing circulation. In the opinion of the doctors, death was instantaneous and comparatively painless.

The body was embalmed and lay in state in the Bishop's residence for several days. The Father's obsequies, held June 22, were attended by most of the clergy of the Diocese and by as many of the faithful as could crowd into the Cathedral. The remains were laid to rest in a brick vault in the rear of the church and over the one which contained the body of Father Philip Rappagliosi. Thus, these two missionaries of the Blackfeet Indians lie at rest in the same crypt beside each other, while two marble tablets on the east wall of the sacristy and just above

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them, perpetuate their memory among the living. The tablets have been placed there by order and at the expense of the Rt. Rev. Bishop.*

We need not give any extended notice of Father C. Imoda, after all we have said of him in our chronicle. He was known throughout the length and breadth of Montana as one of the pioneers of the Northwest, his efficient missionary labors among the Indians and the whites having endeared him alike to both the former and the latter and gained him the reverence and love of everyone.

Of a respectable family and one of several brothers he was born in Turin, Italy, November 29, 1829, and entered the Society of Jesus, April 22, 1854, in which he had been preceded by his brother Henry, at one time Superior of the Jesuit Missions in California. He made his novitiate at Massa-Carrara, in the Duchy of Modena, where we became first acquainted with him in 1855. Having asked to be sent to the Indian Missions of the Rocky Mountains, he left Italy soon after and rounding Cape Horn on a sailing vessel, landed in California after a six months' voyage. In 1859, he came into what is today the State of Montana and here he lived and toiled up to the moment that the Master bade him rest from his labors.

Father C. Imoda was one of the few members of the human family of whom it is said: *sortiti sunt animam bonam.* He was always in a cheerful frame of mind, while meekness of spirit and gentleness of manner appeared to be with him a second nature. In the many years we lived with him we never saw his remarkably calm temper ruffled by even as much as a ripple. But whilst meekness and cheerfulness appeared to be the characteristics of his happy disposition, his fidelity and constancy in the performance of duty, no less than exactness to the smallest detail in his every action, were admired even by worldly people. Father C. Imoda is gone to his rest, but he still lives among us in his work and the examples of his virtues.

Shortly after the sad event just recorded, Father James Bouchard, so well known all over the Pacific Coast as a zealous missioner and eloquent speaker, arrived in Helena, having come

* These two bodies were removed recently to the cemetery attached to Mt. St. Michael's, a Jesuit seminary near Spokane, Wash.

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at the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop for the purpose of giving retreats and missions throughout the Diocese. He commenced his apostolic labors by opening July 4 a ten days' mission in the Cathedral. He then passed to other places, spending two months and a half in this ministry and meeting, through God's goodness and mercy, with gratifying results wherever he labored. He returned a year after and spent several weeks among our people reaping, with God's blessing, no less fruit from his preaching than he had on the previous occasion.

In the early part of the following October Helena was favored by the presence of a Prince of the Church, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. It had become known that His Eminence would pass through Montana sometime in the fall, on his way to Portland, Oregon, to confer the sacred Pallium on His Grace William Gross, the Metropolitan of that See. Bishop Brondel invited the Cardinal to rest awhile in Helena during his long journey to the coast. He consented, reaching Helena on the evening train, October 4, with Dr. Chapelle of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., as his traveling companion.

Met at the depot by a committee of gentlemen of the congregation, the Cardinal was driven to the Episcopal residence. As it is wont to happen on occasions out of the ordinary the smoothness of the proceedings was disturbed somewhat through the misplacing of the luggage of the travelers.

In the meanwhile the Cathedral had been filled to capacity with expectant people, all anxiously waiting for the appearance of the Cardinal. His Eminence finally recovered his valise and clad in his cardinalitial robes soon appeared within the sanctuary. His canonical reception over, he was introduced to the vast assembly by Bishop Brondel in a few choice words. His Eminence replied in a brief address.

Having returned to the Episcopal residence, the Hon. Martin Maginnis, on behalf of the Helena congregation, greeted the Cardinal with an address of welcome, both eloquent and hearty:

These mountains and valleys in which we receive you are not strangers to the Church which you represent. Its zealous missionaries, who have explored every range of mountains, crossed every desert and traversed every sea in the world, did not leave these

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wilds alone to their savage inhabitants. They were here before us all; of the first comers they were the first; of all old-timers they were the oldest. They came not in search of gold and silver nor of gain, not for the cattle on the hills or the sheep in the fold, but inspired by the love of God, and guided by the Star of Bethlehem which still shines in pious hearts, above the clouds of error, unbelief and worldliness, came to bear the blessings of religion to the benighted hearts of their fellow-men. Even in this material age when the love of gold and place and honor are the ruling motives, the worst of us can recognize the higher natures and sublimer aspirations which sacrifice the selfishness of the heart on the altar of humanity.

His Eminence listened intently to the address and was noticed to nod approvingly time and again at this or that allusion of the speaker to the influence of Catholicity on American progress. After the Cardinal's reply filled with kind words and redolent of patriotism, the company dispersed to congregate again the next day, when a formal and largely-attended reception was tendered the distinguished visitor. His Eminence started westward on the evening train, leaving after him pleasing and grateful recollections and being himself not only favorably impressed with Helena and her people, but to quote his own words, "struck with the substantial evidence of their enterprise."

The visit of Cardinal Gibbons was followed by what may be truly designated as two years of grace, and not for Helena alone, but for the whole of Montana. A band of zealous Redemptorist Fathers, led by Father McLoughlin, arrived from St. Louis, Mo., and for over two months were engaged in missionary work throughout the whole Diocese, commencing with a two-weeks' mission preached in Helena. The year after another band of the same Order, led by Father McLoughlin, came to give a "renewal" of the preceding mission. They cultivated the same field, and their labors, through God's grace, were attended on both occasions with most happy results.

Father McLoughlin, C.SS.R., as well as Father Bouchard, S. J., have since passed away. May their souls rest in peace; and may likewise those of our Montana people who have been benefited by the zeal and work of the two missionaries never forget these benefactors of their souls.

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Chapter XXVI.

THE ORDER OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN HELENA. BISHOP BRONDEL'S SILVER JUBILEE.

FEBRUARY 12, 1889, saw the establishment in Helena of a new Sisterhood, that is, of a house of what is commonly known as the Order of the Good Shepherd, one of the brightest among the many precious jewels that encircle the brow of the Spouse of Christ on earth, His Church Divine.

For those of our readers not familiar with the history of the Order we give here an outline of its origin and its object.

Our Lord came on earth to save sinners. This was His mission. Of all sinners, however, women fallen from virtue seem to have been special objects of His tender mercies, as appears from the Magdalen, the Samaritan woman, and the other woman whom He delivered from her accusers. While walking on earth, He conversed with women on but few occasions, yet on three of these few occasions, as we read in the Gospel, He spoke with women of this unfortunate class.

Following in His footsteps and imitating the example of her Divine Bridegroom, the Church in all ages has ever looked on fallen women with tender solicitude and the greatest compassion. But it was reserved to Blessed John Eudes, who has been raised to the honors of the altar by Christ's Vicar on earth, to institute a Religious Order of women, whose aim and principal object should be to devote their lives to reclaiming from waywardness the fallen of their sex, and forming them to habits of virtue and Christian piety.

By its very nature, chastity, more than any other moral virtue, shrinks from what is tainted by the contrary vice. This may partly account for the lack of sympathy manifested towards the outcasts of society. Strange to say, women are even less compassionate than men in this matter. They cannot bear to have as much as the shadow of one of their fallen sisters cross

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their path, and this, even when the latter show signs of repentance and strive to lead a better life.

But the spouse of the Heavenly Bridegroom, in her spotless robe of purity, can afford to be merciful without risk of tarnishing its beauty and luster, she can stoop down and reach her helping hand to the fallen, and yet remain herself firm and unshaken in her integrity, clean in mind and body in the presence of what has been defiled.

The circumstances that led to the institution of the Order were the following: One day while Blessed John Eudes was returning from church with some friends, a pious woman, Magdalen Lamy, who took great interest in poor sinners, met him and cried out to him and his companions: "Oh, Reverend Father, and you, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you would pray a little less and think instead of some plan to shelter your unfortunate penitents. I am a poor woman, and if I am obliged to abandon them it will not be my fault, but yours." The good woman's appeal had its effect. The party before separating resolved to establish a house of refuge.

A dwelling being secured, some ladies who were unmarried took charge of watching over the penitents. One of them of maturer age, Madame Morin, was placed at the head of the band as matron. The house was opened at Caen in Normandy, France, December 8, 1641.

Things, however, did not go on satisfactorily. With all her piety, the matron was willful and hard-headed, and the Blessed John had more difficulties with her and the other ladies than in governing the penitents. Hence, he came to the conclusion of founding a Religious Community to carry on the work.

When his plans became known, the ladies who had charge of the new institution were indignant. They looked upon the new project as a reproach to themselves, and without giving the holy man any notice of their intention, left the house, taking along whatever belonged to them. And now two young girls, one of them a niece of Blessed John and only fourteen, and the other very young also, had for a time the full charge of managing the house and the penitents.

Later on, Venerable Mother Patin and two other Nuns of the Visitation Convent were assigned by the Bishop of the place

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to form a new Community. The two young girls remained as novices, and they were soon joined by a number of other young women. In 1651 the Bishop gave canonical institution to the Sisterhood, allowing its members to bind themselves by vows. But it was not till 1666 that the new Order, with the Constitution drawn up by the servant of God, received the solemn approval of the Holy See. Sixteen Sisters made then their solemn vows, adding a fourth one, as approved by the Church, of devoting their lives to the care of the penitents.

The Sisterhood soon spread into various parts of Europe. Until 1834 its convents were independent of one another. But from that year on the House of Angers obtained from Gregory XVI the authorization to exercise a generalate over all the convents it might found. Thus 140 foundations in Europe and America recognize today the Angers Convent as their Motherhouse.

In the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd there are three classes of Nuns, namely, the Choir Sisters, the Lay Sisters and the Outdoor Sisters, all living in common. The Sisterhood enjoys the privilege of being cloistered, but some members of each convent are allowed to go out to attend to necessary business, such as soliciting work, contributions and the like, whence their name of Outdoor Sisters. Their religious garb or habit differs somewhat during life, but at death they are all clothed and buried in the habit of the Choir Sisters, which is spotless white, to symbolize the purity of their lives.

In the true spirit of their holy Founder and to carry out more fully his intentions and object to the class of the penitents is added another, namely, of young girls exposed to the danger of losing their innocence. Thus, there are four classes of persons in the Sisters' keeping, that is, the Magdalens or Penitents, who follow the religious life, observing the Carmelite Rule, ordinary penitents, reformatory inmates, and, lastly, very young girls who are confided to the Nuns' care for preservation.

With the Order of the Good Shepherd, Blessed John Eudes founded also a Religious Community of men, who take their name from him and are known as Eudist Fathers.

With this brief sketch of the Order, its origin and object before him, the reader will better understand the boon which

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Bishop Brondel bestowed on Helena when he invited a Community of Good Shepherd Sisters to establish themselves here.

Quarters for them had been previously secured by the purchase of grounds and a neat brick residence on the corner of Ninth Avenue and Hoback Street, where they were installed the day of their arrival. The new Community was composed of six members with Mother Margaret at the head. Very soon the premises were found too small, and their capacity has already been enlarged a couple of times. It is further becoming every day more and more apparent that their present location will prove utterly inadequate before long, and that it will have to be replaced by a more convenient site.*

But it is indeed much to be regretted that in such an enlightened and liberal-minded community as Helena there should have been found a scribe who could out-pharisee the Pharisees of old by stoning, not the sinning woman, as would they, but the brave and noble women who sacrifice their own lives to uplift the members of their sex from the thraldom of sin and degradation. The stand taken by the Helena *Journal* (since happily defunct) in the Linnie Connor incident, its threats, its appeals to passion and its utter disregard of parental authority were all a piece of pharisaical hypocrisy. "If Connor"—the father who had placed a daughter of his in the keeping of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd—"escapes a dose of tar and feathers, he will be playing to good luck," wrote the *Journal*. And again: "The girl will be released from the House of the Good Shepherd or the walls of that establishment will come down." It was not, however, the House of the Good Shepherd that the *Journal* pulled down, but its own concern, which is now a thing of the past.

We opened the preceding chapter by recounting a sad event, but God be praised for enabling us to close the present one with an event full of joy and festivity. We refer to the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop Brondel's priestly ordination, or his Silver Jubilee in the priesthood, which was celebrated December 17, 1889. It was indeed a red-letter day and long to be remembered.

The joyous occasion brought together all the clergy of the

* This has been done since, the institution being now established on the west side of the city where, with ampler and more desirable grounds, it has also larger and more convenient accommodations.

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Diocese, ten in number, and nine Regulars, three Redemptorist, and six Jesuit Fathers. The religious part of the celebration began with solemn Pontifical Mass at 10 o'clock, the Cathedral being crowded to its utmost capacity. Father McLoughlin, C.SS.R., preached the sermon, a masterly treatment of his subject, "The Catholic Priesthood." In the afternoon the pupils of St. Vincent's Academy rendered an excellent program in honor of His Lordship, and at the thanksgiving service in the evening, appropriate addresses were presented to him by the Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, U. S. A., Chaplain at Fort Keogh, on the part of the clergy, and by Hon. Martin Maginnis on the part of the laity.

The religious ceremonies of the evening were followed by a general reception at the Episcopal residence, at which throng after throng of callers came to present their respects and congratulations to His Lordship. Substantial expression of devotedness in the form of choice and valuable presents were not wanting, among which may be mentioned a purse of $1,500, made up for the occasion by the faithful of the Diocese.

One of the features of the day was also a brass band of youthful Indian players, from 12 to 16 years of age, who, as related in Part I, had come to the Indian School of St. Ignatius to do honor to their Bishop. The presence of those dusky lads, no less than their musical proficiency and excellent playing, was, decidedly a pleasing surprise to the whole community.

A few words now by way of résumé on the men and women who have helped to make Montana Church history in the period of which we have been treating.

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Chapter XXVII.

NECROLOGY. PRIESTLY AND RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS. SOME EXEMPLARY CHRISTIANS.

SEVERAL of the departed laborers who were instrumental in establishing and advancing Catholicity in Montana have been duly referred to in the course of this narrative as required by the occasion. Hence, not to repeat the already written, we shall now mention those only whose death has not yet been recorded.*

Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus.

The first of the number is Father Peter De Vos, whom we have met coming to the mountains in company with Lord Stuart. He resided but a short time at St. Mary's, whence he went down to the lower country and sometime later on to California. He died at Santa Clara, April 17, 1859, aged sixty-nine, having passed thirty-four years in the Society.

The second in order is Father Louis Vercruysse, who labored for some time at St. Ignatius, whence in 1863 he was transferred to California. A couple of years or so after he returned to Belgium, his native country, and there ended his days.

On the news of his death being received at St. Ignatius, Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul, all the Indians of the village receiving Holy Communion in his behalf. One of their number appeared exceedingly surprised at the news of the Father's death. On being asked the reason of his unwonted surprise, "I did not know," said he, "that you Black Robes also die." On being further asked how he came to fancy that Black Robes did not die, "Because," said he, "you keep for yourselves the good medicine which holds death away from you, whereas,

* No death among the secular clergy of the Diocese occurred prior to 1891. Some of them, on the field at that time, have died since, and they, as well as the other laborers, also on this field at that date and likewise now departed, will be duly mentioned.

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to us poor Indians you give medicine that is *itenemús* (worthless) and lets us die."

Whether that redskin was sincere or not in his professed ignorance, we cannot say. If sincere, he must not have heard of the death of Father Zerbinatti, which had occurred some years before at St. Mary's. But we are tempted to suspect that, though a benighted son of the forest, he also had somehow a touch of the spirit of the "evil one," which prompts so many white-skinned cousins of his to pick at and revile the priesthood.

Third on the list is Father James A. Vanzina, who, as we have seen, did missionary work at St. Ignatius, Hell's Gate, Frenchtown and Virginia City. From Montana he went to Colville, Washington, where he labored with zeal and efficiency for several years. He slept in the Lord the morning of June 19, 1880, and was laid to rest in the Mission church, near Colville. Whites and Indians alike mourned heartily his passing away, as all looked on Father Louis, the name they knew him by, as a man of God.

Father James A. Vanzina was born in Lombardy, Italy, August 15, 1823, and of his fifty-seven years of life, twenty-six were devoted to God's service in the Society of Jesus, which he entered January 15, 1855. He came to Montana in 1862.

Father Gregory Gazzoli, whom we met at the Cœur d'Alene Mission, at St. Ignatius and also at St. Peter's, was a Roman, and came to the Rocky Mountains in 1855. His missionary life was mostly devoted to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Cœur d'Alenes Indians, and from their midst he went to his reward, May 10, 1882. He was born in the Eternal City, August 6, 1837, and lived forty-five years of his life in the Society.

Father Joseph Giorda ended his days also at the Cœur d'Alene Mission, his death having occurred August 4, 1822, not quite three months after the passing away of Father Gazzoli. Born at Cumbeviana, in the Province of Turin, Italy, March 19, 1823, he entered the Society of Jesus March 29, 1845. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, he went as a missioner to the island of Corsica, whence he was recalled a year or so later and sent to the Seminary of Bertinoro, in Emilia, Italy. He there taught dogmatic and moral theology, being at the same time the

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spiritual director of the institution. In 1854 he returned to Corsica, but his departure from the Seminary of Bertinoro was so much regretted that scarcely one year afterwards he had to return. There he remained till 1859, when he was sent to the Missions of the Rocky Mountains, reaching his destination the following year, 1860.

After Father De Smet, our Indian Missions are indebted to no one more than to Father Giorda, as he can be called in all truth, their second founder. He took charge of them at a most critical period, during which he governed them with great zeal, foresight, tact and self-abnegation, a model Superior, as well as an example of Christian virtue, winning the esteem and love of all alike, prelate, priest, layman, white and Indian.

The Indians called Father Giorda *Mil'kokan,* which means round head. But while conspicuously so, physiologically, he was a remarkably square-headed man otherwise; and, like Father De Smet, he will ever stand out as one of the most prominent figures in the history of Catholicity, not in Montana alone, but throughout the whole of this northwestern country.

Another of the pioneer missionaries in Montana was Father Urban Grassi. Stricken down by pneumonia at Umatilla, Oregon, he went to his Maker March 21, 1890, after a brief illness. He was one of the most efficient and most indefatigable workers on the Indian Missions. Born at Girola, in the Province of Voghera, Italy, November 25, 1830, he entered the Society of Jesus December 5, 1850, and three years later came to America, spending a couple of years in St. Louis, Mo. In 1855 he went to California, and there he taught till 1861, when he came to the mountains.

Father Grassi had charge of the Mission of St. Ignatius for several years, and for some three years also of all the Missions in the capacity of Vice-Superior. To him is due the credit of building the first two churches for the whites in Montana, and of sending Jesuit Fathers to both Helena and Virginia City. The last years of his missionary life were spent among the Indians along the Columbia and at the Umatilla Mission, whence, as said above, he went to receive the crown won by his apostolic labors.

Of the departed Brothers of the Society who lived for a time

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in Montana during the period of our history, and who within the same period have ended their course whilst on duty elsewhere, four are still to be mentioned.

The first is Charles Huet, one of the founders of St. Mary's Mission, as well as one of the first to receive the reward of his toil, having finished his course comparatively young. He died at the Cœur d'Alene Mission, May 31, 1856, aged fifty-one and after living twenty-one years in the Society.

The three others are Francis Huybrechts, Michael McGean and Natalis Savio. Of these, the first two passed some years at St. Ignatius, whence they were transferred to the Mission of the Sacred Heart among the Cœur d'Alenes, and there both ended their days, Francis Huybrechts, April 6, 1872, at the ripe age of seventy-five, Michael McGean, October 28, 1877, in his sixty-fifth year, the former having lived thirty-eight, the latter forty-two years in the Society.

Brother Savio resided first at St. Mary's, then for a while at St. Ignatius. He died in California at the age of seventy-seven, January 19, 1891. While Brother McGean was mostly occupied in farming and tending stock, Brother Francis Huybrechts possessed the skill of a trained mechanic, and some furniture manufactured by him is still doing today good service at St. Ignatius.

It goes without saying that they were one and all good religious men, for otherwise they could not have endured the privations of their long missionary life among the Indians. It is history, however, that whilst in the Rocky Mountains Brother Savio wavered in his vocation. But it is also history that he soon repented his error and inconstancy, and had been fifty-seven years a Jesuit Brother at the time of his death.

One and all may these pioneers of Catholicity in Montana rest in peace.

Departed Sisters.

After those of the sterner sex, it is but just that we should recall the pioneer workers of the gentler sex also, those brave women who in their own sphere have done their part in furthering the cause of Catholicity in Montana, and who also, like the former, whether on duty among us or elsewhere, have ended their course during the period of our chronicle.

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The death of Sisters Paul Miki and Remi, of the Order of Providence, has been recorded before. The following, whose passing away is now to be mentioned, were all members of the Leavenworth Sisterhood.

Sister Cleophas heads the list. She came to Montana in 1872, and finished her course at St. John's Hospital, Helena, February 11, 1883. She was a hard and cheerful worker, and the first of the Order to die in our midst.

She was followed a year after by Sister Mary Xavier, who also came to Montana in 1872, and who, after doing duty at Helena and Deer Lodge, went to Butte, whence the Heavenly Bridegroom, with hardly any premonition of her good fortune, summoned her to Himself, July 1, 1884. She will be remembered as one of the brave Sisters who volunteered to nurse the wounded on the battlefield of Big Hole.

The third to be called away from our midst was Sister Mary Paul, who slept in the Lord at Deer Lodge, March 22, 1886; a favorite soul, much beloved by the pupils confided to her care at St. Vincent's, Helena, and at St. Mary's, Deer Lodge.

Sister Frances De Sales is still mourned by companions and pupils at St. Vincent's Academy, whence pneumonia carried her off December 11, 1887, after a very brief illness. While gifted, scholarly, uncommonly bright and refined, as well as a favorite with all who knew her, she was, above all, a woman of solid piety and true religious spirit.

The last of the Order to end her days in our midst before the closing year of our narrative was Sister Basilissa, who had the happy secret of winning the hearts of the little people placed in her keeping. Youthful in age, but mature in wisdom, she died in Helena, November 24, 1891.

These pious and noble women spent part of their precious lives among us, teaching our youth, nursing our sick, and spreading round about them "the sweet odor of Christ" by the example of their virtues. Their remains repose in Helena soil; and who knows but, instruments as they were of so many heroic acts of religion and charity, they are also a better and more stolid foundation for the city's permanency and prosperity than brick and stone, nay, than even silver and gold? For, after all,

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it is not on mere material assets alone that the upbuilding and prosperity of communities depend.

Another still to be mentioned is Sister Donat, née Marie J. Côte, of the Order of Providence, although she came to Montana only to die. She took to her cot the day of her arrival at Missoula, brought down by that dreadful scourge, the smallpox, the germs of which she carried with her from Montreal, where the distemper was raging at the time of her departure. If we grieved beyond expression at her taking away, we were still more edified by the heroic resignation of that youthful soul, tasting bitter death with a smile. She was only a few days past twenty-one when, September 19, 1885, she returned to her Maker to perpetuate above the bloom of her youth.

Let us now refer to the departed Sisters who labored on this field previous to the close of 1891, and who also previous to the same date, or shortly after, have passed away, but elsewhere than in Montana.

Sister Regina has already been referred to before, and to her must be joined several other members of the same Sisterhood,* namely, Sisters Bernard Mary, Helena, Mary Margaret and Modesta, who followed her at different dates. All these pioneer workers of the gentler sex went to their repose outside of Montana. So did also Sister Mary Victor of the Order of Providence and the first Superior of the Missoula Foundation, who ended her course at Montreal, August 3, 1879.

May they all rest in peace and may perpetual light shine upon them!

The places left vacant by these pioneer workers, men and women, have been filled by new recruits, but all, so far, from foreign climes, and the same distant nurseries that have supplied the first laborers have had likewise to furnish their successors.

Montana is perhaps too young a community still to give Levites to the altar and Religious to the cloister. As with the date-palm, which is of very slow growth and barren of fruit in other but tropical warmth, so with vocations to the priesthood and religious life. They are slow to form, and do not germinate save in a high spiritual temperature, and new communities have not been

* The Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth.

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shone upon by the sun of supernatural charity long enough to bear this precious kind of fruit, or bring it to maturity.

Perhaps also, our Montana people have still too strong a hankering for the gold and silver that brought them into the country.*

With regard to vocations, we find no one called to the priesthood from Montana during the period covered by our narrative, except the Very Rev. P. J. Stockman, of Hollywood, California, who for a time taught school in the Missouri Valley in the early sixties. He was advised and persuaded to become a priest by Father Giorda, who discovered in the young man qualifications that well fitted him for the high calling. Acting on the advice given him, young Stockman went to California, where he entered the priesthood, and where he has seen active service in the ministry ever since.

There are several, however, who embraced the life of the Evangelical Counsels; but, with the exception of one, though they went forth from Montana, they were not born in the state. Three of the number belonged to the sterner sex and were James Henneberry, of Beaverhead County; Patrick Harrick, one of the early Montana miners; and John Donnigan, who mined for some time at old Diamond City. All three became Coadjutor Brothers of the Society of Jesus, which they entered, the first, August 16, 1866; the second, February 15, 1867; and the last mentioned, September 8, 1873.

Of the gentler sex, the first to follow the higher life of the Counsels was Annie Brown, who lived for some time at Gold Creek, Deer Lodge County, where her father conducted a store. She first attended school at St. Ignatius, then at St. Vincent's Academy, Helena, and in November, 1874, joined the Sisters of Leavenworth, her name in religion being Sister Bernadette.

Kate Hawkes, now Sister Laurentia, entered the same Community some two years after. She was followed, in 1887, by Mary Reynolds, Sister Mary Remigius; and, sometime later on, by three other young ladies, Kate and Mary Murphy, two sisters, and M. McAuliffe, named respectively in religion, Sisters Mary Ida, Ivo and Bernard Mary.

* Since the above was written several young girls of Montana have entered our local communities, and a number of Montana boys are studying for the priesthood.

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Later still, two other young ladies entered the same Sisterhood, Josephine Miehle, who took the name of Sister Mary Benedict, and Mary Lynch, whose religious life closed matured, when hardly opened, for she died when still a novice, and made her profession on her deathbed under the religious name of Sister Mary Basyl.

Catherine Caplice, now among the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Sisters Cecilia, Mary, Martha and Ursula, who joined the Ursuline Order, and also Sister Mary Victor, who entered the Holy Cross Community, belong likewise to the select band that left the world and went forth from Montana to serve God in religion.

The last to be mentioned is Mary Kelly, who was born in Nevada Creek, May 16, 1872, and joined the Sisters of Leavenworth November 6, 1891. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Sira. She is the very first, and so far, the only Montana-born youth who has been called to embrace the Counsels. A young man, born also in Montana, became a religious at an earlier date, but did not persevere in his vocation. Others, also Montana-born, have consecrated themselves to God in the priesthood or religion, but as has been pointed out above, subsequently to the period covered by our narrative.

To the few who have thus chosen the better part, by embracing the life of the Counsels, we now add those also who, walking in the way of the Commandments, have "edified the brethren in the faith" by their thoroughly Christian conduct. And praised be the Lord! that their number is not limited to a few only, notwithstanding the difficulties encompassing the practice of religion and virtue in what still goes under the name of "the wild and woolly West." Let us at least refer to such among them whose deaths were as happy as their lives were edifying.

True, they were not born nor reared in Montana, but they lived among us for a number of years; they edified us by their virtues and good example, and if not from Montana by birth, they became Montana's by death, having ended their days in our midst, and their remains reposing in Montana soil. But as we must hasten to bring our work to an ending, we can refer to no more than three or four of these exemplary Christians, with whose sterling worth we were made better acquainted by

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several years' experience as their spiritual director. We here refer to Margaret Hanratty, Mary Flanagan and Ellen Nagle, three remarkable women, each of whom exemplified in herself the valiant woman described in Pro. XXXI, and whose price, as declared therein, is as of things brought *from afar off and from the uttermost coasts.*

Margaret Louisa Hanratty was born in St. Louis, Mo., December 23, 1821. She married quite young and was left a widow after bringing forth two sons and one daughter. She came to Montana with the latter, Mrs. C. D. Curtis, in 1872, and died the death of the just among us, October 13, 1882, after a long and painful sickness which she bore to the last with patient, cheerful endurance.

Mary Flanagan, born in the south of Ireland, came to America in the thirties. She first lived in New York, and then for a time in Iowa. The fruits of her marriage were a son, M. J. Flanagan, of Fort Benton, and a daughter, Mrs. Mary Power, the accomplished wife of Hon. T. C. Power, U. S. Senator from our State. She came to Montana in 1869 and resided at Fort Benton with her daughter for several years. Later on she moved to Helena, and here, August 14, the Vigil of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, went to her rest. Of a retiring and most unassuming disposition, no one ever cared less for the glittering, but hollow and empty shams of life than she, while her Catholic sense was no less wonderfully keen than practical.

Ellen Healy or Nagle, being the latter by marriage, was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 6, 1826. The family moved first to Chicago, when that metropolis of the West was in its infancy, then to Beloit, Wisconsin, and lastly to Galena, Illinois, where Ellen married George Nagel, a worthy son of Kerry, Ireland, their marriage being blessed June 10, 1884, in St. Michael's Church, by the Rev. Petiot, the Pastor. Later on, she passed to Sinsinawa Mound, Wisconsin, where she lived up to 1884, at which date she came to Montana. Her marriage was blessed with ten children, four sons and six daughters, two of the number, a boy and a girl, dying in their infancy. Two of her sons and five daughters live in our midst and are well and favorably known by the whole community.

She passed away in this city November 22, 1890, going to join her husband, whom she laid to rest November 22, 1888,

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just two years before. *The just that walketh in his simplicity shall leave behind him blessed children;** words of Holy Writ, which could well be applied to George and Ellen Nagle and to their sons and daughters.

The last we shall mention is Matilda Galen, whose death occurred also in this city, December 27, 1891. She was born of James Gillogly and Ellen Burke, in the County of Fermanagh, Ireland, September 7, 1837. Having married, in 1860, Hugh Galen, the couple lived for a while in Idaho, whence they came to Montana in the fall of 1866. Matilda Galen was a woman of sterling worth and more than ordinary industry, while her devotedness to the cause of religion, as well as her many deeds of kindliness and mercy toward the needy and sorrowing will ever make her memory both revered and gratefully cherished.

And here we may well put on record the following: it is worth while, throwing as it does, no little sidelight on this part of our subject.

Hurriedly summoned to the bedside of a sick person some twenty miles from Helena, the writer and the physician, both having been called out at the same time, were riding in the same conveyance, the doctor's own carriage. The physician was a leading member of the profession, a non-Catholic, and stood high also in Masonic circles. "Father," said he, "I am glad to have your company, as for a good while I have been wishing to meet you." Then he continued: "I must tell you, Father, that I have been for many years a believer in *total depravity,* convinced that there was not, nor could there be among human beings such a thing as honesty and virtue, so-called virtue being nothing more than a matter of environment and expediency. But since I began to practise my profession I have been forced to change my mind on the subject, for I have found true, real virtue among your Catholic women."

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, has written a most useful and very popular book, *The Faith of Our Fathers.* Yet, candidly, we are under the impression that not in Montana only, but in every other place as well, there would be very little of the faith of our fathers but for the faith of our mothers.

* Prov. xx: 7.

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Mrs. Matilda Galen — Mrs. Mary Louise Hanratty — Mrs. Ellen Nagle

A TRIO OF CATHOLIC GENTLEWOMEN OF PIONEER DAYS

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Chapter XXVIII.

PIONEER MISSIONERS OF MONTANA, MEN AND WOMEN, WHO LABORED ON THE FIELD BEFORE THE CLOSE OF 1891.

IN THE last chapter and elsewhere in these pages, either in the text or footnotes, we have duly referred to the missioners, Fathers, Brothers and Sisters, who labored in Montana and died, here or on other fields, within the period embraced by our chronicle. But several of the pioneer workers ended their course later on, that is, between 1891, the closing year of our narrative, and 1913, the present date of our writing. Is it not meet and proper that in this new and revised edition of the work the latter also should be mentioned? We think so; and hence this new chapter, by the addition of which, obviously, so much of our subject is rounded out and brought nearer to date, as pointed out in the preface to this new edition.

The Late Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, D.D.

The first, not in point of time but dignity, whose death we deeply regret to have to chronicle, is the chief Pastor and the first Bishop of the Helena Diocese, the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel. He passed away in the city of his See, November 3, 1903, lacking only four months of being sixty-two years of age. His edifying death was a befitting close of a life of piety at home and in the Seminary, and of piety and apostolic zeal in the priesthood and Episcopate.

The immediate cause of his ending the physicians attributed to "fatty degeneration of the heart," and no doubt they know what that means.

From the moment of his arrival on the field he naturally became the central figure of Catholicity in Montana, and much of this narrative is justly devoted to him, to his labors and efficient endeavors toward directing, uplifting and sanctifying the flock committed to his care. We lived some ten years under the same roof and in the closest intercourse with Bishop Brondel, and

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what we have written of him and his work is all from personal knowledge gained during the time.

We regret that we could not bring this narrative down to the closing days of his life. Nor could we attempt to do it at this date, having been knocked about too much the last twelve or fifteen years to possess the correct and detailed information needed for the task. This, however, can matter little indeed, as ere long some abler pen will doubtlessly take up and do full justice to the subject.*

The remains of the departed Prelate were kept in state for several days, and his obsequies were attended by the Metropolitan, the Suffragans of the Province, as well as by the Ordinary of Victoria, B. C. All the clergy of the Diocese, Seculars and Regulars, able to assist, were present, the writer also being in the number, while Religious Communities of women were likewise well represented.

The body was laid to rest, for the time being, in a brick vault in the rear of the church, to the west, and opposite the vault containing the remains of Fathers C. Imoda and Rappagliosi. But eventually it will be removed to the new Cathedral, which our good Bishop longed to build, but whose erection has been reserved to his successor, just as of old the building of God's Temple, longed after by King David, fell not to him, but to King Solomon.

In wordly goods Bishop Brondel was a poor man; his personal funds at the time of his death amounted to just five dollars. Hence while he had not wherewith to pay for his medical assistance in his last sickness, his funeral expenses, together with the undertaker's bill for his burial, were all defrayed by one of his flock, Thomas Cruse.

Nor was the good Bishop always well understood in life by some of his charges, particularly such as were unable to distinguish between the high dignity he was invested with and the man, that is, his own individual personality. Having the right conception of a Bishop's exalted dignity, he was also very particular to see it duly respected by priest and layman. And indeed the sacred character of a Bishop is so high that any

* A life of Bishop Brondel by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Victor Day, Vicar General of the Diocese of Helena, is in preparation.

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respect paid to it can hardly be too much. Who, then, could blame him for his being sensitive to a nicety on the point?

But if somewhat touchy about the dignity of his office, he showed little concern with regard to himself and his own person, as he would readily and even cheerfully put up with any inattention or lack of deference, accidental or otherwise, toward him at anyone's hands. He did so on the Missions, when not seldom he had no one to receive him, and found no facility of transportation. He would then, as best he could, trudge along afoot, a good distance at times, carrying his own valise, a performance not always light or easy.

In Helena we often saw him, conspicuous because of his tall silk hat, come up Broadway on a draycart, and sitting with the drayman, whose outfit, both cart and horse, were the object of sport and the laughing-stock in the town. As if driven on a coach-and-four (the automobile had not yet appeared at that date) he would often ride from the foot of Broadway to the door of the episcopal residence on the humble conveyance.

But here, between parenthesis, let us say a word of the drayman just referred to, a very familiar figure in both the business and the residence parts of Helena for many years.

This was Moses Furlong, who in the early sixties had mined in California, whence some years later he came to Montana, and for a good while pursued the same industry in the gold-bearing gulches in the vicinity of Helena. When he could mine profitably no longer, he got himself a very modest outfit, a cart and an old plug of a horse, and went draying, an occupation at which he kept to the end of his life. He was a man of no little education, gentlemanly, refined, a real gem in a rough setting, and under the garb of a common day-laborer, harbored a king's heart, with apostolic faith, as well as a Daniel O'Connell's love for his country. We often thought that good Bishop Brondel loved to ride on that unseemly vehicle just to do honor to the man and express in this fashion before the whole community the esteem he entertained for him.

Of our Divine Saviour it was prophesized: *His sepulchre shall be glorious.** Proportionately, this is the case also with all God's loyal servants, as even here below their glory is usually

* Isaiah xi: 21.

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wont to begin when they are dead and laid away in their graves. Hence, it is no wonder that whilst Bishop Brondel's death was sincerely mourned by the whole Diocese, his memory is held in benediction by all classes of people.

Passing now to the pioneer clergy, namely, those who were in the Diocese prior to the close of 1891, and after toiling in this field for more or less time, were bidden by the Master to rest from further labor, the first to be summoned to his repose was Father John J. Dols. He passed away at Great Falls, May 31, 1898, comparatively in the prime of life, being at the time hardly three months over fifty years of age. A complication of troubles, culminating in pneumonia, seems to have been the immediate cause of his death. He was assisted in his last hours by Bishop Brondel, who also officiated at the funeral.

The next to go to his rest was Father Honoré B. Allaeys, who died in Butte after a serious operation, undergone in the forepart of August, 1903. He was buried on the 11th of the same month, being a little over fifty-five when he died.

The third and last of the pioneer priests of the Diocese to depart was Father Charles G. Follet, who ended his course also in Butte where he had been for a good while one of the assistants at St. Patrick's. Heart trouble seems to have carried him off. He breathed his last November 3, 1911, being not quite forty-nine years of age, and having to his credit twenty-four years of active service in his Diocese.

As we have seen in the course of our chronicle, these pioneer missionary priests of the Helena Diocese have each played an important part in the history of Catholicity in Montana. May they rest in peace, and may our people never forget all they owe to their chief pastor and his co-workers, who either preceded or followed him in the grave.

Father L. S. Tremblay, as we saw elsewhere in these pages, left the Diocese in 1888. He went abroad sometime after, and finished his mortal career at the Hotel Dieu, Paris, October 21, 1898.

Father John J. Venneman, formerly a member of the Society of Jesus, departed this life whilst in charge of a congregation somewhere in the Middle West. But we have nothing at hand

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in our present location wherefrom we may learn the place and date of his death.

Several others of the Helena clergy have gone likewise the way of all flesh since the close of 1891. But they were later arrivals, that is, they came, one and all, to Montana after the closing year of our narrative. However, if this precludes their being counted among the pioneer laborers, it does not preclude us from joining them to the former in our prayers. May, then, perpetual light shine no less upon them than upon the first arrivals into the field!

Father Nicholas Congiato, the Superior of these Missions for some years, finished his course at the age of eighty-one, having slept in the Lord at Los Gatos, California, May 10, 1897. His life in the Society extended over sixty-two years.

Father Joseph Bandini comes next, having died at Spokane, Wash., February 19, 1899, counting then sixty-two years of age, forty-two of which were spent in the Society. He passed much of his missionary life in Montana, namely, at St. Ignatius, St. Mary's, St. Peter's and Holy Family. He was an earnest worker, quick and energetic.

Good Father Bandini would often say that he had never bathed in his life save twice, and then, too, by accident, namely, when on two different occasions he missed his footing in crossing a stream and fell into it. He likely had in him some of the fiber of Queen Victoria, who, besides being a great sovereign, lived to be an octogenarian despite her decided aversion—as appears to be well authenticated history—to having bathtubs in her royal palace.

Continuing the roll of our departed pioneers, the third whose passing away must now be recorded, is Father Leopold Van Gorp, from Turnout, Belgium, where he was born June 11, 1834. He slept in the Lord April 7, 1905, at St. Ignatius, pneumonia putting an end to his life. Tall in stature, of noble mien, graceful carriage, he possessed a very amiable character, though not a few thought him too close a figurer in temporal matters. He was the head Superior of these Missions some seven years, and of the seventy-one years of his life he passed fifty in the Society.

The Indians called him *Kutenalko kuailks* (the Tall Black

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Robe). His frame and turn of mind seemed to be cast in an exceeding practical mold; for he looked the plain, the solid and substantial in things spiritual as well as material, and had a horror of any and all show in every line. Hence, in life he could cleverly manage to hide, to a great extent, his sterling worth as a Religious under his uncommon financial ability. But when the end was nigh, his piety and fervor showed forth in all their strength to the very surprise of even his confrères who stood by him watching his life ebb away.

Father Peter P. Prando received his summons at St. Michael's, near Spokane, Washington, where he died in the Lord, June 20, 1906, being then sixty-two, and forty-two years a member of the Society. He was born on New Year's day, 1846, in a small town of the Diocese of Vercelli, Italy. As we have seen in the first part, he made a very efficient and successful missioner among the Indian tribes in Montana. Full of zeal and a hard worker, he was likewise the possessor of considerable originality. It is, doubtless, on this latter score that it fell to his lot to be occasionally misunderstood and misjudged, not only by this or that extern, but also by some of the Society, even Superiors. The writer himself, time and again, heard many a strange thing about Father Prando, but the *witnesses did not agree.* Things, however, will be cleared up and set to rights in God's own time, as *we must all be manifested* and come out, one and all, in our true colors to receive our due.

Father Joseph Guidi appears again and again in both parts of this chronicle, having labored a good while in Montana among the Indians as well as the whites. From the Mission in the Rocky Mountains he was transferred to that of Brazil, in South America, where, after several years' labor in that new field, he passed away. But we have at hand no particulars about the exact spot and date of his death.

A pioneer laborer more recently gone to his repose is Father Aloysius Folchi, who closed his long missionary life at Spokane, Washington, where he passed to the Lord November 13, 1909. He belonged to a noble family of Rome, Italy, and was born November 25, 1834. He lived to be seventy-six years of age, and was some thirty years a priest when he entered the Society, spending therein the remainder of his days. Long

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before the Civil War he had labored in the Carolinas, where he built the first church for negroes in the United States, and where his name is still held in benediction.* Some of his first mission work, after he joined the Society, was done in Montana at St. Ignatius, Frenchtown and Missoula. It is, however, in Idaho and Washington where he labored longest and where he became so well known for his zeal and missionary spirit.

The last of our pioneer laborers in Montana to go to his rest was Father Jerome D'Aste, the oldest priest in the State, and the one who toiled longest in that field, his ministry there having been extended close on half a century. He slept in the Lord at St. Ignatius, November 10, 1910, being then eighty-two years of age, and sixty-five a member of the Society of Jesus. He was found asleep in real death, sitting in his chair, where a couple of minutes before his attendant had left him dozing.

The following is likely the last letter penned by Father D'Aste, as may be inferred from its date and the date of his death, only a few days apart.

We had asked him whether Francis Saxá, the son of Old Ignace who had been baptized in St. Louis in 1835, as related in Part I, was still among the living. Having answered the question, the good Father passes on to speak of himself, and his words make it clear that he felt his dissolution near at hand. This, with all the rest, renders his letter well worth reproducing. It is as follows:

St. Ignatius, Oct. 28, 1910.

Rev. and dear Father:

P. C. I thank your Rev. for your note and for the announcement of your not distant visit to the Mission. Old Francois is not dead, but he is entirely blind and is living with his son, Peter, not far from Morizeau. He is pretty old.

When you will come you will find Father D'Aste quite changed. Though apparently looking well, he is really a rag. Since I came back from the Hospital last summer, my legs refuse to carry me, though not very heavy (about 109 pounds). I need help to go up the steps of the altar and to come down. But so far, I can still say my mass. My legs are getting pretty stiff, the circulation being very slow, and the calves of the legs pretty hard and painful. I was tormented with eczema very bad and I am afraid if things continue

* *Woodstock Letters*, June, 1910.

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in this way, I shall be in a short time unable to walk around. Already twice I fell down feeling no control of my legs. The first time it happened around the mill, I felt unable to walk and instead of going on, I stepped slowly back, and meeting in my way a small log, I fell over it, but gently without getting hurt. The other time coming out of church after the mass of nine and thirty, when at the head of the staircase I lost control of my legs and fell on the steps, not rolling down, however. I hope God will grant me the grace to be able to say my mass sometime yet. I was fortunate to be able to go through my annual retreat two weeks ago, and thus prepare for the last trip.

And when shall we be able to see you? Please give my best respects to the Fathers and Brothers, and to the Sisters of the Hospital who have been so kind to me. Pray for me.

Yours in C.,

J. D'ASTE, S. J.

Father Jerome D'Aste was a Genoese by birth and made, as we have seen, no small part of the history of Catholicity in Montana.—Eternal rest, O Lord, grant to him and to one and all of these Thy servants!

Passing now to the Coadjutor Brothers, those among them who have finished their course are the following:

James Henneberry and John Donnigan, the two firstlings from Montana to embrace the Religious life, though they were not born in the state. The former departed at Santa Clara, California, September 25, 1896, being then fifty-six years old, and thirty years a Brother. The latter ended his life pilgrimage at De Smet, Idaho, November 6, 1901, counting seventy-seven years of age, and twenty-nine in the Society.

As can be gathered from our narrative, one of the oldest pioneer Brothers in Montana was Lucian D'Agostino, a Neapolitan, who also went to end his days at Santa Clara, Calif., where he slept in the Lord April 25, 1909, aged eighty-one, and a Brother in the Society fifty-six years. He was a skilled cabinetmaker and came to Montana with Father De Smet in the early fifties.

When leaving his native country for the Indian Missions in the Rocky Mountains, he took along with him a few brass medals—half a dozen or so—which had on one side the likeness of Francis, the young and popular King of Naples at the time.

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Those medals proved the occasion of some trouble for the poor Brother.

One of the hired hands at St. Peter's, where the Brother was first stationed, happened to see them, and whilst on one occasion he traveled with Father Giorda, confided to the latter that "the little Brother at St. Peter's had a pile of gold which he had seen himself." Father Giorda first laughed at the story; but his traveling companion was so persistent about "the secret," that good Father Giorda directed Father Imoda, the local Superior at St. Peter's, to investigate the matter. Of course, there was nothing to the charge, and Father Imoda reported accordingly. But it had not occurred to him, nor to the Brother either, that the few brass medals in question could ever be the *corpus delicti;* and so he did not even allude to them in his report to Father Giorda.

Not quite satisfied with the information received from the local Superior, on his next visit to St. Peter's, Father Giorda took the Brother in hand himself to have him come out and lay things open, and told him besides that he should make an eight days' retreat. At last it dawned on the mind of the unsophisticated Brother that the yellow brass medals were likely the cause of the Superior's worry. He brought them to Father Giorda, who at once understood. The fellow who had spun the yarn, falling again in Father Giorda's company sometime after, declared to him that "he meant it all as a joke on Jesuit cunning."

One of them is Brother Michael Campopiano, who first came to Montana in 1874, though he had been on the Indian Missions in Idaho and Washington since 1863. Having resided six years at St. Ignatius, he passed thence to other Missions, spending also a year at Holy Cross in Alaska. Later on he returned to Montana to end his days at St. Ignatius, where he went to his Maker, May 8, 1909. He was then seventy-seven years of age and fifty-five years a Brother in the Society of Jesus.

The last pioneer Brother to pass away was Charles Regis, whose pious death occurred also at St. Ignatius, where he breathed his last November 24, 1911. He came to Montana as a nurse to Father Ravalli in the last years of the Father's life. On his charge departing, the good Brother continued to reside at

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St. Mary's, the companion of Father D'Aste, till the removal of the Flat Heads to the Jocko. He was then transferred to St. Ignatius where he passed the remainder of his days in useful occupations. He lived in the Society forty-five years and lacked only three years from being an octogenarian. Brother Charles Regis was a Piedemontese by birth and together with a most charming simplicity, possessed a heart remarkably kind and tender. May he and all his departed confrères rest in peace.

Departed Pioneer Sisters.

Passing now to the departed pioneer workers of the gentler sex, and referring to them in the chronological order of their coming into Montana, some of them belonged to the Sisters of Providence from Montreal; others to the Leavenworth Community; while others were Ursulines, and others, lastly, Sisters of the Good Shepherd. How soon do the living forget their dead! Let us be grateful to our departed pioneers, enough at least, to recall their names, so far as able, and whilst doing so breathe forth a prayer for the repose of their souls.

Sisters of Providence.

To them belonged Sister Mary Edward, one of the four who founded the first boarding school for Indian girls in Montana and a co-founder with Sister Mary Victor of St. Patrick's, Missoula, the first Sisters Hospital in this part of the Northwest. She departed this life at Montreal, Canada, February 11, 1911.

There, too, at different dates ended their earthly pilgrimage several other members of the same Sisterhood who had also done duty in Montana for more or less time, namely, Sisters Mary Peter, Mary Louis, Mary Elise and Sister Joseph of Providence.

Perhaps, besides those here named, there are still others of the same Order who should have a place in this chronicle, but whom we fail to recall. If such should be the case, while regretting the involuntary oversight, we pray peace to them, one and all, as to the others.

We cannot forego, however, adding to the number Mother Hilarion, although we must stretch a little the time limit of our narrative, as she came to Montana some few months after 1891, the closing year of this account. She was then placed in charge of St. Clare's Hospital, Fort Benton, whence, however, soon

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after, she passed to conduct the school at De Smet, Idaho. But returning to Montana, some time later, she was placed at the head of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Missoula, and in 1903 became Provincial.

Whilst visiting the De Smet School, in the summer of 1908, she was stricken down by typhoid fever, and died some three months after, October 19, among her Sisters at Wallace, whither she had been taken from De Smet for care and treatment. The body was brought to Missoula, the headquarters of the Province, and Bishop Lenihan, of Great Falls, assisted at her funeral. Her remains were then laid to rest in the cemetery of the parish church where several other pioneers of the same Sisterhood are reposing, and where, though still in death, they keep furthering by their merits and the perfume of their virtues, the welfare of Missoula, which owes so much to the Sisters of Providence.

Mother Hilarion was a woman of excellent parts, simple in her ways, yet prudent, considerate and noticeably tactful. The true religious spirit that animated her could be seen exemplified in the even and edifying tenor of her whole conduct. She was of an amiable and cheerful disposition and whilst possessing the confidence and love of the members of the Community, she was no less well thought of and respected by all externs who came to know her.

Sisters of the Leavenworth Community.

The Leavenworth Sisterhood counts quite a number of members who labored in Montana prior to the close of 1891, and were garnered in His granary above by the Heavenly Husbandman since, that is, between that date and 1910, or thereabout, this being the time-limit of the present paragraph. We give their names, mentioning in the first place those who died in Montana. They are the following:

Sisters Perpetua Cummings, M. Gabriel Hess, M. Veronica O'Connor, M. Agnes Toole, Evangelista Wynn, Louisa Carney, Emilda Devlin, Grilla Donahue, Ann Davis.

The two first died at St. John's Hospital, Helena; the next two, at St. Ann's Hospital, Anaconda; the four next at St. James' Hospital, Butte, and the one mentioned last at St. Joseph's Hospital, Deer Lodge. They all repose in Montana soil, where

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some of their companions, as previously related, were already at rest.

With the exception of the last four, three of whom died in Kansas City, Kans., and one in Denver, Colo., all the others named below passed away at the Motherhouse, Leavenworth.*

Pioneer Ursulines.

Of the pioneer Ursulines of Montana the following have also been gathered to Himself by the Master of the Vineyard, namely, Sister Helena Noonan, who passed away at St. Peter's, February 2, 1890. Here, too, went to their repose Sister Veronica Ferris and Mother Thecla. Sister Aurelia Enright finished her course at St. Paul Mission toward the end of January, 1905.

Sister Euphrasia Frezal and Mother Antonia Sharpenay closed their days at St. Ignatius, the former, November 10, 1910, the latter, a year or so after. They were both French exiles whom the Government of France drove away from their home and their country, and who found a hearty welcome among the savages of the Rocky Mountains. What a contrast between the sincere and simple conduct of these untutored children of the forest, and the cant, hypocrisy and heartlessness of infidelity, masquerading under the garb of progress and civilization!

Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

The Order of the Good Shepherd counts also some of its members among those who went to their reward, after some years of service in this portion of the Master's vineyard. They are the following: Sister Mary of St. Ann McAlenden, who lived in Helena from July, 1890, to June, 1899, and finished her course in St. Paul, October 15, 1902.

Mother Margaret Ward was the first in charge of the Helena Convent. She, too, passed away in St. Paul, January 8, 1903, whither she had returned from Montana some ten years before. Sister Mary of St. Bonaventure Maher, ended her days in the same Helena Convent, of which she had been one of the founders

* Mothers Xavier Ross, M. Josephine Cantwell, M. Vincent Carney, M. Josepha Sullivan, Sisters Pancratia Cannon, M. Killian Fleckenstein, M. John Boyle, Gertrude Ryan, Ann Joseph Dwyer, M. Leo Dempsey, Francis de Sales Mulconery, Joanna Brunen, M. Dolores Gleason, Julia Woolwoarth, M. Austin, M. Teresa Stanton, Bernadette Brown, M. Borgia White, Columba Normile, M. Alacoque Collins.

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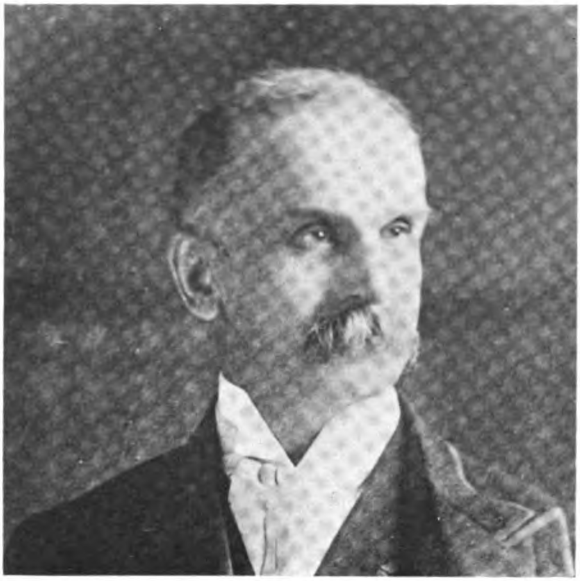
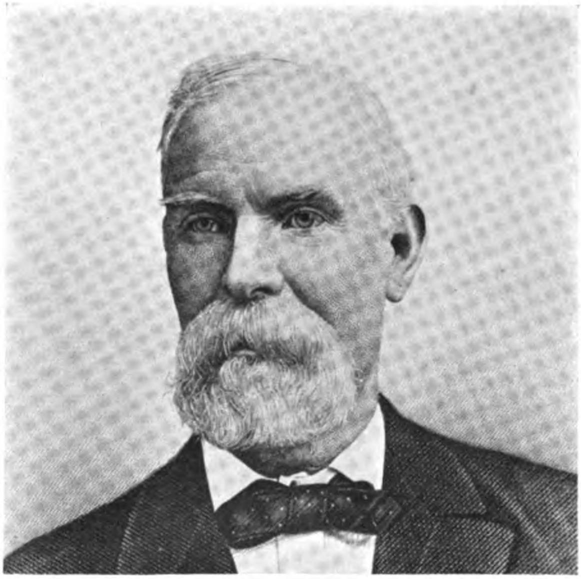


Daniel J. Hennessy



Thomas Cruise

SPLENDID CATHOLIC LAYMEN WHOSE GOOD DEEDS LIVE AFTER THEM

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and where she lived twenty-one years. She returned to her Maker April 29, 1910.

Two other members of the Order, Sister Mary of the Annunciation, Coyne, and Sister Mary de Sales, Hampton, died also in Helena, the former, August 27, 1894, the latter May 6, 1896. They came to Montana, one in 1892, the other, a year later; that is to say, early enough to justify our placing them among the pioneers, although they fell a little short of being so.

Whilst these particulars are from the respective Communities, it was the writer's good fortune to know personally every one of the departed mentioned in this chapter and likewise to see most of them for years at work in their several capacities. And as by fulfilling their different duties with ability, efficiency and persevering endurance, they, one and all, glorified God and advanced His Kingdom to their best, they were also, one and all, part and joint makers of the history of Catholicity in Montana presented in these pages.

A few of the laborers who came into the field at the first, the second, or the third hour, growing wearied, failed to put in their day, or dropped off, falling by the wayside. But praised be the Lord! their number is very small, so small, indeed, that they can be counted on the fingers of one's hands. We leave these out, but, yet, not without a fervent prayer that their meritorious doings whilst at work in Montana may stand them in good stead before the Judgment Seat of the Master of the Vineyard.

And now, after speaking of the departed pioneer Missioners, let us make due reference also to a departed pioneer layman, Daniel J. Hennessy, whose exemplary Christian conduct will ever entitle him to a place of distinction in the history of Catholicity in Montana.

Daniel J. Hennessy.

was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, September 15, 1854. He was one of nine children, two boys, counting himself, and seven girls. While one of the latter died in early childhood, all the rest are left to mourn his loss. At the age of fourteen he had received what is commonly known as a high school education, and soon after went to work, first in a grocery store and afterwards in a dry goods establishment, where he did the book-

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keeping for several years previous to his coming to the United States.

In the spring of 1879 he started for Montana with a companion, Thomas L. Martin, who has since become so well known throughout the state, and arrived in Helena, whither three other friends of his had preceded him the year before. He met these on his arrival and the very first thing he did was to go and introduce himself and them to the priest in charge, who happened to be the writer. He was the spokesman of the band and whilst his words were a frank avowal of their object in coming to Montana, which, as he put it, was to seek their fortune in this new country, they were likewise a manly profession of Catholic faith.

The writer bade one and all welcome and Godspeed, telling them, further, that likely nowhere were better advantages offered than in Montana for willing, industrious and capable young men, as they showed themselves to be. He advised them, besides, not to shirk putting their hand to any kind of honest work coming their way, however laborious and humble, till they should find something better and, above all, to be practical Catholics and ever loyal to the faith. They could not but achieve success, by following the advice.

Assenting to the words of the priest, Daniel Hennessy made here the remark that, if needed, he for one would go from door to door with a bucksaw to saw wood. There was no mistaking the metal of the man from the ring of his voice.

Just at this time there happened to be a want of harmony in our church choir and the writer now inquired of the visitors whether there were any singers among them. Upon this, Daniel Hennessy pointed to his companion and friend, Tom L. Martin, the tallest in the bunch and that gentleman for a good many years since has been, and likely is still today, the leading tenor and the mainstay of the church choir on Catholic Hill.*

D. Hennessy remained in Helena some six months, working for Richard Lockey, at this date in the bakery business. He then went to Butte where he held for a time a position of importance and responsibility with E. L. Bonner & Company and soon demonstrated his uncommon capacity and business tact. Some

* Mr. Martin has died since the above was written.

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time later he started business for himself with remarkable success and shortly after he founded "The Hennessy Mercantile Company," which before long developed into one of the largest concerns in the state.

He was elected twice to the Montana Senate, and while the Chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining, he served also as a member of the Finance and other important Committees. He resigned, however, his official position before the end of the term, his large and ever increasing business demanding all his attention.

In Butte, August 25, 1897, he took unto himself a helpmate, marrying Mary F. Furlong, a pious, accomplished and most estimable young woman, whom the writer had known for years, having instructed her in Christian doctrine as a wee child. The first fruit of their marriage, Mary, hardly saw the earth, God taking her to Himself a few hours after He had given her being. But whilst He pleased to take from them their first-born, as if to make her the earnest and pledge with Him for the salvation of parents and the rest of the family, He blessed their union with three more children, Margaret, Daniel J. and Paul Kirby, respectively, thirteen, eleven and eight years of age, as we are penning these lines.

On Monday, January 27, 1908, Daniel Hennessy was on his way to St. Patrick's Church to hear the eight o'clock Mass, when on Park Street, at a point near Jackson, without any symptom or sign of being indisposed, he sank, through heart failure, and breathed his last a few minutes after. A sudden ending, surely, but yet no less enviable for that.

Why so? Because it is written: *The just man, if prevented with death shall be in rest.** And again: *With him that feareth the Lord it shall go well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed.*† And further still: *Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord.*‡ In the testimony of all who knew him, Daniel Hennessy was a just man whom nothing on earth could swerve a hairsbreadth from the path of strict honesty and justice. He was a God-fearing man. Catholic and non-Catholic alike

* Wis. iv.: 7.
† Ps. iii: 1.
‡ Ecclus, i; 15.

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could say of him that, "zealous devotion marked the years of his whole life"; by which is made manifest that the filial fear of God was the mainspring of his whole conduct.

The shock felt by the entire community at the sudden taking away of Daniel Hennessy no words could express. The people of Butte, especially, mourned and would not be comforted. Their recognized leader in civic and social affairs had been suddenly struck in their midst. The friend of the poor and needy, to whom all might go, and from whom no one ever asked a favor in vain, had departed to return no more. His noble qualities of mind and heart and his whole character had endeared him to every class of fellow-beings. Business men esteemed him for his uprightness and scrupulous integrity: the poor loved him for his kind-heartedness and unstinted benefactions, while church people praised and admired him for his solid Christian virtues, and manly piety. As he had the esteem and love of everybody so his death was felt as a personal sorrow by everybody and brought affliction and mourning in every Butte home.*

> As a religious man Daniel Hennessy set a sterling example to all the people, for he never left his belief at the church door, but carried it with him in his daily walks and applied it in a practical manner. . . . His life was an open book that all might read, for in every respect he was a model citizen, whose career could be taken as an example by every youth in the land.

Thus wrote of the deceased editors of the daily press; thus spoke of him non-Catholic ministers in their Sunday sermons.

No man who has died in Montana ever had a more splendid tribute of respect paid to him than was given to Daniel Hennessy by the citizens of his town and state. Hundreds came from outside cities to attend the funeral, and thousands in the snow and zero weather accompanied his remains to their resting place and with every one of them it was a last sad labor of love. As lips

* Much of what appears in this obituary has been gleaned from the Butte press and from an article headed, *Mr. Daniel J. Hennessy,* in *The Apostolate,* Dubuque, Iowa. The latter is only a clipping without date and place of publication, but from other indications there can be no doubt that it was written by one of the members of *The Apostolate* who at the time of Daniel Hennessy's death were holding a mission at St. Patrick's, the church attended by the deceased.

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THE RIGHT REV. MATHIAS L. LENIHAN, D.D., BISHOP OF GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, AND THE PRIESTS OF THE DIOCESE, WITH FATHER CLEMENT M. THEUNTE, O.P.

From photograph taken at Retreat, 1922

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sealed by death can grant no favor, it is at one's grave that friendship and gratitude show forth best.

It is rarely, indeed, that a whole city will completely suspend business and work of every kind, to do honor to a private citizen. This is what Butte did on the day of Daniel Hennessy's funeral, spontaneously and with but a single thought, that it might show in some measure its esteem for the departed one. Yet, this massing of thousands round his grave cannot equal the simple testimonial of that poor widow declaring: "He helped me in my hour of need." And the same testimonial is repeated, God knows, by how many needy and poor of Butte! For Daniel Hennessy was truly the friend of the needy and poor. May his soul rest in peace!

CONCLUSION.

And here, kind reader, we close our chronicle: our task is done, poorly, we know, but as well as our shortcomings and deficiency would allow. And since we must now part with you and our subject, we can do so no better than by recalling once more the words of the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor which, though quoted already before, are not only well worth repeating, but make likewise the best and most befitting conclusion for our narrative.

As we have seen, Bishop O'Connor visited Montana in the summer of 1877, and his impressions of people and country were highly favorable. He wrote us subsequently from Omaha, under date of March 31, 1879, and his letter is still in our keeping and under our eyes, as we pen these lines. Speaking therein of Montana, he expresses himself as follows:

> You and I may not live to see it, but the day is not distant when Montana will become one of the most fruitful and flourishing as well as most beautiful portions of God's vineyard; and this will be owing in great measure to the labors and virtues of those who have already borne there the burden of the day and the heats.

Our own views on the subject coinciding as they did with those of Bishop O'Connor, in concluding the first edition of *Indian and White in the Northwest,* we wrote as follows: "We have no doubt whatever that his forecast and bright anticipations will come to pass and be fully realized."

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Now we must speak differently, that is, we must change the future tense to the past, since forecast and anticipations have in great measure been fulfilled and have become an actual reality in this year of our Lord 1922.

We do not write the present history of the Church in Montana, our narrative, as declared time and again, coming no further down than the close of 1891. Still, we are not precluded from glancing over the field and taking notice of the strides which Catholicity has made in the State in the meanwhile. Nor need we for that an extended historical work, when a simple glance at the *Catholic Directory* for the last few years will suffice. In its tables and condensed exhibits there is doubtless evidence enough to show forth and substantiate Catholicity's progress in this portion of the Lord's vineyard during the period in question.

When Bishop O'Connor penned the words quoted above, the Catholic population of Montana—which was still a Territory at that time—did not reach five thousand. As a matter of history, the western part belonged to the Vicariate of Idaho, while eastern Montana was an insignificant appendage of the Vicariate of Nebraska. It is no less history that there were then but two secular priests in the whole Territory, Father R. De Ryckere, at Deer Lodge, and Father F. Kelleher, at Virginia City, one west, the other east of the main Range; whilst, as to churches with resident priest, there were no more than three for the whites, the Sacred Hearts, at Helena; the Immaculate Conception, Deer Lodge, and All Saints, at Virginia City, and three for the Indians, St. Ignatius, St. Mary's and St. Peter's. There were also three chapels or churches without resident priest, the one at Frenchtown, St. Joseph in the Missouri Valley and St. Mary's, at Laurin, Madison County.

Of Catholic institutions, Montana had then four small Hospitals, one in each of the following places: Missoula, Helena, Deer Lodge and Virginia City. It had also three Schools, two for white children, at Missoula and Helena, respectively, and one for Indian youth, at St. Ignatius. These seven institutions were conducted by Sisters, who numbered to, but not above thirty.

What is the showing today, this year of grace 1922? It is placed before us by the *Catholic Directory* of the same year. We have therein Montana making two Dioceses, the one of

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Helena, presided over by the Right Reverend John P. Carroll, D.D., its second Bishop; and that of Great Falls, whose chief Pastor and first Bishop, is the Right Reverend Mathias C. Lenihan, D.D.

Adding together and under the usual headings what belongs to each of the two Dioceses separately, we have the following summary:

Diocesan Clergy (exclusive of Regulars)....	129
Churches, all told..........................	224
Churches with resident Priest...............	91
Ecclesiastical Students	54
Religious women, teaching, nursing.........	533
Parochial Schools	34
College	1
Academies for young ladies................	8
High Schools	6
Hospitals	16
Orphans' Homes	2
Catholic Population	97,445

Reader, reflect a moment on what these figures tell and all they imply; and you will readily admit that Montana is not only on the way to, but rapidly becoming, to use the words of the Right Reverend Bishop O'Connor, "one of the most fruitful and flourishing, as well as most beautiful portions of God's vineyard."

It is written, however: *Neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth, but God, who giveth the increase.** Wherefore, since the good done in the past, and the good to be done by Catholicity in Montana in the future, must needs be due to God, the source of any and all good, to Him also, now and forever, be the praise, honor and glory.

* I. Cor. iii: 7.

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APPENDIX

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APPENDIX

Early Catholicity in Montana.

BY LUCIAN F. LA CROIX.

The following paper was placed at our disposal by its esteemed author, one of the pioneer Catholics of Montana, and whose name has been mentioned several times in connection with that part of our history that treats of the Helena Mission. It contains interesting particulars on the beginning of the Church in Helena and on the coming of the Sisters of Leavenworth into Montana, and throwing as it does additional light on these subjects, L. F. La Croix's paper is not only of special interest, but most important. Hence we reproduce it in its entirety as a valuable contribution to the Early History of Catholicity in Montana.

But whilst doing so, we must also point out two slight inaccuracies or oversights that occur therein. The first inaccuracy regards the time that Fathers F. X. Kuppens, S.J., and Jerome D'Aste, S.J., were sent to Helena. This was not September, as stated by L. F. La Croix, but the latter part of October. The other inaccuracy is the implied assumption that Montana belonged to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Leavenworth, whereas Helena and the whole of Eastern Montana, as we have seen, were subject to the Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska.

L. F. La Croix wrote his paper, as he tells us, some twenty-five years after the events which he relates, and one's memory is often misleading with regard to dates, especially, if the lapse of time intervening is considerable, as in the case before us. Further, the ecclesiastical organization of places is not often well understood by lay people. Hence the inaccuracies here adverted to, but which, after all, are irrelevant, cannot detract from the otherwise correct narrative of L. F. La Croix, and its historical value.

Nothing better illustrates the Catholicity of the Church of Christ than many incidents connected with the foundation of the Church in Montana. The almost fabulous accounts of discoveries of gold in that far-away and unknown region had attracted people from every country of the world, and never was there a more heterogeneous gathering of men than formed the population of Montana. Looking back through a long vista of years, and bringing to mind the most striking characteristics of the pioneers of this country, we behold a race of men conspicuous for the possession of all the most shining virtues that ennoble mankind. With a rough exterior and but little regard for the conventionalities and polish of cultured communities, they had a high appreciation of, and respect for, the laws of the land and were especially noted for their generosity, liberality and love

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of fair play. A man stood upon the pedestal of his manhood, and all recognized the validity of his claim. Nor were the Catholics of Montana a whit behind their brethren in the matter of civic and social virtues. They were foremost in the establishment of a territorial government, and were always found stauch defenders of the law.

In the city of Helena was soon felt the want and necessity of a church and the ministrations of a pastor. There was prevalent a rather indistinct idea that Montana was attached to the Diocese of Leavenworth, but the worthy functionary of that place had taken no concern for his far-distant children. With an energy, an enthusiasm born of their love for Holy Church, they awaited not the movements of high dignitaries for the fulfillment of their desires. Helena had been visited by the Jesuit Fathers on their travels through the territory, and on such occasions the Holy Mass was celebrated in any vacant cabin that could be obtained for the purpose; and well and painfully does the writer remember the efforts that were made to cover the rough, unplastered walls, and to give a decent appearance to the rude dry-goods box that was to serve as an altar for the sacrifice of the God-Man.

It was known that a piece of ground had been staked off by Governor T. F. Meagher for the church. A committee had been appointed to look up the ground. Accordingly, they proceeded up Broadway to a point opposite the present Court House, when they discovered that access to the church ground was interfered with by a fence extending along the south side of Broadway. The committee crossed the fence, and going to the building, then occupied by the Gazette printing office, conducted by Messrs. Wilkinson and Ronan, were told that Judge Wilkinson owned the ground enclosed by the fence. They represented to him that they were appointed to look after the ground belonging to the Catholic Church, and that preparations were in progress for the erection at an early day of a church, but that they had just discovered that access to their ground was blocked by his fence on Broadway. At once, taking in the situation and not giving the speaker time to finish his speech, the Judge said, "Is that all?" and taking an axe he demolished the obstructing fence for a distance of about seventy-five feet, and stopping to take breath, he said: "Now you will have a free passage to your church." The Judge is not a Catholic, and his generous act is now mentioned after so many years in recognition thereof. Passing on, they came to a small piece of ground enclosed by a frail fence. In those days it was the fence that was expensive, not the ground. After consulta-

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tion, it was concluded that the quantity of ground secured was not sufficient, and that the prospective needs of the church required that they should take a tract of one hundred feet from north to south on the summit of Church Hill and extending from Ewing Street to Warren Street; and the wisdom of their action has been apparent ever since, as the ground is now covered by the Church, the Bishop's Residence, St. John's Hospital and St. Aloysius Hall.

The Catholic population of Helena and vicinity was estimated at three thousand, and so urgent and unanimous was the sentiment for a church that meetings were held, the general want was discussed, a subscription was raised and arrangements were in progress for the building of the first Catholic Church in Helena. There were numerous contestants for the building of that church, and the award was made to John M. Sweeny, who desired the work, not for the money he could make out of it, but that he might gladden his old mother's heart that he was engaged in building a Catholic Church. About the time the church was nearing completion Father F. X. Kuppens, S.J., passed through Helena on his way to St. Ignatius, and he was consulted regarding getting a priest to reside permanently in Helena. The Rev. Father was fully convinced of the needs of the people, and advised that a petition, numerously signed, and addressed to Father Grassi, should be gotten up and that he would be the bearer of it, saying at the same time that he would get a scolding for doing so. The petition is now carefully preserved among the archives of the church. In September, 1866, Fathers Kuppens and D'Aste were sent to take charge of the new church, and on November 1 following, the first Mass was celebrated in it. And thus was accomplished a work of which the pioneer Catholics of Helena may well be proud, recognizing, however, the Spirit of God which guided them.

The conditions of the country at that time were such that serious accidents were of frequent occurrence, and the poor accommodations offered by the authorities for the care of the unfortunates were so striking, that there arose a general desire that Sisters of Charity might be invited to establish a hospital in Helena. Mr. L. F. La Croix on the occasion of a business trip to St. Louis was entrusted with a mission to Mother Xavier, Superior of the Order of Sisters of Charity, at Leavenworth, Kansas, urgently requesting that Sisters might be sent to Helena. In the month of January, 1867, he started from Helena by stage-coach on a journey to the States which lasted twenty-one days—and this was then considered pretty good time. Exposure to the cold, the jostling of the coach and loss of sleep during the first few days of travel made the journey exceedingly painful,

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but afterwards these inconveniences were scarcely felt. After arriving at Leavenworth and being installed for the night in a fine feather bed in Bishop Miege's residence, the messenger was wonderfully surprised to discover that such an excess of comfort was positively more than he could bear, and while overpowered nature compelled him to toss from side to side in hope of winning much-coveted sleep, how he longed once more for a seat in the stage-coach, that he might be cradled to sleep by the lunging of the vehicle as it whirled over mountain crags; of descending thousands of feet to the open plain below, tossed the unconscious dreamer from front to rear and from side to side, finally landing him on his head as the coach plunged against the mountain boulder. The messenger, anxious to succeed in the object of his mission, and finding the good Bishop very averse to parting with the Sisters, taxed his ingenuity in offering arguments to overcome his objections. But the Bishop, who was a *cunning Jesuit,* skilfully parried the replies, and as a *polite Frenchman,* found no difficulty in evading the subject by passing the cigars. The good Mother, however, received the visitor more cordially, and expressed herself as most desirous of acceeding to the invitation, but under their rules, they were under the direction of Bishop Miege, who was very averse to granting the permission. The Mother wished the people of Helena not to despair of having Sisters in their midst; she would always bear them in mind, and would hope to gratify their wishes before very long. It was in the year 1869 that the Venerable Father De Smet used his good offices with the Bishop of Leavenworth, and the result was that in the month of October of the same year the people of Helena were gladdened by the arrival of five Sisters from Leavenworth, viz: Sisters Julia, Regina, Bertha, Loretto, Mary and Miss Rose Kelly.

In the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the Sisters came to Helena, the beneficent Providence of God has marked their abundant success here in the establishment of an elegant seminary for young ladies, a spacious and well-appointed hospital and an orphans' home.

And now we behold accomplished the prophetic utterance of Father Kuppens, "This rocky hill will bloom like a garden of roses."

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LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR

LETTER OF HON. THOMAS H. CARTER.

En route, North Coast Limited, May 12, 1903.

Dear Father Palladino,

Today I have finished reading your priceless book, *Indian and White*, etc., for the second time. As the book will undoubtedly pass through more editions, I covet two corrections in the text of future editions.

On the items mentioned on pages 146 and 243, I made the stand for the Schools in the House of Representatives. As you will recall on reflection, I was elected to succeed Mr. Toole as Delegate in Congress in 1888. In the fall of 1889 I was elected a member of Congress from the State, which was admitted to the Union during my term as Delegate. The Enabling Act was passed during the closing days of Mr. Toole's term as Delegate, but the State was actually admitted during my term as Delegate. My term in the House as Delegate began March 4, 1889, and ended October 8, 1889. My term as Representative from the State extended from its admission to March 4, 1891. The A. P. A. Society published a circular, violently assailing me for introducing and pressing the measures credited to Mr. Toole in the book, and it was my privilege to defend the assault at the time it was made.

Wishing you long life and peaceful days, I remain, dear Father,

Your Affectionate Friend,

(Signed) THOS. H. CARTER.

Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J.,
Missoula, Montana.

The text in the present edition has been corrected in conformity with the facts stated above by the Hon. gentleman.

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LETTER OF HIRAM MARTIN CHITTENDEN,
MAJOR, CORPS OF ENGINEERS, U. S. A.

United States Engineers' Office,
Sioux City, Iowa, January 26, 1894.

My dear Father:

I have read with a great deal of interest your work, *Indian and White in the Northwest,* and some portion of it I have studied with care. I noted a point in my reading yesterday about which I would like to ask further information. You give the names of Catlin's two Indian pictures, No. 207 and 208, and assign them to the Flat Head Delegation of 1835 to St. Louis.* This is very interesting indeed if true. While Catlin may be wrong in his statement that he painted these pictures in 1832 (for as an authority he is entirely unreliable), still I suppose that we shall have to accept his statement as correct, unless there is strong evidence to the contrary. I shall appreciate it if you will let me know what led you to give these two names to the pictures.

Has it ever occurred to you that the 1831 deputation was not from the Flat Head tribe of the Bitter Root Valley at all, but from the Nez Percés? The evidence which I have indicates quite conclusively that this was a separate and distinct deputation from those which followed and had no connection with them. There is a great deal of confusion about these early matters and it is one which it is desirable to have straightened out.

Thanking you for the favor of a reply, I am,

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. M. CHITTENDEN.

To Father L. B. Palladino,
Missoula, Mont.

*The date here given is a mistyping. Our date is 1831.

A Correction, inserted after Chapter II in the I. Part of this new edition, is due in great measure to the above letter of Major H. M. Chittenden. We confidently hope that the correction will be found satisfactory.

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LETTER OF HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

St. Paul, January 30, 1912.

Rev. Dear Father:

I am in receipt of your letter, together with one from Bishop Carroll, which you enclose to me.

In reference to the matter under discussion, I shall state the facts exactly as I know them and no further, and for what I will state I can vouch most unhesitatingly.

Shortly after the Civil War General Thomas Francis Meagher was in St. Paul for several days while on his way to Montana, where he had been sent as Secretary of the Territorial Administration, and for the time being as acting Governor. He had several conversations with Bishop Grace and myself about his plans for the spread of Holy Church in Montana. It was, he repeatedly said, his wish to colonize the territory with Catholics—drawing principally from Irishmen in Ireland and Irishmen in America with whom naturally his influence was potent. He would at once take steps to secure priests and would write to All Hallows' College in Dublin to engage there ten students for whose tuition he would make himself responsible. He would furthermore, he added, take steps to have a Bishop in Montana. Bishop Grace told him that the mode of procedure to have Montana erected to a Diocese was to put himself in communication with the Bishop of St. Louis, under whose Metropolitan jurisdiction the greater portion of Montana then lay. With those purposes of General Meagher I was quite conversant, having heard him time and again and having encouraged him very much to go forward and become the great founder of the Church in Montana.

When the Bishops met in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore—this I heard from Bishop Grace on his return from the Council, and again and again at latter dates—the Archbishop of St. Louis stated that he had letters from General Meagher and Mrs. Meagher earnestly requesting the appointment of a Bishop for Montana. The Archbishop was himself quite willing to accede to the request of General and Mrs. Meagher, and on the strength of their request urged upon the Council the erection of Montana into a vicariate apostolic. The Council decided in favor

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of the project, and recommended Very Rev. A. Ravoux, of St. Paul, for the new vicariate apostolic. The action of the Council, both as to the erection of the vicariate and the nomination of Father Ravoux was ratified in Rome.

I, of course, do not know what statements you make in your history of the Church in Montana, but certainly in your new edition you should, for the sake of truth, give full credit to General Meagher and state that while of course the official act was that of the Council of Baltimore, it was the act of General Meagher that brought the attention of the Council to Montana, and induced the Council to erect it into a vicariate. The situation of the Church in Montana at the time was such that there was nothing in it to justify the erection of the vicariate, but, as Bishop Grace said on his return from Baltimore, confidence was put on the promises and representations of General Meagher, and with those promises before them the bishops of the Council decided that they could do what otherwise conditions in the territory would not have justified.

There is no doubt whatsoever but General Meagher carried out his plan so far as urging upon the Archbishop of St. Louis the appointment of a Bishop to Montana; how far he carried out his plan in securing for Montana priests from the College of All Hallows, Dublin, I do not know for certain, although the talk among ourselves always was that he had in fact written to All Hallows and engaged there students for Montana.

This much is about all I now recollect as absolutely certain. If I can be of any further use to you in throwing light upon the origins of the vicariate of Montana, write to me.

Very Rev. A. Ravoux actually received his letters of appointment and kept them under consideration for several months. I was charged by him to explain matters to Cardinal Simeoni—his reasons being based entirely on his health why he asked to be released.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) John Ireland.

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